PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT
JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2013
Holiday Double Issue
Paz
De La Huerta
BY MARIO SORRENTI
The Year in Sex, *Playboy* Trips on Bath Salts, Fiction from Lawrence Block, Playmate as Fine Art, Hollywood Smuggles Huey Newton to Cuba, Salman Rushdie, Matt Damon Interview, Jack Kerouac Before the Road, Cars of the Year

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Becomes first Asian automaker to win 24 Hours of Le Mans

LE MANS, FRANCE. June 24—After a record 362 laps covering more than 3,000 miles, Mazda's #55 car screamed across the finish line of the 24 Hours of Le Mans in first place yesterday, making the small carmaker from Hiroshima the first ever Japanese manufacturer to seize the checkered flag at this prestigious endurance Gachot, the Mazda 787B averaged 127 mph during the race. Even before taking the lead the car was impossible to ignore thanks to an outrageous orange-and-green livery and an ear-splitting wail—produced by a 700-horsepower, four-rotor rotary engine.

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That powerplant's durability set the

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What choice did they have? In powering the Mazda 787B to its historic triumph in 1991, the rotary engine had proven itself such a threat to the racing establishment that it was banned from the 24 Hours of Le Mans shortly afterward. Steadfast, durable and capable of tremendous speed, the rotary was a literal game changer.

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Hank enters
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Following SHAMELESS and HOUSE OF LIES
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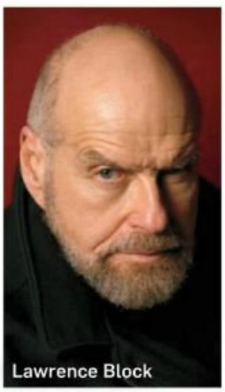
PLAYBILL

Another year has flown by, full of laughter and heartbreak, darkness and light. To kick off 2013 we've assembled a wildly ambitious double issue. It starts with a look at the life of fictional character Dean Moriarty courtesy of the inimitable **Jack Kerouac,** who seared Moriarty's pathos into the American soul with his novel *On the Road,* which has finally made it to the big screen. *Chasing Moriarty* is excerpted from a Kerouac short story that originally appeared in this magazine in 1959. Follow that up with a terrific yarn by a master of American crime fiction, **Lawrence Block.** *Keller at Sea* is an excerpt from Block's forthcoming novel *Hit Me,* in which our main character, a hit man, joins his wife on a cruise so he can take care of a little business. Speaking of ships at sea, actor **Scott Speedman** is back starring in *Last Resort,* a TV series about life aboard a nuclear submarine. In this issue's *20Q,* Speedman dishes on fictional chemical warfare—the "weapons-grade hallucinogens" his character ingests on the show. "I'm tripping in prime time," he says. We've got a contact high! This issue's *Playboy Interview* digs deep into the psyche of Hollywood superstar **Matt Damon.** The film industry's ultimate nice guy talks about the legacy of Bourne, watching Scarlett Johansson play with snakes and his new movie *Promised Land,* out soon. The movie business is full of behind-the-scenes stories, but few top the true-life tale of how Bert Schneider, the dope-addled producer who took Hollywood by storm in the 1960s, set up a plot to smuggle Huey Newton, head of the Black Panthers, into Cuba in 1974. **Joshuah Bearman,** who wrote the story that became the film *Argo,* hits another home run with *The Big Cigar.* As usual this issue offers some flesh, most notably that of silver-screen iconoclast **Paz de la Huerta.** The impossibly sexy New Yorker bares her soul and more for one of the best photographers in the biz, **Mario Sorrenti.** For more than half a century, this magazine has explored the female body as a work of art. This month we look at how our pictorials have influenced artists. Explore this body of work in *The Playmate as Fine Art,* which includes a compelling piece from **Cindy Sherman.** For years **Frank Owen**'s investigative pieces have shed light on the dark underbelly of American drug culture. This month, in *The Miami Zombie,* he details the panic over a new drug that, cops claim, turns users into psychotic cannibals. Finally, we bring you the story of **Jay Rogers** and his company, Local Motors, with which he is trying to radically shift the car world. Rogers has given his all. "I have nothing left," he tells writer Neal Gabler in *Crowdsourcing the Car of the Future.* "This is my life." So flip the page and kick off 2013 with a bang. You owe it to yourself to enjoy. Once again, the year will go quickly.

Jack Kerouac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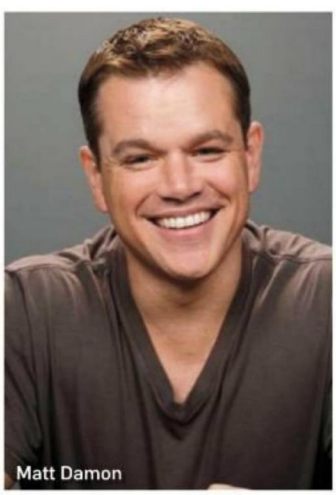
Matt Damon

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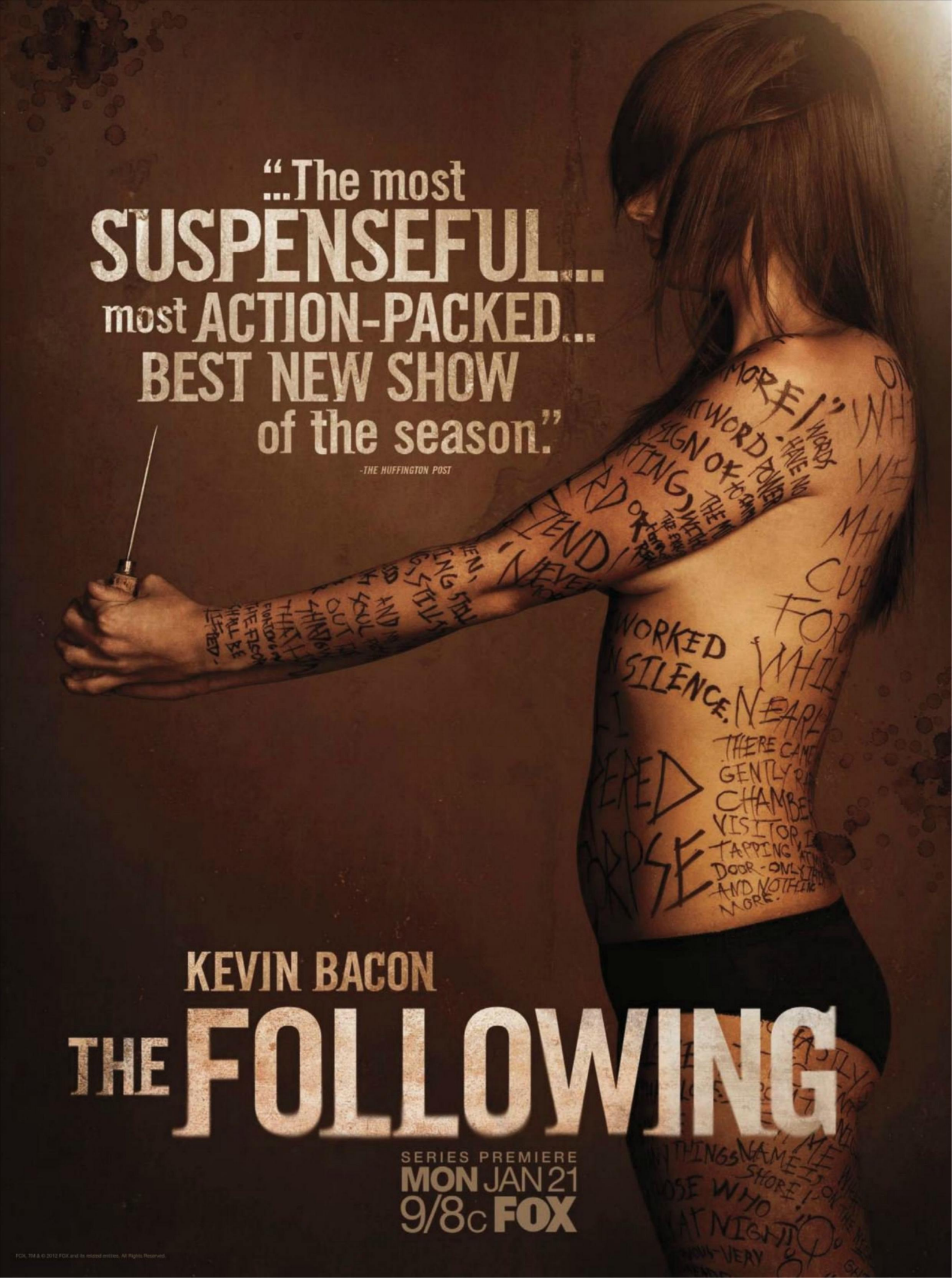

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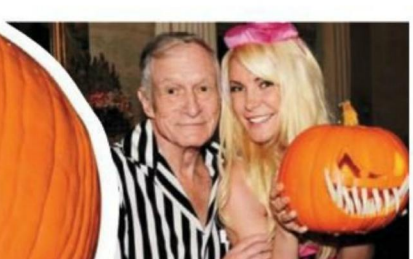
PABST AND COLT 45 FLOW AT PMW

Snoop Dogg, now identifying as Snoop Lion, celebrated his 41st birthday at PMW during the Works Every Time Colt 45 and Pabst Blue Ribbon party. The retro-cool tipples that have regained mass appeal were rolled in by Evan and Daren Metropoulos (with Hef) and enjoyed by Travis Barker, Snoop, *Sons of Anarchy* cast members and producer Michael Bay. Colt 45 40-ounce bottles came with requisite paper bags.

PUMPKIN CARVING NIGHT

Hef, dressed as a prisoner of love, had girls over to the Mansion for the annual Pumpkin Carving Night. He crafted a convincing Angry Bird while his girlfriend Miss December 2009 Crystal Harris—dressed as a crayon—created a jack-o'-lantern with a scary set of teeth. This year Crystal made the event a contest; Miss May 1998 Deanna Brooks and her rabid Rabbit Head pumpkin took bragging rights until next harvest season.



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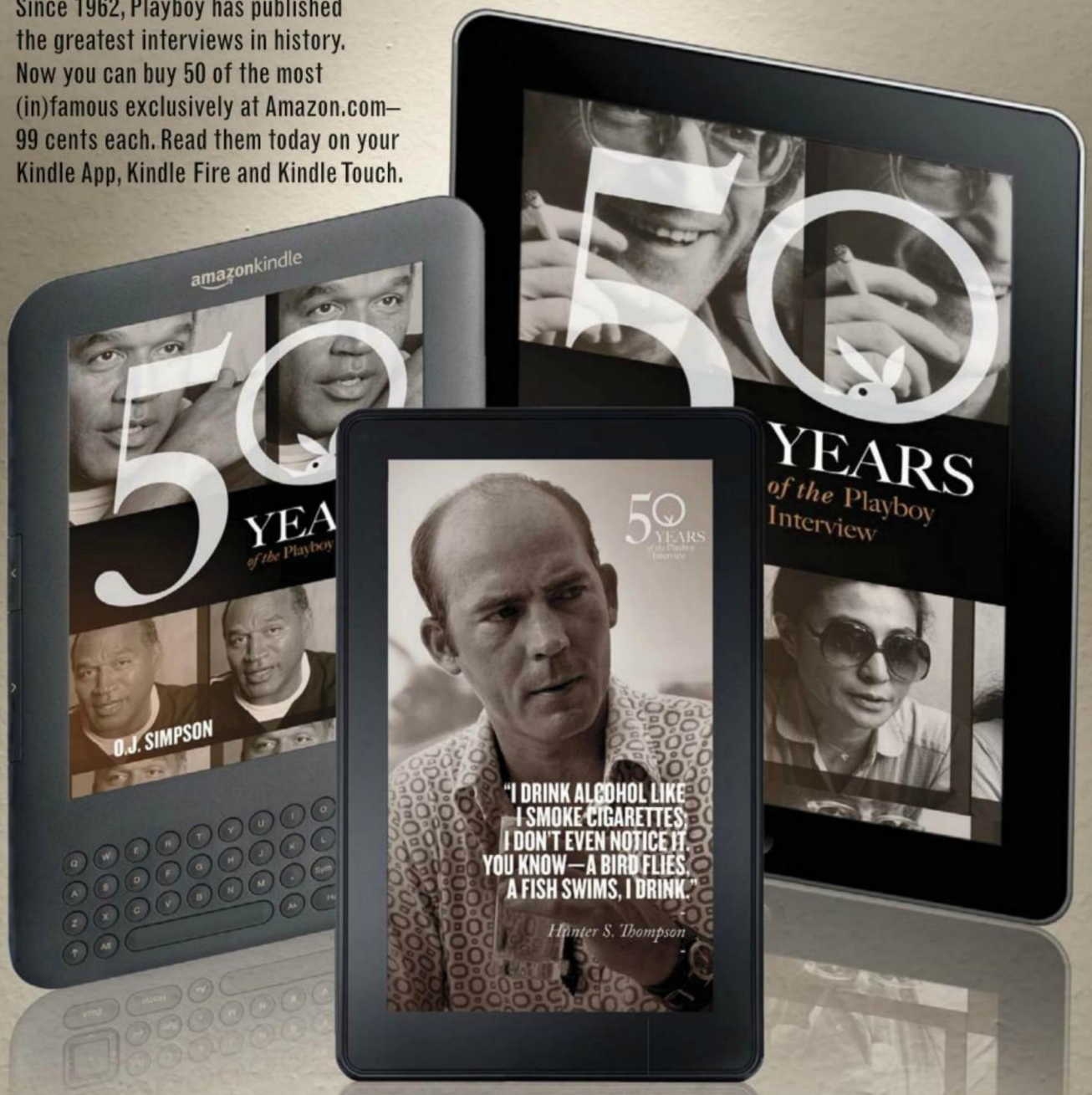
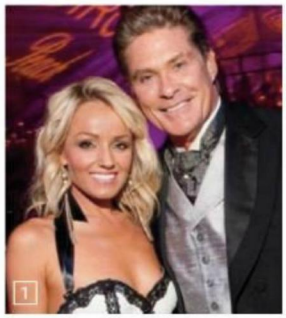


HANGIN' WITH HEF

HALLOWEEN AT THE MANSION

Colorful characters showed up at Hef's haunt for the Halloween Gala. (1) Hayley Roberts and David Hasselhoff. (2) Marston Hefner and Allison Bergson. (3) Bloodlustful Hef and Crystal Harris. (4) Neil Patrick Harris and Jessica Trujillo. (5) Chuck Liddell. (6) Kelsey and Kayte Grammer. (7) Craig Robinson. (8) The devil and his minions. (9) Hef, Crystal and Cooper. (10) Diddy performs as Prince. (11) Corey Feldman. (12) Kendra Wilkinson and Hank Baskett. (13) Mansion sweethearts Trisha Frick, Crystal Harris and Melissa Dawn Taylor. (14) Playmates Leola Bell, Shera Bechard and Kara Monaco.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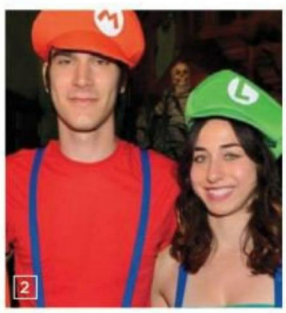
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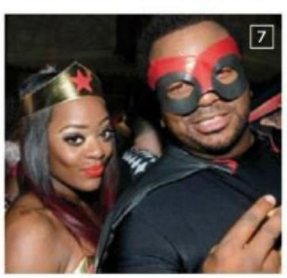
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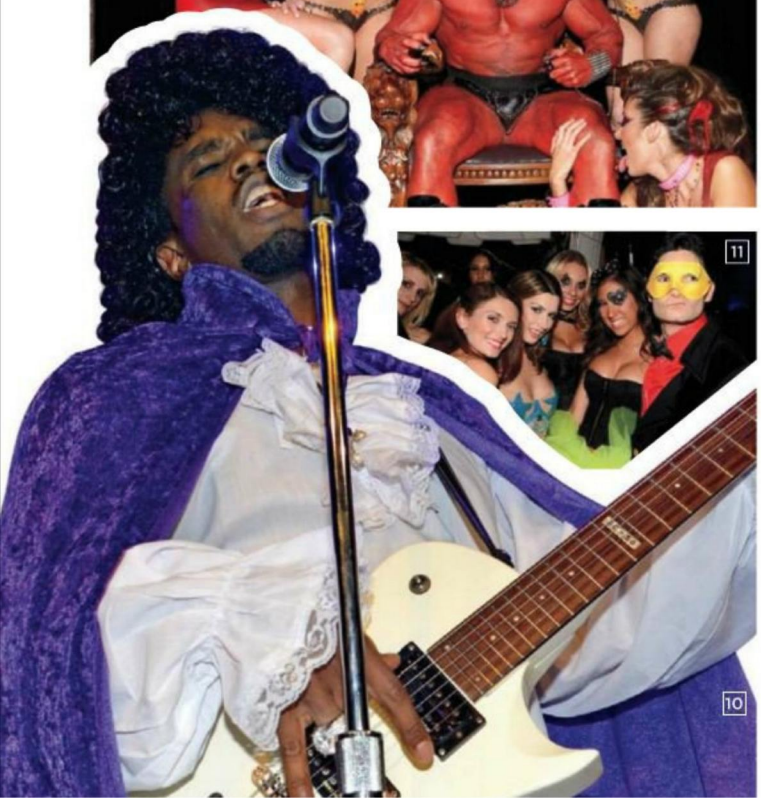
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DEAR PLAYBOY

Britany Nola

I have been reading PLAYBOY since 1959, but nothing has ever made me feel strongly enough to write until I saw Playmate Britany Nola (*Where the Music Takes Her,* November). Thank you for sharing this beautiful woman. One more tiny photo would be nice.

Charles Turner
San Antonio, Texas

Britany is a perfect 10. Make that a perfect 11—she gets a bonus point for not being bare. I'll never understand the male fascination with that look.

Glen Walters
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

LESSONS FROM HISTORY

Nancy L. Cohen's characterizations of Republican motives and her generalizations about conservative ideology are entirely off base (*Screwed,* November). If PLAYBOY values liberty, including "sexual freedom," you should be promoting the party that does the most to limit government involvement in your life. Besides, it's not sexual activity that is under assault but economic freedom. In that department, history demonstrates that Democrats get it right only when they think like Republicans. Further, if progressives believe their values have prevailed over the past 40 years, they should welcome the opportunity to prove it by allowing the states to regulate abortion. Republicans are not trying to control anyone's sex life; they are promoting personal responsibility as a means of preventing consequences that liberals deal with after the fact. It's a shame to see PLAYBOY sacrifice gentlemanly flair for cheap punditry.

Berry Muhl
Houston, Texas

I love that PLAYBOY strongly supports women's rights. I came across issues from the 1960s and 1970s, and after reading the letters and editorials, I can't believe what women had to go through back then. We could make abortion illegal again, but then what? Are we going to send women and their doctors to prison? Anti-abortion activists never discuss that. The way to reduce the number of abortions is to provide universal access to birth control, especially for teenagers. But no contraceptive is perfect, and women will still get pregnant. Unfortunately, women will also still be raped. That's why we need control over our own bodies. Uncle Sam, stay out of my vagina!

Robin McQuay
Tacoma, Washington

I was born in 1944 in the liberal state of Massachusetts. I never had a problem buying condoms as a teenager, and my wife went on the pill with no problems in 1963, the year before we were married. Despite liberal scare tactics, no one enforced laws limiting access to birth control in the early 1960s, and even if they're reenacted now, they would never be enforced.

Paul Wilson
New Port Richey, Florida

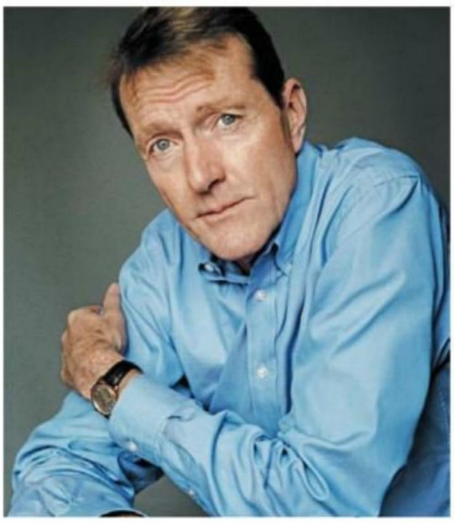
FIFTY SHADES OF JOEL

I was disappointed to read Joel Stein's essay "A Guy's Guide to Mommy Porn" (*Men,* September), in which he dismisses *Fifty Shades of Grey,* the first volume in the popular trilogy of BDSM novels, as too verbose. Despite Stein's misgivings, I encourage every man to have his girlfriend or wife read the books. My wife did, and the benefits have been amazing. Now I'm encouraging her to read the trilogy again. Had Stein suggested to the woman in his life that she read *Fifty Shades* before he did, he may have reached a different conclusion.

Mark Coil
Rushville, Illinois

JACK REACHER, DOWNSIZED

The *Playboy Interview* with Lee Child (October) reveals him as a wonderfully intelligent, witty and perceptive writer. It's no wonder I marvel at his Jack Reacher novels. But shame on Paramount Pictures for casting five-foot-seven Tom Cruise to play the six-foot-five, 250-pound protagonist in the film *Jack Reacher.* Much of Reacher's bruising power derives from his size and strength. Does Paramount plan to cast midgets as villains? If the studio wants a realistic Reacher for what could become a film franchise, it should have cast six-foot-nine Brad Garrett. Cruise is all swagger and no swashbuckle.



Lee Child: Don't stop now.

Dick Grahl
Greenville, Texas

Child says he wants to stop writing Jack Reacher novels once he has completed the 21st, to pay homage to John D. MacDonald by not surpassing the number of Travis McGee books he wrote. That's admirable, but records are made to be broken. As for Cruise playing Reacher, six-foot-four Ray Stevenson (from the HBO series *Rome*) would have been a natural choice.

Chris Thier
Canton, Georgia

BOWS AND ARROWS

I am pleased to see your guide to the growing sport of archery ("High Strung," *Mantrack,* October). But if you want to become an archer, it is wise to give it a try before you invest in equipment. The best place to do that is an archery club, which can supply the gear as well as instruction on safety and technique. You will find archers to be friendly, helpful and always willing to lend a spare part. Most important, your report notes the bull's-eye is 70 meters away, but a novice will more likely start indoors with a bull's-eye that is 18 meters away, then move to ones at 30 meters and farther. For more information, visit the International Archery Federation at archery.org.

Iain Aitken
Dumfries, Scotland

HAIR APPARENT

I always enjoy your editorials and articles. However, something has been noticeably lacking in the pictorials. My enthusiasm is restored by the model Anna (*La Strada,* November), who makes me want to rush out and invest in a Vespa scooter. She and the neatly trimmed Britany Nola confirm my hunch that not all women have gone bald. Whew! You had me worried for a while.

John Pfeifer
Faulkton, South Dakota

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LETTING IT GO

Stephen Colbert's fear of accidentally driving a boat into a channel marker is justified (*Playboy Interview,* November). In 2010 an intoxicated captain on the Rappahannock River hit a steel channel marker after dark at 35 miles an hour, killing one of his passengers and seriously injuring most of the rest. But since Colbert doesn't sound like a person who would drink and boat—in fact, he sounds reassuringly sane and responsible—he should put this fear aside. Plus, the 45 seconds it would have taken to reach the marker was plenty of time for him to have looked up and avoided it all by himself, without his wife alerting him.

Bob Lazar
Richmond, Virginia

CROSSING THE BORDER

If the CIA finds it hard to cross the North Korean border, as you suggest in the opening lines of *The World's Most Dangerous 18 Holes* (November), I would be happy to recommend travel agencies. That's how several other Americans and I made the trip. North Korea encourages Westerners to visit because the country is in dire need of hard currency. Our guides were unfailingly polite and generally friendly, though we didn't agree on everything: One insisted that despite my admiration for Arnold Schwarzenegger, Steven Seagal is clearly cinema's best action star. For years journalists have sold wide-eyed and breathless accounts of how dangerous and impossible it is for people to visit North Korea, but I expect more from PLAYBOY. Your readers would be better served by a city guide to Pyongyang.

Patrick Rodgers
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

GIRLS OF THE BIG TEN

Rachel Rockefeller of the University of Iowa is a real stunner (*Girls of the Big Ten,* October). You have featured many other beautiful women in your magazine, but with her fantastic figure and looks to match, Rachel has my vote for Playmate of the Month, Year and Decade. What a smile!

Mike Forest
Palmdale, California

As a proud Purdue alum and a Big Ten purist, I had some reservations when the University of Nebraska joined my beloved conference. After seeing your photo of Hannah Gappa, I am suddenly thankful. Please continue to foster collegiate goodwill by inviting Hannah back as a Playmate.

John Waller
Boston, Massachusetts

WHO WAS THERE?

In "Point and Shoot" (*After Hours,* November), you describe Nick Ut's iconic 1972 Vietnam war photo as showing "American soldiers ignoring a naked girl screaming as she and other children flee their burning village." The fighting that day (June 8, 1972) was between North Vietnamese and South Vietnamese soldiers. South Vietnamese pilots dropped the napalm that burned the girl. No American soldiers appear in the photograph.

Peter Brush
Nashville, Tennessee

You're right. American soldiers weren't present at the scene of the photograph. The soldiers in the photo are our South Vietnamese allies.

STILL FIGHTING

We wanted to show our appreciation to Dean Yeagle, one of our favorite cartoonists, for sending us a custom Mandy pinup. Also, thanks to Hugh Hefner and the rest of the PLAYBOY staff for supporting

Mandy makes friends in Afghanistan.

the troops. We can't wait to get home and read PLAYBOY magazine again.

Names withheld by request
Afghanistan

***PLAYBOY* IS MY CO-PILOT**

My friend was pulled over by a state trooper while giving me a ride home. As it happens, I was looking through an issue of PLAYBOY. When the officer pointed his flashlight into the car, he spotted the Centerfold. He told us we should have been "looking out for police instead of looking at pornography," but I explained I was reading the articles and told him one of the Party Jokes. He laughed and let us off with a warning. Thanks, PLAYBOY!

Chris Otey
Clovis, New Mexico

I decided to take a huge risk and drive from California to Panama. Before leaving I gathered a stack of PLAYBOYS with blondes on the covers to use as bribes along the way. They worked like a charm!

Kerianne Keller
Pacifica, California

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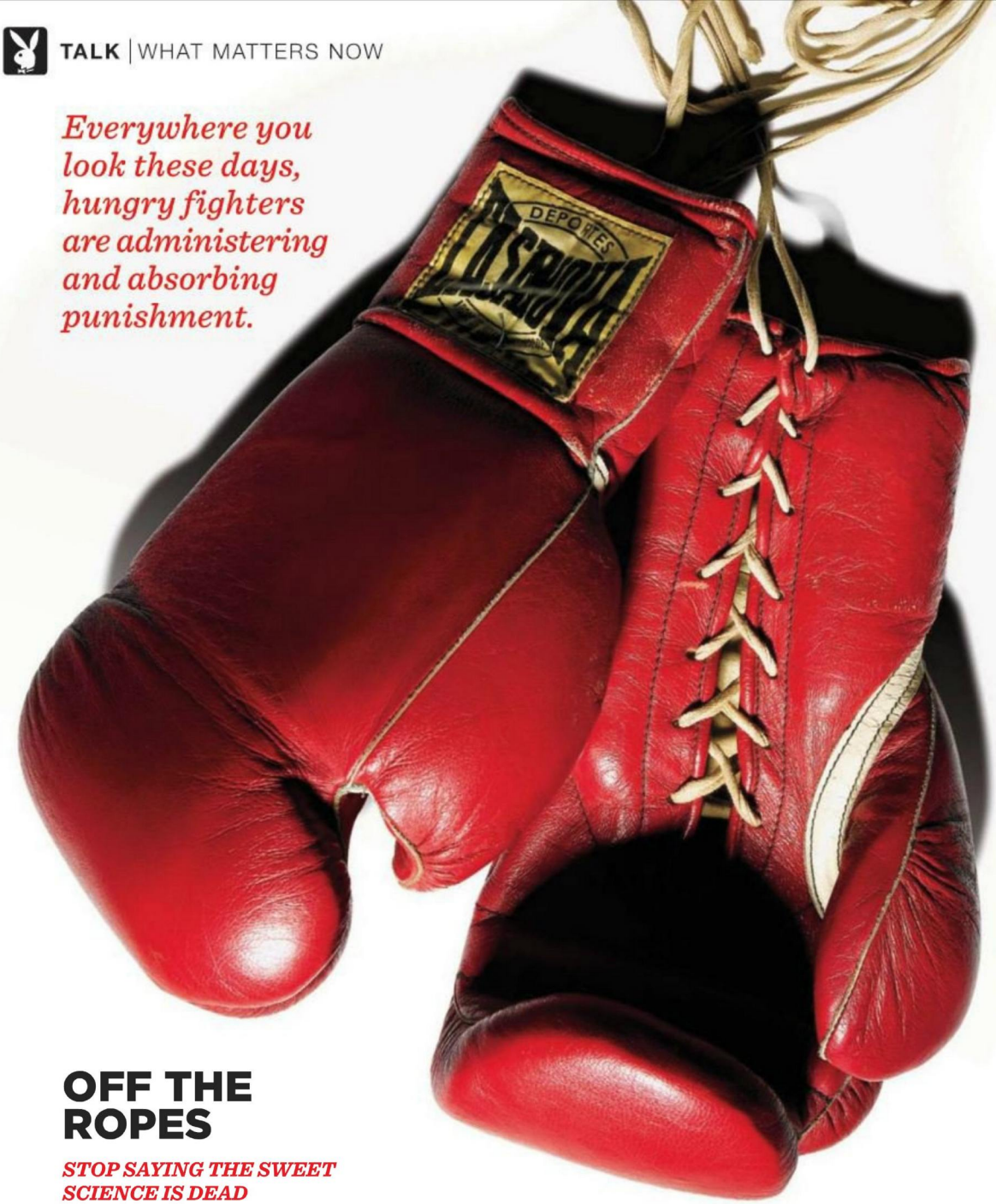
BECOMING ATTRACTION

CLAIRE COFFEE

"*I MUST EXUDE* some sort of innocence." Actress Claire Coffee is discussing her California roots. "People always think I'm from the Midwest, like the innocent, sweet girl next door." That may be the case for her role as an assistant DA on *Franklin & Bash* but not for her part on *Grimm,* on which she plays Adalind, TV's sexiest demon. "Her confidence adds to the sexiness," Claire says. "She's not afraid to use all her wiles. I was in my underwear on set today and will be again tomorrow night. I fully embrace that this is the naked character on the show." We do too.

Photography by **MICHAEL EDWARDS/MEINMYPLACE.COM**

Everywhere you look these days, hungry fighters are administering and absorbing punishment.



OFF THE ROPES

STOP SAYING THE SWEET SCIENCE IS DEAD

There are two popular opinions regarding the health of professional boxing: It's dying or it's dead. But a flurry of explosive fights and millions of pay-per-view buys make it obvious that the sweet science is far from dead. If boxing is merely dying, it's going out in one hell of a blaze of glory.

The past few months have seen a series of fights that capture what makes boxing so uniquely riveting. Junior welterweights Brandon Ríos and Mike Alvarado, both savage brawlers, rumbled from bell to bell, landing a combined 241 power punches in six and a half furious rounds. Julio César Chávez Jr., battered for 11 rounds by middleweight champ Sergio Martínez, summoned a 12th-round rally that offered the sort of human drama other sports rarely muster.

Everywhere you look these days, hungry fighters are administering and absorbing punishment. Two thrillers—Marcos Maidana's come-from-behind triumph over Jesús Soto Karass and Rocky Martínez's narrow escape over Miguel Beltrán—took place on separate fight cards in the *same* city on the *same* night. And Andre Ward's near-perfect performance against Chad Dawson demonstrated why this brutal trade is also known as the sweet science.

Even heavyweights are threatening to make the sport's glamour division exciting again. Chief among them is David Price, a handsome six-foot-eight Brit who aced his American TV debut against Olympic gold medalist Audley Harrison. Price eviscerated him in a Tysonesque 82 seconds.

And on the business side—where boxing never gets it right—there's also cause for optimism. HBO and ESPN announced a partnership in September; now you'll see highlights of the highest-profile fights on *SportsCenter*.

We aren't suggesting the era when boxing ruled the sports world alongside baseball and horse racing is about to return. But boxing's blood pumps freely whenever there are gutsy fighters who possess the skill and the chin to satisfy customers. Right now the rings are filled with them.—*Eric Raskin*

KNOCKOUT KINGS

PLAYBOY's *picks for the top fighters to watch in 2013*

ANDRE WARD
Super middleweight

→ With a clean-cut image, an Olympic gold medal and sublime skills, Ward hasn't lost a fight since he was 12. He may be superior to any other boxer today, including Floyd Mayweather.

CANELO ÁLVAREZ
Light middleweight

→ The 22-year-old red-haired Mexican champion is so popular in his homeland, a staggering 18 million viewers watched his last bout. He's got the looks, and he's got the hooks.

BRANDON RÍOS
Light welterweight

→ Ríos is today's hottest action fighter, the type to drop leather-encased bombs until the other guy wilts. "Bam Bam" is a tough fighter and a potential Manny Pacquiao opponent.

WAR GAMES

IRAN TAKES A VIDEO GAME PROBLEM TO THE NEXT LEVEL

When it comes to video games, Iran is not playing. Take the case of Amir Hekmati, who is languishing in Iranian solitary confinement. Hekmati worked for Kuma Reality Games, a New York City–based developer of war games in which Osama bin Laden and Muammar el-Qaddafi can be offed. When Hekmati visited relatives in Iran in 2011, the 29-year-old was arrested for espionage. He "confessed" on TV to making CIA-funded games "to change the public opinion's mind-set in the Middle East" and became the first American sentenced to death there since 1979. He is now awaiting retrial.

Although it banned the popular military shooter *Battlefield 3* in 2011, Iran isn't completely antigame. The country claims to be developing more than 140 titles, everything from cute, Nintendo-like games to shooters, all tailored to the country's religious and political agenda, of course. One, based on the fatwa against author Salman Rushdie, is called *The Stressful Life of Salman Rushdie and Implementation of His Verdict.* Tehran even hosts its own yearly game conference. The problem? Only Middle Eastern countries sharing Iran's radical point of view are invited. None of the games detailed at the Iran National Foundation of Computer Game includes playable demos. Nor do they say when they'll be released or by whom, or if they support any current fatwas.

Not that the fatwas and finger-pointing have stopped. Navid Khonsari, a former Rockstar Games employee who worked on the *Grand Theft Auto* series, is developing *1979,* a historically accurate game based on the Iranian revolution. After Khonsari did publicity for *1979,* trouble struck when the conservative *Kayhan News* condemned him as a spy.

The act stunned Khonsari. Although he lives in Brooklyn, Khonsari was raised in Iran and his grandfather was once its culture minister. "I won't be going back anytime soon," he laments. "I'm not a spy. But whether they call me a spy or not, I'm still going to make *1979.*"

Khonsari describes *1979* as an adventure game rich in history. "You begin by trying to free the U.S. hostages," he explains. You'll use a gun to defend yourself, but you won't kill anyone. "You'll learn about the various rebel factions and use stealth to get out of nasty situations." A graphic novel and downloadable missions are also planned. If *1979* takes off when it's released in April, Khonsari will unveil more games, each set in former flash points such as El Salvador, Liberia and Bosnia. Khonsari might be wise to limit his international travel. *—Harold Goldberg*

THEN: In the 1940s Gil Elvgren worked as an illustrator for Coca-Cola, but his paintings of female nudes earned him the title "the Norman Rockwell of cheesecake." This collection of reference photos shows his attention to the female form. ($50, *Gil Elvgren's Private Stock*)

NOW: In the early 2000s, the SuicideGirls website helped redefine the modern pinup—think photos of girls with tattoos and natural breasts. The site's third compendium of photographs captures the beautiful, renegade spirit of this phenom. ($40, *Hard Girls, Soft Light*)

FLASH FORWARD

TWO NEW BOOKS PROVE THE ART OF THE PINUP STILL HAS LEGS

The pinup portrait maintains its status as one of the great forms of modern popular art, thanks to the purity of the formula: a beautiful woman presented in her natural glory. Over the years the pinup world brought us Bettie Page, Lana Turner, Dita Von Teese and more. Two new volumes celebrate pinups past and present. Together they prove the infinite possibilities of a genre that we, clearly, think can be explored for many more years.

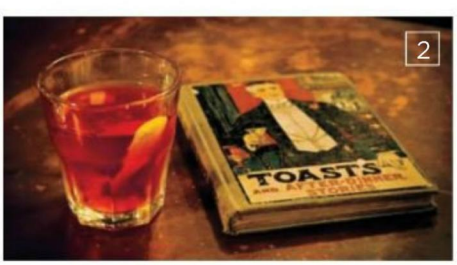
ILLUSTRATION BY VINCE MCINDOE

1

UPTOWN NEW ORLEANS

YOU'VE BEEN TO MARDI GRAS AND JAZZ FEST. NOW DO AMERICA'S MOST DECADENT CITY LIKE A GENTLEMAN: GO EARLY, GO ELEGANT

There comes a time in a man's life when he puts away childish things. In New Orleans that means no more hurricanes at Pat O'Brien's and no more drunken Lucky Dogs at the break of dawn. New Orleans is best enjoyed as a place for refined hedonism. Forgo the usual French Quarter tourist spots and explore less-traveled destinations. The best time to visit the Crescent City is now: The weather is mild and the crowds are scarce, which means you can get a table at such extraordinary restaurants as August, Brigtsen's and GW Fins—or enjoy a quiet pint uptown at the Columns Hotel. For the first time since Hurricane Katrina, Louisiana oysters are returning to form. Enjoy a dozen on the half shell while standing at the bar at **Felix's** (1). In the city that invented the cocktail, there is no excuse for not enjoying a sazerac or two; our favorite place to do so is **Sylvain** (2), but don't overlook chef Alex Harrell's food, which artfully blends Southern and Mediterranean influences. It's worth a cab ride uptown to have an aperitif at **Cure,** one of the city's more stylish lounges. Thanks to post-Katrina rebuilding, the city now has more new hotel rooms than ever before. The way to go is elegant. Stay at the **Maison Orleans,** a luxurious boutique hotel housed within the Ritz-Carlton. If you're looking for a more romantic and intimate setting, check out the **Audubon Cottages** (3). With seven secluded cottages and an on-site butler, this historic property offers the ultimate in service (and discretion). What better way to enjoy yourself in the city that care forgot?



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3

4

THE NEW PO'BOY

THREE PLACES TO EAT THE NEW AND IMPROVED SANDWICH

COCHON BUTCHER
Make sure to visit Donald Link's Warehouse District sandwich shop (4). The muffuletta with house-cured meats is essential. Go late to avoid lines.

KILLER POBOYS
You'll find the world's best (perhaps only) lamb sausage po'boy in the back room of the Erin Rose Bar at 811 Conti Street.

GRAND ISLE
The duck debris po'boy is a satisfying homage to a local classic.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL FRITH

TUNE UP

WHERE THE MUSIC IS

→ Skip Bourbon Street. The place to go for live music is Frenchmen Street in the Faubourg Marigny neighborhood. Enough clubs line the street—the Spotted Cat Music Club and d.b.a. are both excellent—that you can amble down the sidewalk and find a band to your liking. End your visit with a Sapporo and *hokke* at Yuki Izakaya.

HAUTE WINGS

RAISE YOUR COOKING GAME WITH CHEF MICHAEL SYMON'S CHICKEN WINGS

Anyone who has consumed his weight in buffalo wings at a Super Bowl party knows there are wings eaten out of sheer hunger and there are wings that are devoured because they taste so good. Chef Michael Symon—restaurateur, co-host of ABC's *The Chew* and author of *Michael Symon's Carnivore: 120 Recipes for Meat Lovers*—knows a thing or two about doing chicken the right way. Case in point: these wings, spiked with the highly addictive Southeast Asian *sriracha* sauce. The fact that they're baked, not fried, means less time cooking and more time watching the game.—*Eric Steinman*

RECIPE

SPICY SRIRACHA CHICKEN WINGS

INGREDIENTS

- 5 lbs. chicken wings, split
- ¼ cup coriander seeds, crushed
- 1 tsp. cumin seeds, crushed
- 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 2 tbsp. kosher salt
- ¼ cup extra virgin olive oil
- ¾ cup *sriracha* sauce
- ¾ cup unsalted butter, melted
- ½ cup fresh cilantro, chopped
- Grated zest and juice of three limes

DIRECTIONS

1. In a large bowl, toss to combine wings, coriander, cumin, cinnamon, salt and olive oil. Cover and refrigerate, preferably overnight but at least four hours.
2. Preheat oven to 275 degrees.
3. Arrange wings on three baking sheets, cover with foil and roast for 45 minutes. Remove foil and increase heat to 475. Roast until wings are crisp and cooked through, about five minutes.
4. Meanwhile, in a mixing bowl stir to combine *sriracha,* melted butter, cilantro and lime zest and juice.
5. When wings are done roasting, transfer to a mixing bowl and toss in the *sriracha*-butter sauce. Remove and place on a platter.
6. Serve hot, with plenty of napkins.

DIY HOT SAUCE

AMP UP YOUR WINGS, OR ANY DISH, WITH HOMEMADE HOT SAUCE

① CHILI OUT

Pick your chili: Habaneros are for heat freaks; jalapeños and serranos are for the rest of us. Stem and seed half a pound of chilies, and puree.

② SIT TIGHT

Mix puree with half a teaspoon of kosher salt and seal in a glass jar. Let sit overnight at room temperature. This allows the mixture to ferment and develop flavor.

③ GET TART

Stir in three quarters of a cup of distilled white vinegar, reseal the jar and let it sit at room temperature for three days. The flavor will continue to deepen.

④ FINISH STRONG

Puree the mixture until smooth, then run it through a fine-mesh strainer into a clean jar and refrigerate.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL FRITH

Photography by **MISHA GRAVENOR**

MODERN MOONSHINE

WITH CRAFT DISTILLERS ACROSS THE COUNTRY GETTING IN ON THE ACT, AMERICA'S RENEGADE SOUTHERN SPIRIT GOES LEGIT

Moonshine, that legendary contraband whiskey distilled from grain and just about anything else capable of fermentation, has its roots in the mountains. But thanks to distillers across the country who want to share the pleasures of the spirit with the masses, more fully legal refined brands are available than ever before. Although it's crystal clear, you'd never mistake moonshine for vodka: The source material, be it barley or corn, can shine through, giving the liquor bite or sweetness. Think bourbon without the added mellowness and caramel that come from aging in a barrel. Like the reemergent absinthe of a few years back, "white dog" has an old-timey mystique that has captured the imagination of bartenders. However, this old dog bites and can learn some new tricks. Here are two easy recipes courtesy of our bartender friend Dustin Newsome at Seven Grand in downtown Los Angeles.—*Eric Steinman*

SHINE ON

Four bottles to buy

- **HUDSON NEW YORK CORN WHISKEY, $28.** Hot buttered popcorn comes to mind when sipping this whiskey. **DEATH'S DOOR WHITE WHISKY, $35.** Distinct floral and fruity notes without a hint of sweetness. **HOUSE SPIRITS WHITE DOG WHISKEY, $30.** Malted barley with spicy, honey tones. **KINGS COUNTY MOONSHINE, $20.** This mellow version uses corn and Scottish barley.

KINGS COUNTY MOONSHINE

WHITE DOG SOUR

INGREDIENTS

- *1¾ oz. white whiskey*
- *¾ oz. ginger syrup*
- *½ oz. fresh lemon juice*
- *¾ oz. fresh orange juice*
- *Fresh nutmeg*
- *Maraschino cherry and orange slice for garnish*

DIRECTIONS

Pour liquid ingredients over ice in a cocktail shaker. After shaking, strain into a rocks glass filled with ice. Top with shaved nutmeg. Garnish with cherry and orange slice.

WHITE DOG TODDY

INGREDIENTS

- *1 oz. white whiskey*
- *1 oz. apple brandy*
- *½ oz. honey*
- *Lemon peel and cinnamon stick for garnish*

DIRECTIONS

Pour liquid ingredients into a mug, top with hot water and stir. Twist lemon peel to release oils into drink. Garnish with peel and cinnamon stick.

Photography by **HACOB**

Azuñia.
TEQUILA

THE FULL MONTY

KNOWN AS THE DUFFLE COAT, THE TOGGLE COAT OR THE MONTY, THIS IS THE COOLEST COAT FOR WINTER

The duffle coat is not only one of the most versatile winter jackets (it's big enough to wear over a suit; it has a built-in hood), it's also one of the most stylish thanks to stripped-down mod lines that transcend the whims of fashion. One of its names was inspired by British field marshal Bernard Montgomery, who wore the style so often it became known as a Montgomery coat or simply a Monty. Call it what you will, we call it cool.—*Adam Tschorn*

COVER STORY

David Bowie rocks a duffle coat in the 1976 film The Man Who Fell to Earth. An image from the movie later appeared on the cover of his 1977 album Low.

4. THE SOURCE

The camouflage pattern that designer Mark McNairy used for this jacket from Woolrich Woolen Mills was inspired by a 1970s pattern from the Woolrich archives.

1. UNDER THE HOOD

The oversize bucket hood was designed to accommodate military headgear. Today its generous proportions can comfortably fit a ski cap or pompadour.

2. FULL CLOSURE

The closures made of looped rope or leather and wood or horn toggles give the jacket yet another name—and make it easier to open and close while wearing gloves.

3. ALL IN A NAME

The name "duffle coat" derives from duffel, the sturdy napped wool fabric from Duffel, Belgium that was used to make the original heavy-duty jackets—as well as duffel bags.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT HARKNESS

Photography by **HACOB**

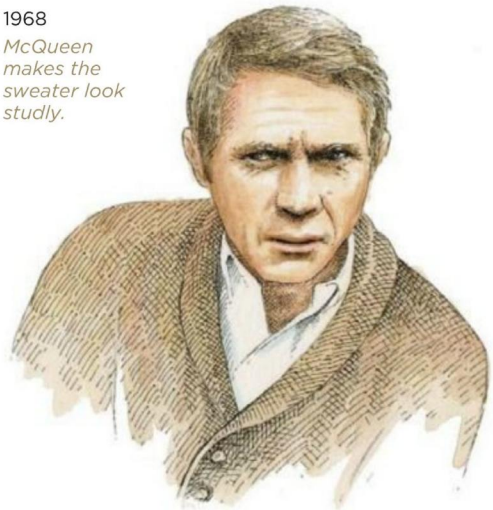
IN DEFENSE OF THE CARDIGAN

NO THANKS TO MR. ROGERS, THESE ARE THE THREE MEN WHO MADE THE CARDIGAN COOL

1854
The cardigan is born in battle.

1. The Earl of Cardigan

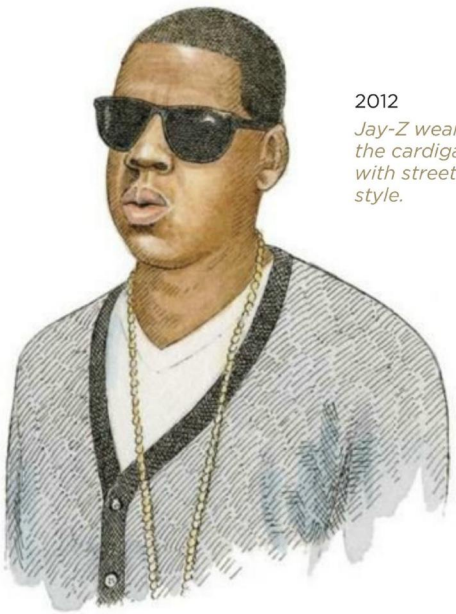
→ The button-front sweater's namesake, James Thomas Brudenell, seventh earl of Cardigan, was the British commander of the Light Brigade during the Crimean War's Battle of Balaklava in 1854. Although history would eventually judge Brudenell as more concerned with wardrobe than war craft and his role in the victory as less than heroic, in the war's immediate aftermath the earl's favorite sweater came to be known as the "cardigan" in his honor.



1968
McQueen makes the sweater look studly.

2. Steve McQueen

→ The rocky public relations campaign surrounding the cardigan's roots notwithstanding, the sweater would soldier on to become a versatile piece in the American male's wardrobe, available with such variations as shawl collars and zipper or belt closures and ranging from thin, stylish layering pieces to bulky hooded cable knits able to keep you warm in a hailstorm. Although the humble cardigan eventually fell out of favor and was established as the mantle of the milquetoast by the mid-1970s, the sweater did have a white knight in those dark times: Steve McQueen, who sported a shawl-collared cardigan in the 1968 movie *Bullitt*.



2012
Jay-Z wears the cardigan with street style.

3. Jay-Z

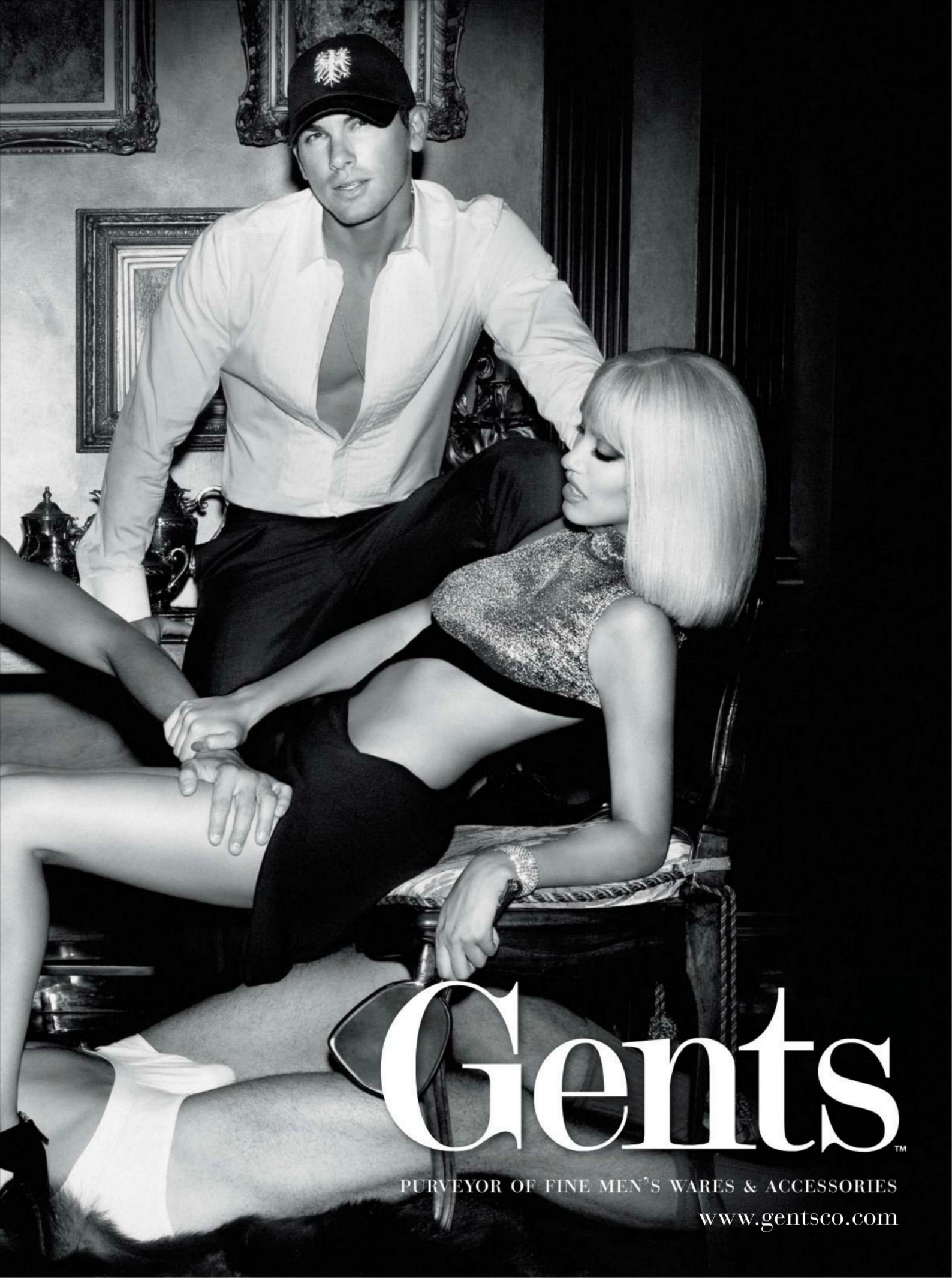
→ Today the cardigan can be found at just about every price point, from affordable—J. Crew and Burkman Bros.—all the way up to luxe designers Todd Snyder and Michael Bastian. Proof of the cardigan's current cachet is Jay-Z. When he steps out in that gray V-neck with contrasting black collar and button placket layered over a plain white T-shirt, Shawn Carter brings back what Mr. Rogers took away.
—Adam Tschorn

LOOM LARGE

HOW A $19 PAIR OF UNDERWEAR JUST MIGHT SAVE AMERICA

Jake Bronstein, co-founder of the popular Buckyballs magnet toy line, has turned his attention to working around balls of an entirely different sort. Frustrated by the fact that only one percent of men's underwear is made in this country, Bronstein turned to Kickstarter to fund his vision of a truly American underwear company, with everything from the cotton to the packaging and the shipping label produced domestically. Some 30 days and $300,000 in contributions later, he realized his dream. Cast your vote at flintandtinderusa.com.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN BURGOYNE PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSEPH SHIN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MOVIE OF THE MONTH

JACK REACHER

By Stephen Rebello

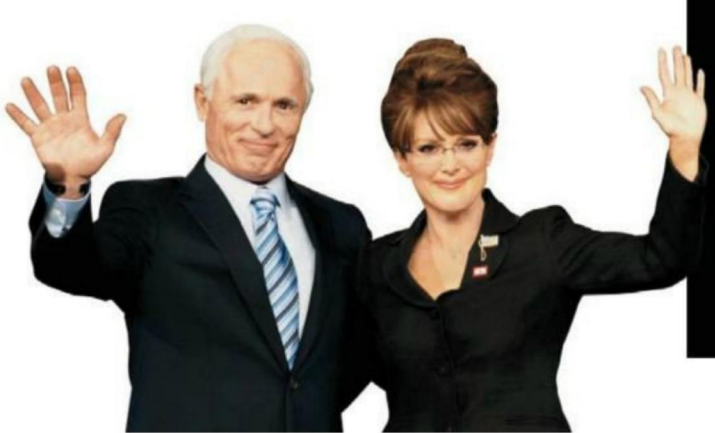
Oscar-winning writer-director Christopher McQuarrie (*The Usual Suspects*) returns with the bare-knuckled *Jack Reacher,* based on one of Lee Child's 16 gritty best-selling crime-thriller adventures about the eponymous offbeat ex–military homicide investigator and loner. The trail of a phantom serial sniper leads Reacher (Tom Cruise) straight to Rosamund Pike, Robert Duvall, Werner Herzog and Richard Jenkins. "One of the reasons Tom Cruise and I get along so well is that he's absolutely tireless," says McQuarrie. "Lunch breaks, nights off, weekends don't really appeal to either of us while filming. The tone of the novel—the rust belt America setting, the alienation of Reacher, who rides buses rather than drive—these were our clear influences. Anyone who knows anything about me and my work knows you're going to come to the theater and feel respected." Tell that to the internet snipers who have slammed him and Child for casting Cruise in a role that calls for a six-foot-five, tough-as-nails bruiser built like a refrigerator. "We took extraordinary care and respect in choosing those dimensions I thought were most important to capturing the spirit of the novel," says McQuarrie. "Those who have commented [negatively] have made it clear that I've lost them, so I've written them off. But those people are not worthy of respect. I'm focused on those who are skeptical and cautiously optimistic."

DVD OF THE MONTH

GAME CHANGE

By Bryan Reesman

Mocking the controversial John McCain–Sarah Palin campaign is easy, so HBO strives for (but doesn't totally achieve) balance in this original movie. Julianne Moore portrays a softer side of the prickly veep contender, though Palin's alleged catatonic meltdowns and prima donna antics helped doom the campaign. The ultimate problem is evident: She was in way over her head. **Best extra:** "Creating the Candidate" explores the commitment and ego that drive presidential nominees. ¥¥¥



TEASE FRAME

Amanda Seyfried, nude in Chloe

In the erotic thriller *Chloe,* Amanda Seyfried plays the titular call girl (above) who has a fatal attraction to Julianne Moore. Seyfried seduces again as Cosette in *Les Misérables* and as deep throater Linda Lovelace in *Lovelace.*

SINGING THE PRAISES OF *LES MISÉRABLES*

Eddie Redmayne (My Week With Marilyn) plays Marius, the passionate young hero in the new film version of the popular stage musical based on the classic Victor Hugo novel.

Q: How intense was the competition for Marius?
A: When I heard they were making *Les Misérables,* I was in North Carolina playing a Texan cowboy in a film. I ran into a trailer, sang one of Marius's songs, recorded it with my phone and sent it to my agents. From there it was like a full-on *X Factor*–style audition in front of the producers, composer, lyricist, director, casting director. It was the most nerve-racking experience of my life.

Q: When did you first encounter *Les Misérables*?
A: My brothers and I were taken to see it on the stage when I was about nine. I wanted to be the street urchin Gavroche, and I still kind of do. On the set I had to repress my jealousy of the 12-year-old boy who plays that role.

Q: Is the singing live?
A: We sang everything live. The vocals were not prerecorded at all, as they are in most musicals.

Q: What excites people about this story?
A: There's something for everyone: action, romance and a strong narrative woven into a political agenda. I just hope our version can complement the story while bringing something fresh and different. It certainly felt unique while we were making it.—*S.R.*

GAMES

THE THREE BEST GAMES
YOU MIGHT HAVE MISSED IN 2012

By Jason Buhrmester

1

SLEEPING DOGS

This breakout hit arrived like a revved-up John Woo movie, complete with an irresistible setup: An undercover cop infiltrates the Hong Kong crime world. *Sleeping Dogs* (360, PC, PS3) delivers a huge city to explore and unleashes an overload of martial arts action.

2

XCOM: ENEMY UNKNOWN

The original *XCOM* series is a gaming classic thanks to its chesslike controls; you move your soldiers into place at UFO crash sites, then the aliens take their turn. Thankfully, *XCOM: Enemy Unknown* (360, PC, PS3) keeps the strategic turn-based system, ratcheting up the suspense as you move your team into position and wait for the aliens to come out and fight.

3

DISHONORED

The best revenge tale in gaming comes courtesy of *Dishonored* (360, PC, PS3). As Corvo Attano, a bodyguard framed for the murder of the empress, you slip through the streets armed with weapons and supernatural powers that let you teleport, freeze time or command an army of rats as you stalk and take down the syndicate that wronged you. It's a game-of-the-year contender.

MUST-WATCH TV

TV HITS THE RESET BUTTON

By Josef Adalian

After a lackluster fall that brought just two new hits (*Revolution, Elementary*), broadcasters begin regrouping in January with a slew of fresh offerings. The best of the bunch—hell, the best new show of the season—is Fox's ***The Following.*** It stars Kevin Bacon as Ryan Hardy, an ex-FBI agent lured back on the job by serial killer and cult leader Joe Carroll (James Purefoy), a Poe-quoting monster whose gruesome handiwork makes Hannibal Lecter look like an underachiever. Hardy put Carroll in jail a decade ago, but prison hasn't stopped the bloodshed: Instead, Carroll has used the internet to create a social network of disciples willing to kill for him. Filled with white-knuckle tension from start to finish, *The Following* is the best network-TV thriller since *24.*

Far less suspenseful is ***Golden Boy,*** a CBS crime drama about fast-rising homicide detective Walter Clark (Theo James), who the audience knows will become New York City's youngest-ever top cop. The crime stuff is boring, but Clark's political cunning makes the show intriguing.

Not all of 2013's newbies are so heavy: NBC has a sort of *Modern Family*—a first family—with ***1600 Penn,*** a White House–set sitcom on which the first lady is POTUS's second wife and the kids are all a mess (left). As the president's loser son, *The Book of Mormon*'s Josh Gad overcomes a gag-heavy script and offers hope the show may become watchable.

The surprise of the season? The CW's 1984-set *Sex and the City* prequel, ***The Carrie Diaries,*** isn't the kiddie-fied clone of the HBO original some of us feared. Instead, it feels more like a cross between a John Hughes movie and *My So-Called Life,* all set to a killer soundtrack.

1 OUT OF 50

porn-site subscriptions are sold to women, a rate so low that feminine names are flagged for potential credit card fraud.

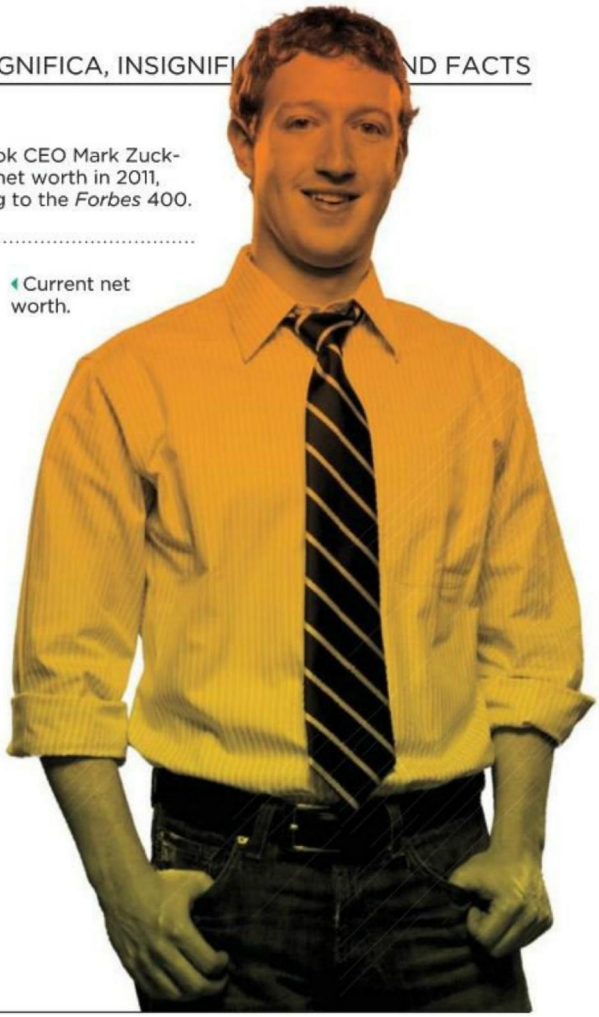
Percentage of men and women who say they would be comfortable making a sex tape in a close dating relationship:

$17.5 BILLION

Facebook CEO Mark Zuckerberg's net worth in 2011, according to the *Forbes* 400.

$9.4 BILLION

Current net worth.



$6,000

Price of *Urania sloanus* specimen sold on eBay.

Last recorded sighting of the extinct Jamaican moth:

1895

Picture resolution of the camera in the iPhone 5:

8 MEGAPIXELS

576 MEGAPIXELS

Estimated resolution of the human eye.

Grilling a charbroiled hamburger produces the same particulate matter in the atmosphere as a heavy-duty diesel truck traveling

143 MILES

Diameter of Nyiragongo Volcano's lava lake, the world's largest:

700 FEET

Volcano last erupted in:

2002

A TAYLOR HACKFORD FILM
JASON STATHAM
JENNIFER LOPEZ
PARKER
TO GET AWAY CLEAN, YOU HAVE TO PLAY DIRTY
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IN ASSOCIATION WITH ANVIL FILMS JASON STATHAM JENNIFER LOPEZ "PARKER" MICHAEL CHIKLIS BOBBY CANNAVALE AND NICK NOLTE COSTUME DESIGNER MELISSA BRUNING
MUSIC BY DAVID BUCKLEY PRODUCTION DESIGNER MISSY STEWART CINEMATOGRAPHER J. MICHAEL MURO EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS PETER SCHLESSEL BRAD LUFF STRATTON LEOPOLD BRUCE TOLL NICK MEYER MARC SCHAEBERG CLINT KISKER
PRODUCED BY LES ALEXANDER JONATHAN MITCHELL STEVEN CHASMAN SIDNEY KIMMEL MATTHEW ROWLAND BASED ON THE NOVEL "FLASHFIRE" BY RICHARD STARK SCREENPLAY BY JOHN J. McLAUGHLIN PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY TAYLOR HACKFORD
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STRONG VIOLENCE, LANGUAGE THROUGHOUT AND BRIEF SEXUAL CONTENT/NUDITY
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ROLLING THUNDER
The new Moab, with Kevlar-reinforced tires and winch-ready bumper.

GREAT ESCAPE

JEEP'S NEW WRANGLER MOAB, THE TRUCK YOU WANT WHEN THE WORLD ENDS

What kind of man owns a Jeep? Tough yet refined, he hauls himself to work in a style that befits his wallet. When the oil in his arteries runs hot, he conquers mother nature's most intimidating terrain, continuing on when the road does not. Or at least he dreams of doing so while rolling down his local boulevard en route to the liquor store. Jeep's latest is the Wrangler Moab Special Edition. The company has taken an already badass off-roader (the top-of-the-line Wrangler Sahara) and injected it with a bigger dose of ass-kicking ability: winch-ready bumpers, a limited-slip differential for serious rock climbing, Goodyear SilentArmor tires reinforced with the same material used in bulletproof vests, and more. Styling cues include black Rubicon wheels, a sculpted Mopar hood and some tough-guy color options such as Dozer and Rock Lobster. The all-American muscle under that hood is the same 285-horsepower 3.6-liter V6 in the rest of the Wrangler lineup—plenty of proven power. Expect to drop about $35K for this monster, hitting showrooms now.

OFF-ROAD AMERICA

WHERE TO LEAVE THE PAVEMENT BEHIND AND PUT RUBBER TO DIRT

MOAB, UTAH

→ Near a warren of sealed government uranium mines, the trails of Moab offer the most concentrated diversity of terrain in the States. Equipment and guides at cliffhanger jeeprental.com.

BAJA CALIFORNIA, MEXICO

→ This 747-mile peninsula, home to the world's most famous off-road race, is not for the faint of heart. Motor from seedy Tijuana through winding cactus alleys to glorious Cabo. Tours at wideopenbaja.com.

OCALA, FLORIDA

→ Tear through the southernmost national forest in the country, with swamps, snakes and birds of prey. Ocala is known for its mud, so bring a change of clothes. Info at floridatrailriders.org.

OURAY, COLORADO

→ Known as the Swiss Alps of America, this spot near Telluride is the only place in the U.S. where you can crawl through multiple 14,000-foot passes (don't miss Black Bear Pass). Guides at soajeep.com.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOEL KIMMEL

DON'T BE A DRIP

ELEVATE YOUR COFFEE-MAKING SKILLS WITH THE BEST GEAR

• The artisanal coffee revolution is in full force, with a fantastic array of microroaster beans, brewing methods and equipment to choose from. With this pro gear you can make your favorite $5 cup of coffee at home.

JAPANEASY

→ The Japanese have improved on the basic cup of joe, and many coffee shops are ditching the diner stalwart Bunn-O-Matic for Tokyo-based Hario's low-tech hand-poured coffee systems. The company's **pouring kettle** (1) ($62, williamssonoma.com) is perfectly balanced, the **carafe** (2) ($29, groundworkcoffee.com) reiterates the kettle's scalloped design, and the matching **dripper** (3) ($30, groundworkcoffee.com) is ceramic instead of plastic, which can impart subtle off flavors. Brew up medium-roast **Lucky Jack** (4) from Los Angeles–based roaster Groundwork ($13 for 12 ounces, groundworkcoffee.com).

ITALY 2000

→ Stop buying a new espresso machine every few years and invest in one that will last a lifetime. The **Pasquini Livia 90 Auto** (5) ($1,910, pasquini.com) cranks out a pro-level 15 bars of pressure; it can go fully manual but also has programmable buttons to simplify pulling single and double shots for your morning brew. Sip in style with California-based **Heath Ceramics' espresso cup and saucer** in ruby red (6) ($34, heathceramics.com). Of course the foundation of a great cup is a great bean. **Blue Bottle's Giant Steps** (7) ($16 a pound, bluebottlecoffee.com) is a bean to count on.

OLD-SCHOOL COOL

→ Grind your beans the old-fashioned way with the **Hario Skerton burr grinder** (8) ($50, williamssonoma.com). Invented in 1941, the **Chemex drip brewer** (9) ($40, groundworkcoffee.com) stands out in the crowded world of coffee gear for its simplicity: The minimalist design earned a place in the Museum of Modern Art. If you're going to act like a hipster barista, you'd better look the part. **Engineered Garments' denim apron** (10) ($154, contextclothing.com) is handmade in the USA and features multiple pockets for you to stash your imaginary tips.

Photography by **HACOB**

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SNOW CONTROL

PRO SNOWBOARDER DANNY DAVIS OFFERS SOLID ADVICE AND GOOD VIBES FOR GETTING THE MOST OUT OF THE SLOPES

Don't be fooled by all the corporate logos at the Winter X Games. Snowboarding has as much soul as its warm-weather cousin, surfing. Few balance the business and soulful sides of the sport as well as Burton Team rider Danny Davis. At 24 he has a pile of Dew Tour and Grand Prix wins but still spends time snowboarding the backcountry. He has even launched a line of boards with his favorite band, the Grateful Dead. Here are his tips to get you riding.—*Stan Horaczek*

1

→ "Anyone who has tried snowboarding has caught their edge and slammed," Davis says, laughing. Avoid that by picking the right board shape. "Reverse camber boards are bent like a pickle and help you learn how to turn." Board size is equally important. "You don't want a board that towers over your head," says Davis. "Find one that reaches your nose or chin. Learning on a smaller board is easier."

2

→ The lure of the chairlift is strong, but don't head straight to the mountaintop. "Take your time and learn about having a snowboard under your feet." Davis also recommends a few lessons and a helmet, because falling is part of the process. "You'll know when you're done with the bunny hill because you'll be bored and want more," he says.

3

→ Fresh powder is the sport's pinnacle. "You ride on top of it, and it feels like you're floating," Davis says. To find some, be the first snowboarder at a resort after a big snowfall. "You can hike 15 minutes and find some fresh powder." Just be careful if you head to the backcountry. "Always have a shovel, a beacon and a buddy. If you really want to get into it, you should get an avalanche class under your belt."

4

→ A splitboard is a snowboard that splits into two cross-country skis. "You put skins on the bottom of the skis that let you walk up the hill without slipping backward, and then you snowboard down," Davis says. "It's not easy, but you never have to pay for a lift ticket with a splitboard. You climb a whole mountain and then you get to ride down. It's rad."

GRATEFUL SHRED

When pro snowboarder Danny Davis isn't dominating competitions, he can often be found traveling the country in a camper with his dog in search of fresh powder. His soundtrack for these rambling days? The Grateful Dead. "I always play the Dead," Davis explains. "A bunch of other guys I snowboard with and I have been learning to play Dead songs for a long time." Davis worked with Burton and the Grateful Dead to launch the Easy Livin 2013 series of boards, which are adorned with classic art from the band, including the iconic skull and the terrapin.

DANNY'S DEAD JAMS

1. "FRIEND OF THE DEVIL"
"A classic."

2. "WHISKEY IN THE JAR"
"Gambling and drinking songs are always cool."

3. "LOSER"
"I really like the old-time Grateful Dead jams. This is one."

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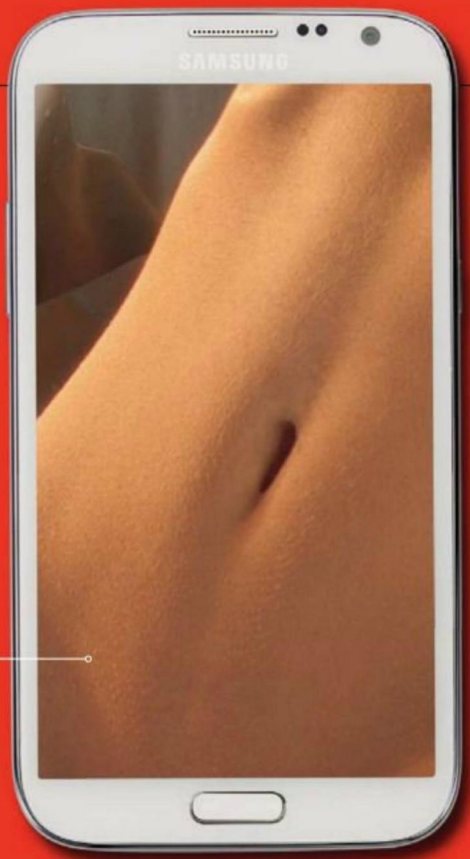
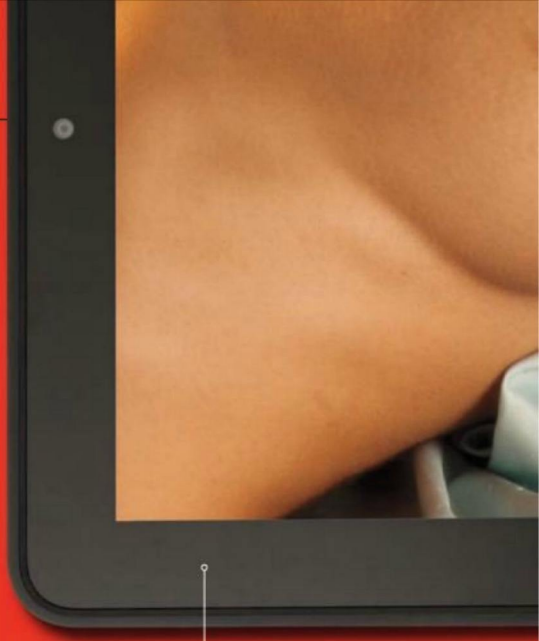
TABLET TAKEOVER

SAY GOOD-BYE TO YOUR LAPTOP AND HELLO TO THE FUTURE

First the desktop computer died. Now technology is sending the laptop to the land of dead electronics. Portable and powerful, the tablet has finally arrived.



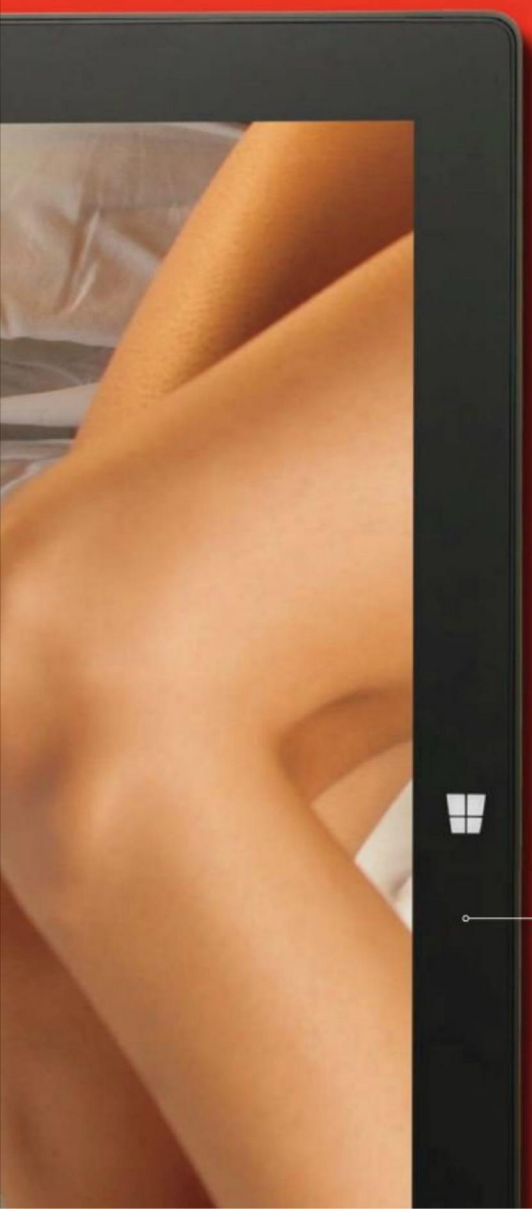


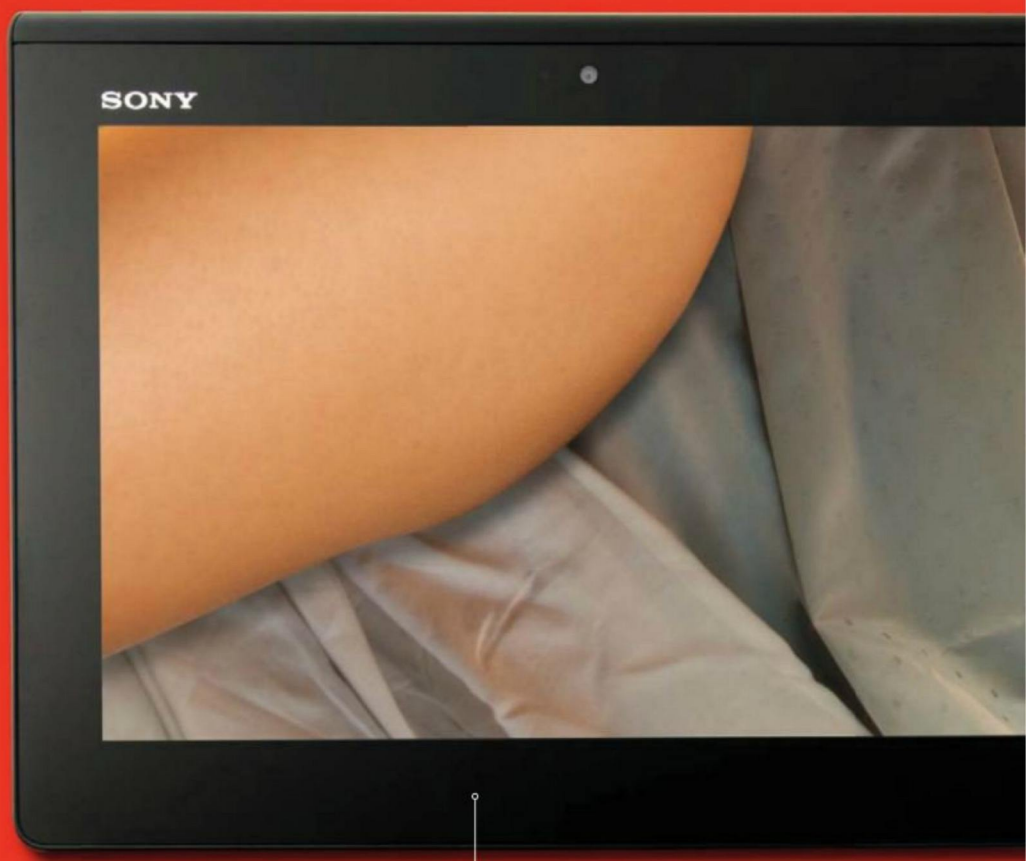
TAKE NOTE

→ At 5.5 inches, the Samsung Galaxy Note 2 ($299 with contract, samsung.com) is bigger than a smartphone but smaller than the average tablet. It keeps up with the big boys thanks to a 1.6 GHz quad-core processor and 4G LTE network speeds. Use the stylus to draw on the screen and cut, paste, crop and doodle.

FIRE STARTER

→ The Amazon Kindle Fire HD ($199 to $265, amazon.com) has plenty of kick, including a 1.2 GHz dual-core processor and one gigabyte of memory. But the muscle is needed to handle the tablet's biggest advantage: immediate access to more books, videos and content than any other device. Let the streaming begin.





SCRATCH THE SURFACE

→ This year Microsoft transformed Windows into a bright, tiled mosaic that screams art museum instead of cubicle. It works best on the Surface ($499, microsoft.com), Microsoft's 10.6-inch display with a quad-core processor. Pick up the optional 3.25-millimeters-thin Touch Cover keyboard to avoid on-screen typing.

CONTROL FREAK

→ Tablets make perfect couchmates, especially Sony's Xperia Tablet S ($399 to $599, sony.com), which operates as a programmable remote control capable of commanding your entire living room. The Android device includes a 1.4 GHz processor and a 9.4-inch HD screen. The splash-proof casing will keep it safe even as you lounge in the bathtub.

Photography by **JOSEPH SHIN**

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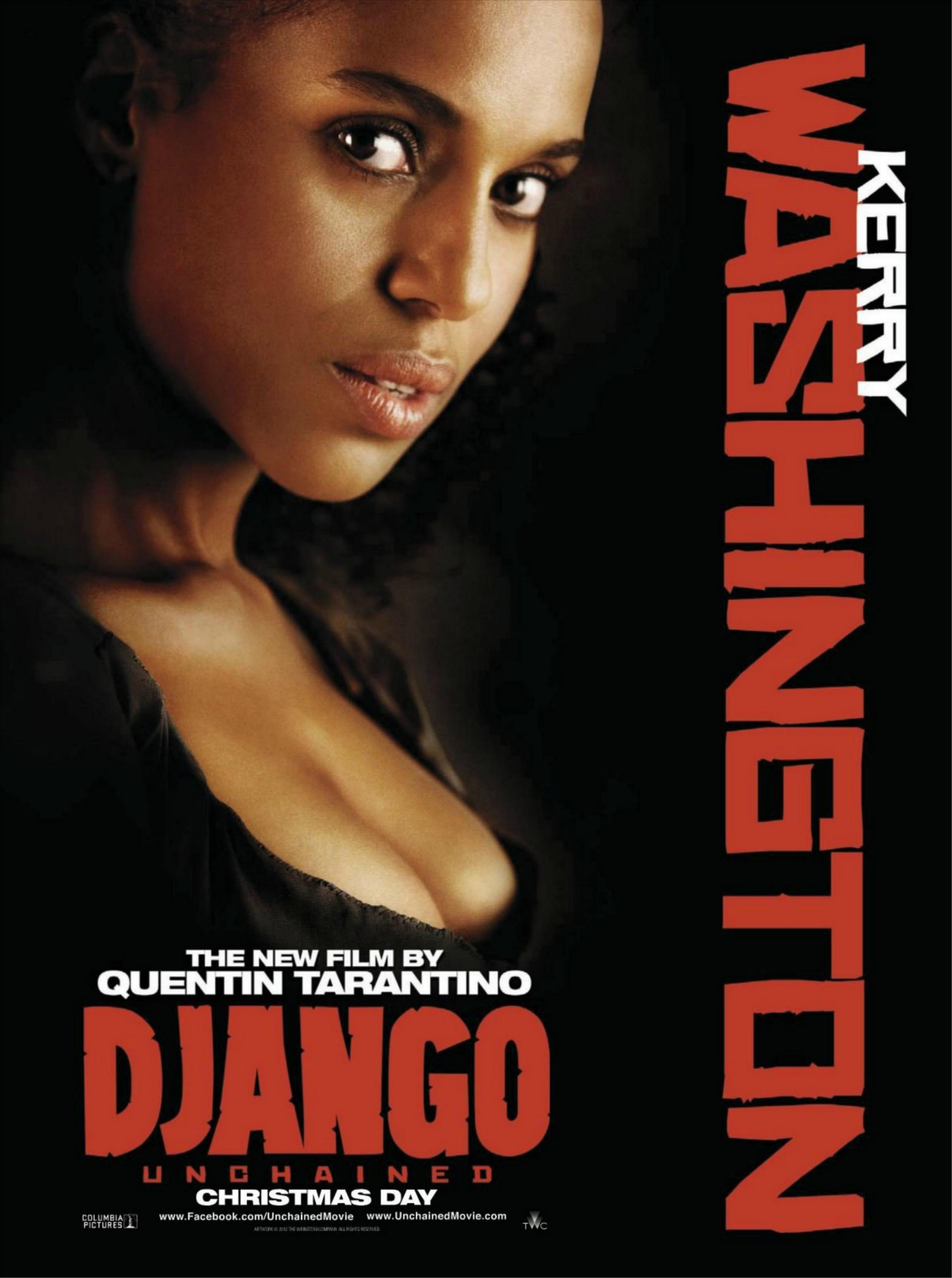
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Talking With Laurel Nakadate

by James Franco

It's easy to feel unsettled by the work of artist Laurel Nakadate, whose photos and videos often feature herself, an attractive woman, doing strange things, such as crying in public or hosting fake birthday parties with older men. While provocative, her art is ultimately a tender comment on loneliness and the lives of young women. It earned her a retrospective at MoMA PS1 last year titled Only the Lonely, and her latest work, 365 Days: A Catalogue of Tears, is out now as a hardcover book. PLAYBOY *Contributing Editor James Franco discusses with Nakadate how she approaches her work and finds inspiration for her controversial pieces.*

FRANCO: Tell me about your new book. It's 365 photos, right?

NAKADATE: Right. I forced myself to cry every day for a year and photographed it. I started because I've been interested in social media and the ways people lurch out and try to connect with the universe. I saw my friends updating their Facebook pages every day, like "I'm happy today," "My kid took his first steps," "Things are going great." All 4,000 of my friends on Facebook were happy every day, and I was thinking, Well, that's great, but I don't buy it. So I considered what the opposite would be, and it was just to have a public breakdown every day.

FRANCO: At some points one thinks, Wow, this girl is living her life totally in public.

NAKADATE: Yeah, I was. One day I was at the top of the Space Needle, and obviously other people were up there too. It was one of the moments when I had to touch that "trigger" I'd developed to make myself cry and just push it. People started backing away, but I knew I had to do it.

FRANCO: And nobody was worried about you?

NAKADATE: No, they just thought I was weird. You can't really jump from up there, so they were probably thinking, She can't hurt herself; let's just leave. I thought that proved the point of this performance. In general, people don't want to talk or think about sadness. Sadness and loneliness, in our society, are unspeakable embarrassments.

FRANCO: I found when I was looking at the pictures, and adding them all up, it was really working. It was hard to look at your face after a while.

NAKADATE: I think what's working is that they draw you in for some reason, but then they cause this emotional imbalance and repel you. In my work I've always been interested in the way things can draw you in, then repulse you and then make you look within yourself to untangle the problem you're witnessing.

FRANCO: That reminds me of the first pieces of yours I saw, your dances with strangers.

NAKADATE: Right, that was called *Oops!* I had just started graduate school at Yale. I was 22, living alone for the first time, and I felt really lonely. I just wanted to go out into the world and meet people, so I started walking around New Haven and talking to people. Then I decided I would take my camera with me and ask guys I would meet in the parking lot of Home Depot or around my apartment building if I could go home with them and make pictures. I re-created childhood activities, like dancing to pop music, with these men who'd never had children or wives in their apartments. That interested me because when you ask someone to do something they've never experienced before, they come up with interesting ways to do it.

FRANCO: Those situations made you really vulnerable. There's a false sense of security when one is behind a camera, but you make the viewer aware of that vulnerability because you're in the images.

NAKADATE: Absolutely. It's also important to remember this was pre-internet, pre-YouTube. Facebook started around 2004, and that was a turning point, when mainstream America began the daily contribution of images from our lives. I think of YouTube as the folk art of our generation because people are creating these images from their lives and posting them online for all of us to share. That really is folk art; it's the art that folks make.

FRANCO: In your work you immerse yourself in these intense, life-consuming pieces. How do you live as an artist?

NAKADATE: I grew up in a small town in Iowa, and I remember thinking I never wanted to have a serious boyfriend there because he would hold me back. In college I would drive out to wherever I was photographing, make the work, sleep in my car and then drive back to Boston and develop the film. It had to be the most important thing to me, and I put it in front of everything. That may be a really dysfunctional way of living, but I always put my work in front of everything else. I've gotten to the point where I'm trying to find a balance there. It's important to have people you love in your life and to invest in the lives of others who support you emotionally and are there for you. But I think there was a period in my life when I didn't care if I was alone. I just wanted to make art. ■

ILLUSTRATION BY RAÚL ALLÉN

Why Money Make$ Us Squirm

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

BY JOEL STEIN

Like all people who are getting divorced, my friend talked about loneliness, his sex life and the damage divorce would do to his kids. After five minutes of this, he—like all people who are getting divorced—spent half an hour talking about money. My friend said he was lucky in that he had saved up "a pretty big chunk." When I gingerly asked him how much "a pretty big chunk" was, he gingerly said, "A lot more than you'd think." This went on for a few minutes. He said "quite a bit," "a good start" and "not nearly enough to retire." It was like playing *The Price Is Right*'s Showcase Showdown with a car salesman.

For the next few weeks I kept coming up with equations to try to figure out how much he had—approximating his salary, his mortgage and the number of times he eats out each week. I had no idea why this bothered me so much—especially since I spent no time whatsoever trying to figure out why he was getting divorced.

That's because men never talk about money. We'll tell each other about genital warts, prostitutes, prostitutes we got genital warts from, prostitutes we've given genital warts to, prostitutes who got genital warts from other prostitutes at particularly good bachelor parties—but not about our salaries, how much we've saved for retirement or even our tax bracket. It's way too personal. More so than the number of women we've slept with or the number of people who work for us, money is how we rank one another. Women rank one another in much healthier ways, like by who is skinnier. The *Forbes* 400 is our *People* magazine's 100 Most Beautiful People.

Money has totally different purposes for men and women. Women actually see money as something they use just to buy things. That's why they split the check when they go out to dinner. They want to keep their money for clothes and jewelry and expensive juices. But for men, the purpose of money is to grab the check. Money is for establishing dominance. We are herd animals, and people with platinum status get on the plane first. It's why, even in adulthood, we say things like "Would you drink the entire jar of pickle juice if I gave you $300?" If we could sell each other into slavery, we totally would.

Our idols are Mark Zuckerberg and Warren Buffett—guys so badass they greedily accumulate money with no interest in spending it. Zuckerberg wears a hoodie and had his wedding in his backyard. Buffett has lived in the same small Omaha house for years and has a Cadillac DTS that he drives himself. The only thing he has splurged on is a giant flatscreen so he can watch Cornhusker games. Despite his money and his hot wife, no man wants to be Donald Trump, who puts gold on everything and fusses about his hair. What's the point of making a lot of money if you have to live like a Real Housewife? The last time Warren Buffett thought about his hair was during puberty.

For men, there's absolutely nothing better than an athlete declaring bankruptcy. Those guys who were cooler than even the coolest guy in our high school, who got more action than we've gotten vicariously in POV porn—they got done in by shopping sprees. Did Mike Tyson really need tigers? Did Warren Sapp need to create a family crest and put it on the chairs in his screening room? Did Lenny Dykstra need any of those gold chains?

These bankruptcies restore a little bit of fairness to a frustrating game with random rules. Guys who do things that are even less consequential than writing a column for PLAYBOY—high-frequency traders, creators of apps, Piers Morgan—make tons more than I do. Teachers, nurses and cancer researchers make less. Which is why we're obsessed with athletes' salaries in the first place. Sports have definitive metrics, so if Alex Rodriguez hits only .272, we can get accurately angry at the crappiness of capitalism. And of Alex Rodriguez.

But all this jealousy and schadenfreude hurts our friendships. Because men friend for life, I have high school and college friends whose incomes are wildly different from mine. Women make new friends continually at every stage of their lives because most of their conversations are about shoes and handbags. But not knowing how much my friends make, I never know which restaurant to pick for dinner. I feel as though I'm never supposed to mention money around my friends who have less—even though many of them spent their 20s taunting me with the fact that they got laid much more than I did. Of course their method of taunting was simply getting laid much more than I did. Still, they could have shielded me from it. Just like I could have not forced them to go on a tour of my house, ending in my wine closet.

So after a month of wondering about my divorcing friend's money, I decided to do something no man has ever done: I told him how much I had saved up. It was nearly the same amount he had, thus making us far closer friends than ever before. I would tell you how much this is, but that would preclude you from being my friend. Perhaps even from reading this column. Let's just say it's exactly as much as you've saved. ■

WOMEN

SO YOU THINK YOU WANT TO HAVE A THREESOME?

THINK AGAIN. AND AGAIN

By Lisa Lampanelli

I, LISA Lampanelli, am nothing if not an honest beyotch. So during my first telephone conversation with the man who would eventually become my husband—the infamous Jimmy Big Balls—I told him what he could expect from a relationship with me. Or rather what he could *never* expect: a threesome.

Well, we've been together for nearly four years now, and Jimmy shows no signs of revisiting the subject. Either he respects my decision or he doesn't want to risk having *two* women chuckle about his gargantuan nutsack.

Ah yes, the threesome—the holy grail of sexual encounters. Some men dream of playing in the Super Bowl, others dream of being rock stars and still others want to paint the next *Mona Lisa*. But *every* man dreams of having a threesome. The only thing men dream of more than a threesome is a foursome—and I don't mean on the golf course.

But wait! Before you do it, take a breath. Double-teaming is a double-edged sword. Like hiring Randy Travis to drive you to the airport, it's a potentially good idea that could go terribly wrong. In fact, other than not being groped while massaging John Travolta, the threesome is one of the trickiest maneuvers to pull off in the bedroom.

The first thing you need to do is establish that your significant other is into the idea. This probably won't be a problem if you're dating a girl whose stage name is Tiffany Ta-Tas or if she has all six seasons of *The L Word* on DVD. But if your lady is a bit more mainstream, it could be a challenge.

The problem with most women is that, at the mere mention of a three-way, they think, Aren't I enough for him? What these women don't realize is that men think about sex the way dogs think about food: Enough is never enough.

If your girl can get over the jealousy issue, she may be willing to bring another woman into the boudoir. But who to choose? First off, under no circumstances should you choose one of her friends. The last thing you want is the two of them comparing notes the morning after over caramel macchiatos. The "trois" of your ménage à trois should be the sexual equivalent of Navy Seal Team Six: Come in, get the job done and disappear into the night without a trace.

In fact, to avoid trouble altogether, make the task of choosing the other woman your girl's job. If you pick someone who's better looking, in better shape or has bigger breasts, your woman will end up crying like Octomom doing Christmas shopping and your night will be over faster than Jeff Probst's new talk show. Or maybe just pay for a hooker. The pro will make sure everyone's comfortable, and on the off chance it doesn't work out, you blew a few hundred bucks and you never have to see her again.

Okay, so you've found a girl willing to be the Curly to your Moe and Larry, and it's showtime. But are you prepared for what, and who, is going to go down tonight?

The average woman takes 14 minutes to have an orgasm. The average man takes three minutes. So when you double that Big O take-off time from 14 to 28 minutes and leave yours at three minutes, you run into a huge mathematical problem. A lot of work will need to be done even after your five o'clock whistle blows. If you think disappointing one woman is rough, try disappointing two!

And that's not all. Threesomes involve a whole new set of rules. Guys, I know you want to be a little crazy and adventurous, but *do not* do anything to your new friend with benefits that you wouldn't do to your wonderfully betrothed. If you go way outside the box—no pun intended—with girl number two, your regular gal will start whining like the Nanny, and after that, no amount of Cialis will reenergize that boner.

Having a threesome is much like a political debate, except not quite as sleazy or seedy. But unlike in politics, both sides may not get equal time. You could, on the one hand, pay more attention to the less attractive one, the one I call "the Khloe." That way the hotter one (a.k.a. "the Kim") will work harder. There is, however, another way to go. You could err attention-wise on your steady gal. Remember, she's the one who cooks you dinner and washes the skid marks out of your underwear. She's the gal you need to impress.

When it's all said and done, the two of you can decide if you want to do it again. Maybe your threesome will be like a tasty, fattening dessert you'll treat yourself to every so often. Or maybe it will be a one-time-only thing, like watching *Glee* or listening to Nickelback.

As for Jimmy and me, the only threesome we ever have is when our dog, Parker, jumps into bed with us each morning. I know—it's not particularly erotic, but at least I have someone else to blame when I fart. ■

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HACOB

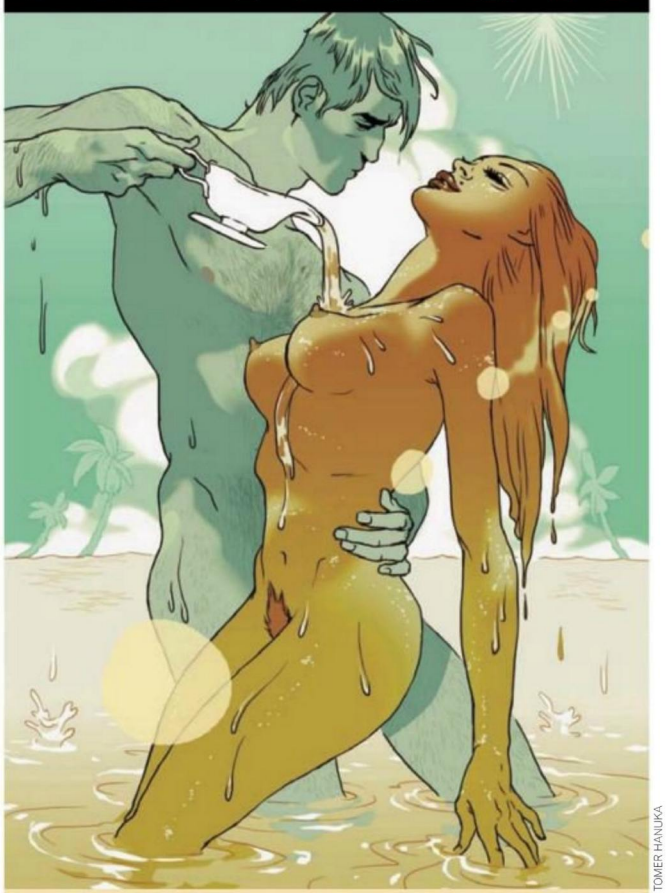
PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I heard the term *ruined orgasm* and decided to do a web search. To my surprise my wife and I have been doing the most common type, "abandoning" the climax, for years. I've asked her to thumb or palm my ejaculation, but she won't because she thinks there could be health risks associated with this form of denial. Can you settle this?—J.M., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Thumbing or palming your urethral opening to prevent or slow ejaculation won't cause any harm. The semen will either escape despite her best efforts or it will flow into the bladder and be discharged with your next urination. For the uninitiated, a "ruined" orgasm is typically part of BDSM cock-control play in which a man's partner takes charge of his pleasure. What better way to demonstrate that control than to sabotage his climax? (On the plus side, many ruined men retain their erections and go for additional rounds.) The term "ruined orgasm," as you discovered, can refer to bringing a guy to the point of no return and then removing all physical contact as he comes (including preventing him from stroking himself by tying his hands), or stopping or hindering his ejaculation. In either case, the idea is to dilute his pleasure, which for a submissive may enhance it. A climax ruined by abandonment is distinct from a "denied orgasm," which is when a woman teases you nearly to the point of no return, then withdraws. This is repeated until you have a serious case of blue balls and find yourself pleading for relief. The jewelry industry exists largely because of denied orgasms. If your partner misjudges your arousal and you start to come, she may squeeze your balls or cock to prevent you from ejaculating more than a dribble. It's delicious suffering. A climax can also be ruined by squeezing the shaft, thumbing or palming the urethral opening during ejaculation or "thwacking," which is a slap to the frenulum, or sensitive underside, of the erection at the moment of climax. The key to a ruined orgasm—so we've heard—is to keep the victim guessing.

Is it necessary to use a screen saver on a laptop?—L.B., Redondo Beach, California

Although your screen no longer needs saving, screen savers can still be useful. The programs were designed to prevent images from "burning in" to cathode-ray tube screens, but flat-panel LCDs don't have that problem. You may want to use a screen saver after five or 10 minutes of inactivity for practical reasons, however, followed by a shutdown after longer periods to save energy. If you set up password protection on a screen saver, you don't have to worry about snooping eyes if you leave your machine. You can also install a screen saver that provides useful info. Check out PolarClock (blog.pixelbreaker.com/polarclock), World Clock (xemico.com/fssb/worldclock) and MappedUp (mappedup.com), which displays global headlines. Or have your box contribute to scientific knowledge during its idle time by searching for alien life (setiathome.berkeley.edu), a cure for cancer (folding.stanford.edu), evidence of continuous gravitational-wave sources (einstein.phys.uwm.edu), the solution to a still-unbroken coded message sent by the Nazis and intercepted in the North Atlantic in 1942 (enigmaathome.net), the existence of a Sudoku with fewer than 17 clues (sudoku.nctu.edu.tw/joomla) or the projected paths of near-Earth asteroids (orbit.psi.edu). Or you could say screen it and add a bunch of dancing Japanese women (www.uniqlo.com/screensaver) or memorable views from a jetliner window (idletimesoftware.com/screensavers).



TOMER HANUKA

Years ago I would put plastic sheets on the bed, pour warm oil on my girl and enjoy the slipping, sliding and massaging that followed. I would like to introduce this to my new girlfriend, but I have concerns. First, I remember my girl not liking baby oil in her hair. Second, I'm not sure oil is safe if it is carried into the vagina. Lubricating gel is safe, but it dries quickly and costs more. I've considered having a spray bottle of warm water nearby to reactivate the gel. Do you have any recommendations on what type of product to use?—C.E., Rapid City, South Dakota

Have you considered natural oils? Many people use coconut oil, sold at most supermarkets, or unscented sweet almond and grape seed oils, available from online massage-supply stores for $20 to $30 a gallon. You'll need to use a water-based lubricant if you are relying on latex condoms, because oils will damage them. The vagina can handle a small amount of oil, but be cautious as it can upset the pH balance and lead to infections. If you're a smart man, slip-sliding play begins with a full-body massage—for her.

Sex-toy parties for women seem to be almost as common as Tupperware parties. But I can't imagine a straight male attending one with other men. Does this indicate a tendency of women to be bisexual, or are they just more comfortable sharing their sexuality with other women than men are with other men? Is this why there are no toy parties for straight guys?—T.H., East Peoria, Illinois

Men are expected from puberty to magically know what they are doing in the bedroom; for many of us, admitting ignorance on the subject indicates weakness. That's too bad, because lovers are made, not born. Some companies offer parties for couples, but the only person we know who has done the rare seminar for straight men is Lou Paget, of Frankly Speaking (loupaget.com) and author of How to Be a Great Lover. They're tough to organize, she says, because they typically work best if all the men are strangers, and most parties are arranged for a group of friends. Paget says at the parties she's done for straight men, she asks the participants not to mention what they do for a living (most recently the participants were a doctor, a tree trimmer, an attorney, a college student and a producer). If careers come up, "male ego takes over, and I want them to just be guys," she says. When the men are strangers, "they know they'll never see each other again, so they can ask anything about sex and not be judged. That's a place most men have never been."

My wife and I have been in a master-slave relationship for several years, so I take exception to your advice in September to the slave who said a friend of her college-age sister also wanted to serve her master. You wrote, "The best way to learn to be a good bottom is to spend time on top." But just as a newly hired junior employee must start at the bottom, so should this woman. She needs to learn the ropes before she can be a mistress, and she may be deluding

herself about this couple's lifestyle based on what she has seen in movies. With her limited knowledge, is she willing to go all-in, or will she run screaming into the night when the realities of this particular relationship hit her? Porn such as *The Story of O* and *Behind the Green Door* and even Hollywood films offer a convoluted view of M/S relations, with plywood dungeons, abductions, forced sex and whippings. A scene in which the heroine is restrained and made love to by a beefy, handsome master may seem romantic, but some of the far-out BDSM sites provide a better picture of what this might involve. The slave who wrote said she had welts all over her body, suggesting an extreme relationship. She doesn't mention a safe word; I hope she was given one. My wife enjoys being smacked with a horse crop while gagged and tied to the bed, but I would never cause her serious injury. She made the decision on her own that I should become the lead dog and is satisfied with the decisions I make concerning us. And yes, the slave should have asked for permission before writing you.—M.G., Fort Collins, Colorado

You make an excellent point. A skilled master uses not only restraints but also restraint. It might be better for the couple to outsource this young woman's training to a master and slave who aren't so deeply into their own scene.

I'm a photographer concerned about archiving digital negatives. I use an external hard drive but have heard they deteriorate. I've also heard you should burn every image you deem important to gold-plated DVDs. What is the shelf life of a digital negative?—H.W., Sacramento, California

We don't trust hard drives for long-term storage; they have too many moving parts. Store your negatives on quality DVDs in a consistently cool, dry place. In five or 10 years you will find you can reduce their footprint by half or more by transferring to whatever hologram nanodisc comes down the pipeline, and that will start the timer over. And you'll want to make the transfer. Even if your DVDs are readable far into the future, DVD drives may not be readily available. Consider the fate of 5.25- and 3.5-inch disks, as well as 35-millimeter film and VHS tapes. The best plan is to make multiple (unedited) archival copies of your negatives and store each set in a different location, perhaps including a relative's home and a safe-deposit box.

My wife had a hysterectomy and isn't sure if she has a G-spot anymore. Should she keep searching, or is all hope gone for that type of orgasm?—R.S., Chicago, Illinois

Although there are no solid numbers, some women have apparently lost the ability to have vaginal orgasms following hysterectomies, which is the removal of the uterus (womb). This may be the result of the uterine muscles no longer being present to contract during climax or because of damage to a major nerve in the cervix that connects the uterus to the vagina. When your wife says she isn't sure she has a G-spot anymore (it's situated on the upper wall of the vagina and is sensitive to pressure), it suggests a loss of feeling that she should discuss with her surgeon. There are hormone treatments that may help. In most cases, women who have hysterectomies report no change or even an improvement in their sex lives, which researchers suspect may be due to feeling less pain during intercourse or less concern about pregnancy. We don't know the details of your wife's operation, but one study found that women who keep their cervix are far less likely to report a loss of sexual function (organs other than the uterus are sometimes removed at the same time, typically to treat or to prevent cancer).

Lately all the guys I ask out turn me down. They say it's because I'm married, but I thought guys didn't care about that. I don't think I'm ugly or fat. What could be the reason they don't like me?—C.H., Las Cruces, New Mexico

A man looking for a fling may not care if you're married, but most deserve more credit than that. You may congratulate yourself for being honest about your dishonesty, but cheating on your husband leaves the prudent man wondering what lies you're telling him.

Is it considered rude to use bread or a roll to sop up the juice and sauce on your plate? I consider it a compliment to the chef or restaurant if I savor every last drop of a meal, but I've been told the behavior is unsavory in polite company.—A.C., Eagan, Minnesota

How often do you dine with polite company? We find that friends or family who object to our mopping up are usually appeased if we use smaller pieces. Otherwise, it can look as though you haven't eaten in a few days. It is probably worth letting the bread lie at a meal with people you don't know well, such as at a business lunch. At least don't lick your fingers.

Is there a tactful way to ask a girl if she's on the pill, particularly right before you get busy? Is there a way to find out before you're in her room at three A.M. with the lights low? More to the point, how can you know she is actually on the pill and not just saying she is?—K.F., Anchorage, Alaska

We can imagine few situations in which a woman would lie about being on the pill or risk unprotected sex if she weren't. Regardless, you should be wearing a condom rather than trusting the judgment, habits and sexual health of someone you don't know well. Plus, a woman can get pregnant even if she's on the pill, especially if she's not conscientious about taking it.

Why can't I find video games rated Adults Only?—M.A., Las Vegas, Nevada

Because they're a tough sell. The video game industry, like the music and movie businesses, has a voluntary rating system. Administered by the Entertainment Software Rating Board, it includes Mature for ages 17 and older and Adults Only for ages 18 and older. What a difference a year makes! If the ESRB tells a developer its product will be stricken with an AO rating, in nearly every case the game is changed to get an M. Only 35 games in the past 18 years have stuck it out, so to speak, and accepted the AO. Nearly all are for mobile phones or PCs, including Playboy: The Mansion–Private Party Expansion Pack (Windows) and Playboy Screensaver: The Women of Playboy (Mac). The only two for gaming consoles are Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas, which earned its rating retroactively in 2005 after it was discovered to have secret sex scenes, and Thrill Kill, an unreleased but widely leaked 1998 game for PlayStation that has fetish costumes, dismemberments and fighting moves such as "Swallow This."

What is the proper length for a mustache with a full beard? I see some that are cut to the same length as the beard and others trimmed so they extend over the upper lip. I cut over my lip, but it looks weird in profile.—S.F., Kalamazoo, Michigan

Unless you're trying to hide what a 1906 barbering guide called "a homely mouth, bad teeth and thick lips," your stache should stop at the uppermost edge of the upper lip. You can usually trim along the lip once, but not twice, without also shaping the beard. In his cultural history of facial hair, One Thousand Beards, Allan Peterkin advises trimming by first moistening the hair, then combing straight down over your lips. Don't force the hair flat as it will curl after it dries, and you may cut it too short. "Using narrow, pointed scissors, trim outward from the center to each corner, using a comb to gauge how much to trim away," Peterkin writes. "Holding the scissors at a diagonal will give you great control and ensure the line is straight."

What is the correct procedure for asking for a happy ending?—J.G., White Plains, New York

Never ever, ever ask. If a happy ending is available, it will be offered—and usually sooner than later, because for the masseuse it means the massage is over, no matter how much time you booked. If you ask and it's not on the menu, which is almost always the case, you will look like a creep, you will embarrass a professional who doesn't deserve it and the session will end abruptly. It's best to keep your mouth shut and avoid unhappy endings.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages. Write the Playboy Advisor, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or e-mail advisor@playboy.com. For updates, follow @playboyadvisor on Twitter.

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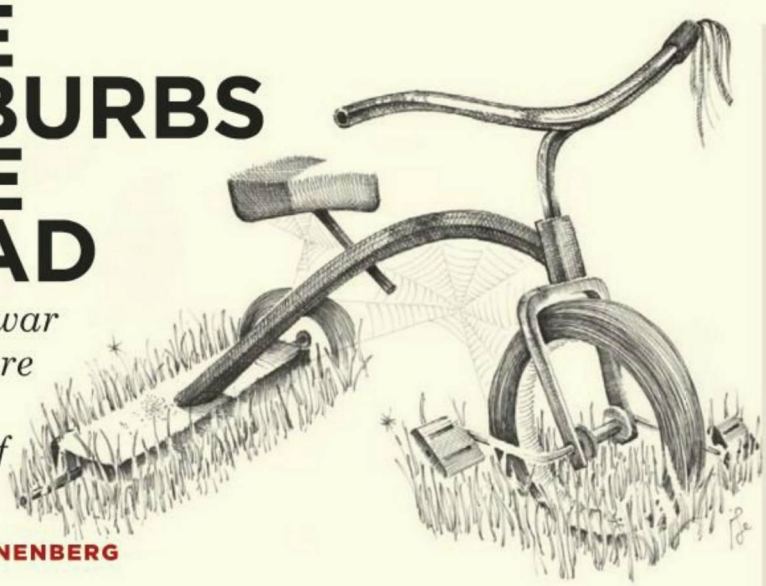
Suburban crisis in America

THE SUBURBS ARE DEAD

Our postwar utopias are nearing the end of the line



BY ERIC KLINENBERG

The town of Harvey sits about 20 miles south of Chicago's Loop. In 1889 that seemed distant enough to lumberman and banker Turlington Harvey, who was looking to develop a temperance community far from the sinful city. His real estate syndicate, the Harvey Land Association, used the religious press to recruit skilled Christian laborers and small manufacturers, promising a secure environment for the pursuit of good clean living. Harvey's suburb worked pretty much according to plan. By 1900 it had nearly 5,400 residents and its own bank. By 1930 it had more than 16,000 souls, thriving businesses, a community hospital and a successful school system. It was mostly Protestant and 98 percent white.

Today Harvey is 76 percent African American and 19 percent Hispanic, and its population—25,000—is down nearly 20 percent since 2000. The per capita income, $13,801, is half that of Chicago. The poverty rate, 31 percent, is 50 percent greater. Its schools are failing. Its major employers fled long ago. The average price of a home is $22,648, down 50 percent since 1994. On a scale of one to 100, the real estate site NeighborhoodScout.com rates Harvey a one, for most dangerous, and informs prospective buyers that their chances of being a victim of violent crime and property crime are one in 63 and one in 14, respectively. Harvey has long been a hot spot for drug trafficking, and the town is filled with empty lots and abandoned properties that dealers use as retail hubs.

The suburbs were designed to promote inequality by placing private interests above common good.

For years Harvey was best known for the Dixie Square Mall, an indoor mall that closed in 1978 and was used as a set for the shopping-center crash scene in *The Blues Brothers*. No one bothered to clean the place after the film wrapped. The abandoned mall was vandalized in 1984 and left to deteriorate until January 2012, when its asbestos was removed and the structures were demolished. The demolition would have happened earlier if Harvey had any resources, but the town has been close to broke for decades. It took funds from a federal disaster grant to level the mall.

Gloomy office parks line the highways of the middle-class suburbs about 50 miles north of Harvey. Their

ILLUSTRATION BY JUSTIN PAGE

READER RESPONSE

APPLE PICKING

Props for "How Apple Rules America" (October), which effectively portrays the company as an example of the current landscape in which executives benefit from huge profits while paying low wages and taxes. There is a solution. The government could mandate that all corporations that dodge taxes by creating front companies or funneling profits through countries with lower rates will have a 50 percent sales tax imposed on their products in this country. I am pleased to say I own not a single Apple product. But I will shop at Walmart more frequently, since it appears to toe up to the tax line by paying a 24 percent rate.

S. Becker
Beaumont, Texas

Brian Cook has it wrong. The corporations are not our masters—the government is. If you don't like Apple, don't buy its products. But if you stop buying the government's products—that is, if you stop paying taxes—you will find yourself arrested by the government, taken to a

READER RESPONSE

government-run court and deposited into a government-run jail.

Dennis Gordon
Waunakee, Wisconsin

You can move to Canada if you don't like the U.S. government, but you can't escape JPMorgan.

BIG GULP OF FREEDOM

As a staunch libertarian who has dropped 50 pounds by counting calories, I am in nearly complete agreement with Melba Newsome's dismissal of New York mayor Michael Bloomberg's war on oversize soft drinks ("Hands Off My Big Gulp," October). I take issue, however, with her assertion that requiring restaurants

FORUM

HANDS OFF MY BIG GULP

The nanny state can't tell us what to drink

READER RESPONSE

to post calorie counts on menus somehow restricts "an individual's right to pollute his or her own body." I would never support any law that would regulate portion sizes or ban or limit ostensibly unhealthy ingredients such as bacon, butter and salt. But I have no problem with health officials requiring restaurants to disclose basic information such as the amount of fat, sodium and carbs in the food they serve. Individuals deserve the right to make informed decisions about what they eat. I don't buy the argument that this would impose a significant burden on restaurants, even small, family-owned ones. Nutrition information is readily available

architecture is sleek and modern, with reflective glass, expensive landscaping and the logos of multinational corporations displayed on big signs. But in recent years they've been hollowing out. Large employers are leaving the suburbs and setting up shop in downtown Chicago, where today's young and educated workers prefer to settle. AT&T, Motorola Mobility, Kraft, Allstate and United Airlines are just a few of the big companies that have vacated Chicagoland's suburban campuses and leased new space in the city. And Chicago is not unique: During 2011 businesses vacated 16 million square feet of suburban office space across the country.

The flight from suburbia is part of a national trend that involves homeowners as well as businesses. According to Christopher Leinberger, a Brookings Institution fellow and professor at the George Washington University business school, urban planners and real estate developers expect a huge surplus of large-lot houses (built on a sixth of an acre or more) in the coming decades. One expert predicts an oversupply of roughly 40 percent of these homes by 2025.

A generation ago, Americans wanted big houses, big yards, big cars and big distances between their communities and the city. The suburbs gave them a world unto themselves. Americans still love private space and single-family homes. But these days we also value networks and connections, and a growing number of us are looking for walkable neighborhoods with thriving commercial centers and reliable public transportation. We're finding them in cities, small and large, rather than in the suburbs. In our ecologically fragile age, gas and car commutes are far more expensive, and heating and cooling a large house is a crushing burden for most. How many of today's middle-class suburbs will eventually resemble Harvey? How many office parks will become ghost towns?

We need to integrate suburbs with the entire metropolis. We need to make them urban.

The United States is a suburban nation. Our suburbs were explicitly designed to promote inequality by placing private interests above the common good. The pursuit of class separation and the increasing emphasis on women and children inspired America's great suburban migration. Public policies that subsidized builders, highway construction and home buyers but excluded residents of minority neighborhoods made suburbs possible, while also encouraging the white middle class to abandon cities.

By the late 20th century, however, the suburbs were no longer homogeneous. They came in all varieties, from gated enclaves to asphalt office parks to slums. Many, such as Harvey, were full of so-called urban problems, yet all but the most affluent municipalities lacked the resources required to address them because their tax base was so small. The state of suburbia was dire.

As suburban communities from Florida to California are hit by waves of foreclosures and crippling municipal debt, we need to acknowledge that suburbs have failed. We need to integrate them with the entire metropolis and reunite them with the people and institutions they were built to shun. We need to make them urban.

In some ways, the urbanization of suburbia is already happening. Once lily-white, today's suburbs are ethnically diverse. A 2012 study by Myron Orfield and Thomas Luce at the University of Minnesota's Institute on Metropolitan Opportunity reports that the number of diverse suburban

THE HIGHEST SUBURBAN POVERTY RATES

A third of America's poor now live in suburbs. In some places, it's even worse. ■

1	EL PASO, TX	36.4%
2	MCALLEN, TX	35.4%
3	FRESNO, CA	23.1%
4	BAKERSFIELD, CA	22.6%
5	MODESTO, CA	19.6%
6	CAPE CORAL, FL	18.6%
7	LAKELAND, FL	17.7%
8	ALBUQUERQUE, NM	17%
9	AUGUSTA, GA	16.9%
10	STOCKTON, CA	16.4%

SOURCE: BROOKINGS INSTITUTION

neighborhoods (where the nonwhite population is between 20 percent and 60 percent) went up 37 percent between 2000 and 2010. Today the overwhelming majority of new immigrants move to suburbs, not cities, and in recent decades African Americans—including many who have been displaced by urban gentrification—have joined them. In Chicago, for instance, 180,000 African Americans left the city between 2000 and 2010.

Once bourgeois utopias, suburbs now house 15.4 million poor people, more than in large cities or rural areas. Since 2000 poverty rates have risen almost five times faster in suburbs than in the urban core, and now Harvey is but one of many "suburban ghettos" where extreme poverty, social isolation and racial segregation deprive residents of meaningful opportunities for success. In the late 20th century, rust belt cities suffered from deindustrialization and decline. Countless suburbs in that region are in bad shape these days, but suburban poverty is most concentrated in the southern regions, from Florida to Texas to California.

Once known for their high-quality public services, today's suburbs are strapped with municipal debt and overwhelmed by the needs of their residents. Suburbs everywhere are struggling to repair their aging infrastructure and maintain the strength of their school systems. Some will recover when the economy turns around and their tax revenue increases. But impoverished suburbs are fucked no matter what happens in the market, because they have no chance of attracting wealthier home buyers or of generating the tax revenue required to pay for schools, transportation, police and health services.

The crisis of the public sector is a direct consequence of the fact that, despite their urban elements, suburbs remain politically suburban. Unlike cities, which incorporate rich and poor residents, as well as businesses of all kinds, suburbs are small political entities that run largely off property taxes. Historically this worked fine for affluent suburbanites, who agreed to support the local institutions their families needed and were content to use the city parasitically for work, entertainment and cultural pursuits. The system of fragmented metro governments has never worked well for less prosperous suburbs, however. In recent decades it has also hampered the wealthier ones, because it gives them no capacity to address regional problems—such as pollution, traffic and crumbling infrastructure—that degrade the quality of daily life.

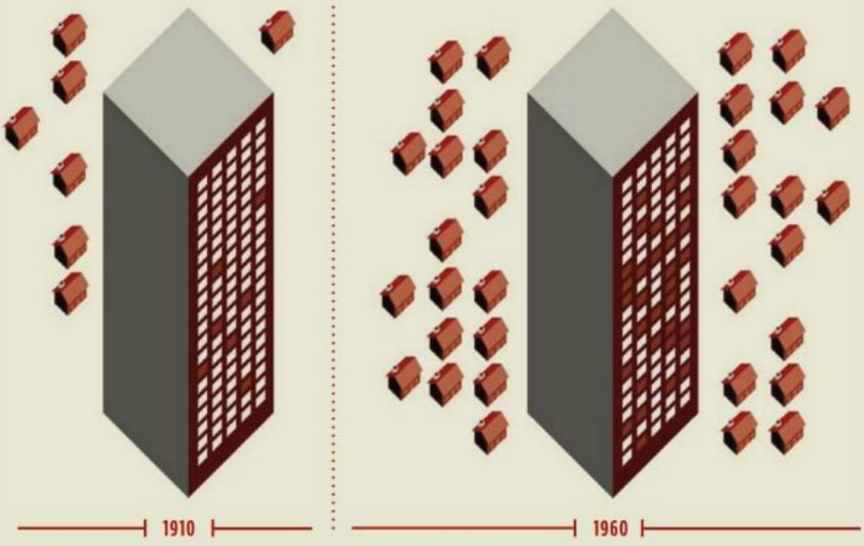
Gerald Frug, the Louis D. Brandeis professor at Harvard Law School, is

THE AMERICAN FASCINATION WITH BIG HOUSES, BIG CARS AND BIG YARDS HAS LED US TO A BREAKING POINT.

one of many urban experts who insist there's no way to solve the suburban crisis with the political structures in place today. "State policies foster competition and discourage cooperation," Frug says. "And fragmentation enriches parts of a region while impoverishing others." Frug points to the success of Portland's Metro, an elected regional government that spans 25 cities around Portland, and the Puget Sound Regional Council, which has been coordinating planning around Seattle since 1991. But few places have adopted such models, and states have done nothing to encourage affluent suburbs to integrate

SUBURBAN SPRAWL

During the 20th century, the U.S. became a nation of suburbs. In 1910, seven percent of Americans lived in suburbia; 50 years later, a third of the population lived there. ■



GETTY IMAGES

READER RESPONSE

for the vast majority of ingredients restaurants use, and coming up with reasonably accurate data for a typical menu shouldn't take more than a day's work by an employee with a spreadsheet and an understanding of eighth-grade math.

Mike Meyer
Tempe, Arizona

Bloomberg's latest power grab is flawed at its foundation. On the day in September that New York City banned the sale of supersized sodas—despite polls showing residents were heavily against the ban—the city health commissioner, Thomas Farley, insisted the public would come around to support it just as it had with the ban on smoking in bars and restaurants. What the mayor and his underlings overlook is that although soda is harmful when consumed frequently and in large amounts (as is most anything), it has no effect on the well-being of others. When was the last time a diner had to inhale someone else's Coca-Cola or sit on a bus next to someone whose clothes reeked of Pepsi? There is a certain hypocrisy among supporters of the ban. For example, as Jon Stewart pointed out, the hosts of MSNBC's *Morning Joe* were effusive in their endorsement of the ban despite the show's name, its sponsorship by Starbucks and the presence of multiple coffee

with neighboring communities. The future of suburbia may well hinge on whether that changes.

There's another important way that most suburbs remain suburban: They continue to lack walkable commercial districts, viable public spaces and public transit systems that allow people of all ages to be together without driving a car. Americans accepted this arrangement 60 years ago, when we valorized domestic life and stigmatized the street. Back then suburban kids played in backyards and culs-de-sac and their mothers spent most of their days around the house. These days, however, women work outside the home and children pursue their individual interests in specialized classes.

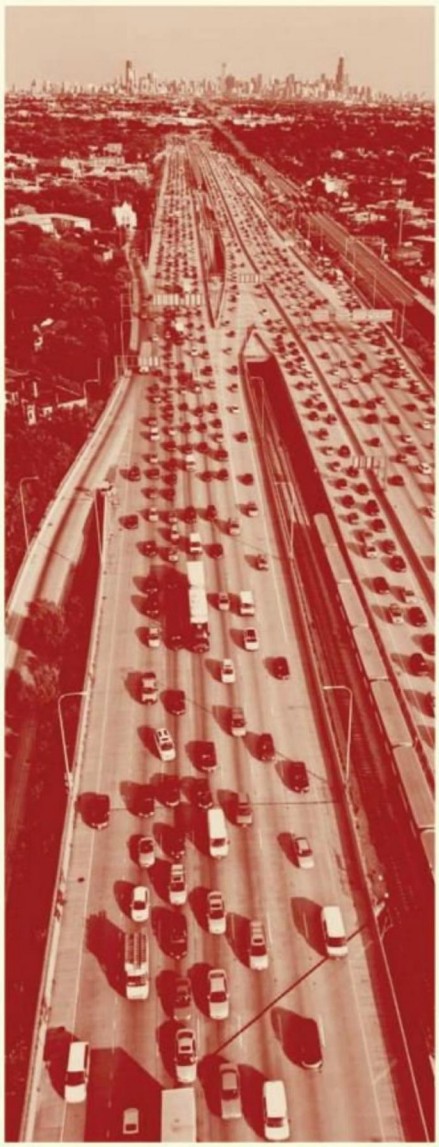
Moreover, downtowns are desirable. People want to walk and shop and sip coffee on busy sidewalks, but suburbanites need automobiles to reach them. Walking requires driving, which means everyone winds up sitting in traffic or searching for parking.

Suburbia sentences all those who move there to an unending series of car rides: to school, to work, to the train station. To the grocery store, mall, car wash. To soccer practice, tennis lessons, music classes. To the Olive Garden, movie theater, mall. To go to the city, to come home from the city—and preferably not during rush hour, though these days it's rush hour most of the time.

Suburbanites who have moved to the city are evangelical about their liberation from car culture. Parents are especially adamant about the virtues of city living, since they no longer spend afternoons and weekends chauffeuring children nor evenings praying that their teenagers don't drink and drive. So are cash-strapped car owners who didn't plan on spending $4 a gallon on gasoline and who know that in coming years $4 will seem cheap.

Of course, the biggest cost of our oil-dependent suburban lifestyle is ecological. The private cars and SUVs. The huge single-family homes with central air-conditioning and inefficient heating systems. The sprinklers. The sprawl. The planet cannot sustain these any longer, and the question today is how much more damage we will do before we deal with this fact.

Some forward-looking suburbs are already retrofitting themselves to meet the demands of a changing landscape. In his important new book, *The Great Inversion,* Alan Ehrenhalt calls attention to a set of exemplary "urbanizing suburbs" around Denver. Such places are discarding restrictive zoning laws that forcibly separate spaces for work,



CHICAGO'S KENNEDY EXPRESSWAY: AS TRAFFIC GETS WORSE AND COMMUTES GET LONGER, MORE PEOPLE SEEK LIBERATION FROM THE SUBURBAN CAR CULTURE.

home and play, and are integrating residential, recreational and retail facilities into new downtowns.

The Denver district known as Stapleton, for instance, has transformed from a vast and empty airport (it was effectively replaced by the Denver International Airport in the 1990s) into a compact, neighborhood-based community where the maximum lot size for private homes is a quarter acre, the parks and sidewalks are teeming with children and the local population is expected to triple in the next 20 years. It's not far from CityCenter Englewood, a transit-oriented development that, Ehrenhalt reports, calls itself "the first project in Colorado to replace a suburban shopping mall with a living, breathing, mixed-use downtown."

Belmar, in the Lakewood suburb on the other side of Denver, also replaced

a failed shopping center with a quasi-urban development—albeit one without schools or accommodations for families. After a $120 million demolition project, developers built a series of dense residential blocks designed for singles, childless couples and empty nesters. Two thirds of its residences are apartments, and rental rates—about 20 percent above those in neighboring suburbs—attest to the demand for such properties.

When I was doing research for my recent book *Going Solo*, about the extraordinary spike in singles (who now account for half of all American adults) and singletons (people who live alone), I came across countless suburbanites—some widowed, some divorced—who complained they no longer fit in the places they lived. Their houses were too big for their needs, too difficult to maintain, too expensive to keep. Yet there were no local options, no attractive apartments with shops and restaurants in the neighborhood, nothing nearly as compelling as the city. This was a problem: They'd spent their lives in suburbia, building gardens and friendships and communities that sustained them. But things no longer worked there, and they knew they would soon have to leave it all behind.

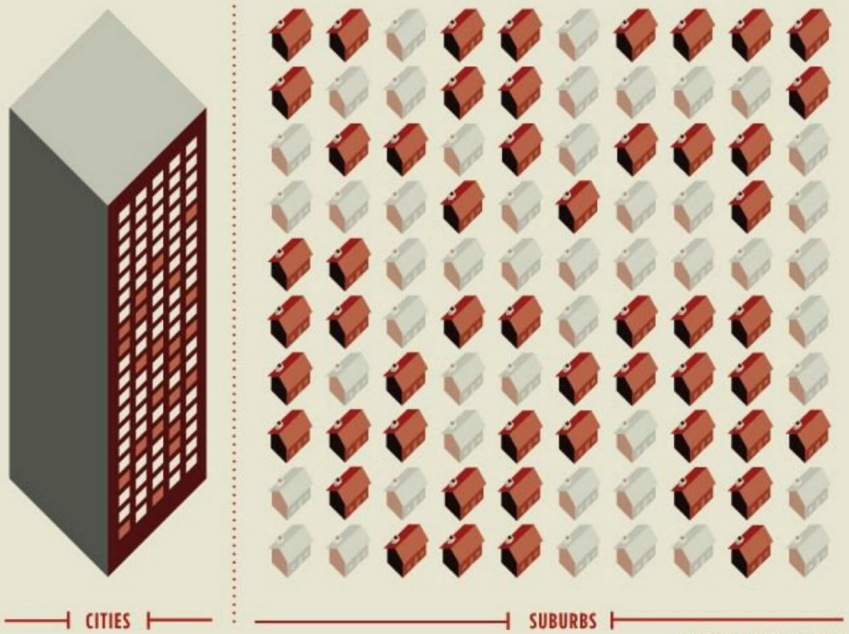
The truth is that in the coming decades most of us will have to leave suburbia—or at least we'll have to give up the kinds of suburbs that have anchored American middle-class culture from World War II until today. The problems they generate are still not adequately studied in our nation's college classrooms, nor are they sufficiently addressed in city councils, statehouses or the halls of Congress. But they are apparent to anyone who leaves the city limits and looks at the sprawling mess we've created. They are apparent to the people who live in them and to the people who are trying not to live in them but cannot sell their homes.

Of course, the biggest cost of our oil-dependent suburban lifestyle is ecological.

American suburbia was a utopian project, but it has failed on a massive scale. There's only one way to save the suburbs, and that is to destroy them. The future of suburbia is the city. ■

POVERTY ON THE MOVE

From 2000 to 2010, the number of people below the poverty line in cities grew by 23 percent; in the suburbs, that number increased by 53 percent. More than 15 million suburban residents live in poverty. ■



SOURCE: BROOKINGS INSTITUTION

READER RESPONSE

cups holding more than the new 16-ounce standard for soda. In other words, because it's not their vice, they're okay with restricting the freedom of others.

Matt Pelc
St. Cloud, Florida

HEF AND CHRISTIANS

As an Orthodox Christian, I want to thank Hugh Hefner for providing a forum to defend the faith in the wake of his September editorial, *Sexual Freedom,* and the *Playboy Interview* with Richard Dawkins. Everyone should have

Sexual Freedom
Editorial by Hugh M. Hefner

the right to practice his or her way of life as long as it does not force the altering of someone else's established religion and the semantics of the Christian ceremony. In other words, we should find another word to describe gay couples. Dawkins clumps all Christians together and seems not to understand that most of his foes belong to splinter groups of the original church. In true Christianity, if a person has done harm, he goes to the victim with an apology, amends and/or compensation. He doesn't need to ask for forgiveness, because only God can forgive. The Vatican, from my understanding, has a lot of apologizing to do.

Slavko Miladinovic
Kitchener, Ontario

E-mail letters@playboy.com. Or write 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210.

blucigs.com/StephenDorff

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MATT DAMON

A candid conversation with the nice-guy movie star about being a neurotic, fearful action hero, dodging the paparazzi and trying to do good

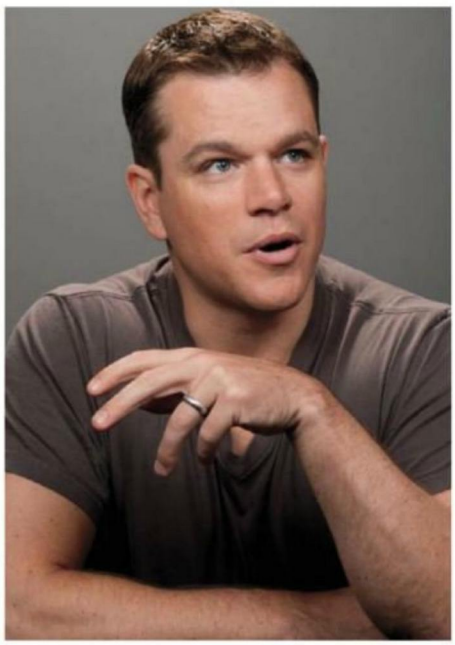
Among Hollywood's tiny circle of leading men, Matt Damon is considered a quiet giant. In a look-at-me industry he's a stealth star, at least compared with Leonardo DiCaprio, George Clooney or Tom Cruise—free from rumors, personal spinouts and scandals. Fiercely guarded about his personal life, wary of self-promotion and constitutionally allergic to showy moves on-screen and off, Damon is rumored to have earned as much as $20 million a film. In the past decade he has aligned himself with such directing heavyweights as Martin Scorsese (The Departed), Joel and Ethan Coen (True Grit), Clint Eastwood (Invictus, Hereafter), Cameron Crowe (We Bought a Zoo) and Steven Soderbergh (The Informant!, Contagion and three Ocean's caper flicks). He created a definitive franchise hero in Jason Bourne, the memory-challenged ex–CIA assassin, in three spy adventures that have hauled in $945 million globally, mightily contributing to Damon's worldwide career box-office take of just over $5 billion. Obviously he ranks high in the exclusive club of Forbes's 10 most bankable stars, with a net worth of $65 million.

Damon is a big wheel but not a squeaky one. He's been that way since he broke through the ranks of other good-looking, struggling actors by starring in 1997's Good Will Hunting, which he co-wrote with his longtime friend Ben Affleck. They won a best original screenplay Oscar for their script. Dubbed Hollywood's new Cinderella boy, he snagged the coveted title roles in Saving Private Ryan for Steven Spielberg and The Talented Mr. Ripley for Anthony Minghella and, on his nights off, squired Minnie Driver and Winona Ryder. But when he tied the knot in 2005, it was to a civilian, Luciana Barroso, a bartender he'd met two years earlier while filming Stuck on You in Miami Beach. Today, raising three daughters, ages six, four and two, and one stepdaughter, 14, Damon looks and acts the very picture of responsible domesticity and contentment, a wet blanket for heat-seeking paparazzi.

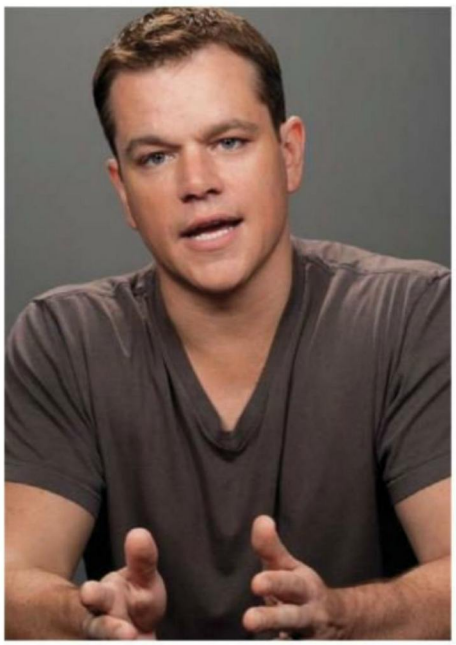
Like his friends George Clooney and Brad Pitt, he wins admiration—and ignores ridicule—as a smart do-gooder for philanthropic works such as Water.org, an organization he co-founded in 2009 with Gary White that helps clean-water-impoverished communities improve their methods and sanitation facilities from the ground up. His political inclinations inform his work as well. Damon is about to be seen with John Krasinski in Promised Land, a Gus Van Sant–directed tale about an on-the-ropes American community facing the prospect of utility-company fracking (Damon and Krasinski co-wrote the screenplay). HBO viewers will see him as the longtime lover of flamboyant entertainer Liberace (played by Michael Douglas) in a film directed by Soderbergh. And just to round out the year, Damon heads back into bare-knuckled action mode in the $85 million science fiction thriller Elysium, in which the rich live on a magnificent space station while the have-nots scrabble for crumbs on decimated planet Earth.

We sent Contributing Editor ***Stephen Rebello,*** *who last interviewed James Franco for* PLAYBOY, *to talk with Damon in Manhattan. He reports: "I hadn't seen Matt Damon since we last talked for* PLAYBOY *in Chicago in 2004. Knowing he can be friendly but dodgy about personal stuff in interviews, I secretly hoped our suite would be stocked with a supply of tall cold beers as it was last time. I needn't have worried. This time Damon, looking fit and 15 years younger than his 42 years, was much more open. The same appears to be happening on-screen. In a couple of his new movies, beneath Damon's charm and likability is a new rawness, a vulnerability—the kind that portends an even longer, rewarding career. In conversation he was funny, smart, impassioned and about as 'regular' a world-class movie star as one could ever hope to know."*

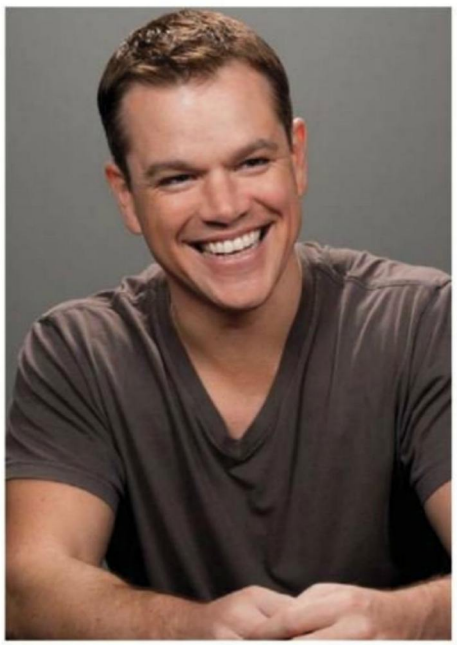
PLAYBOY: Since we spoke in 2004 you've worked nonstop, married and had three daughters, along with a stepdaughter, with Luciana Barroso, kept active politically and philanthropically and—probably



"You know what? They might have taken the Bourne series out back and shot it in the head. If that's the end of it, that's just the end of it. I hope not. I love the character and the three movies we did."



"The narrative about me goes, 'He's a boring married guy,' which is great, because I don't get any of that other stuff like Brad Pitt and George Clooney do. People think I'm kind of vanilla and they leave me alone to work."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"For one scene, I had to come out of a pool, go over to Michael Douglas, straddle him on a chaise longue and start kissing him. It's not like I kiss him just once. It wasn't the most natural thing in the world to do."

most important to moviegoers—become an action star in the Bourne franchise. With Jeremy Renner starring in last summer's *The Bourne Legacy,* are you officially done with Bourne?

DAMON: The thing that drove Bourne, the deepest source of his angst and anguish, what made him interesting, was the fact that he didn't have his memory. By the end of the last one we did, he has his memory back. When he knows who he is and where he's going, there's not much left for me to play. He's just an utterly efficient machine, and when he's in only that mode—some of us involved with those movies refer to him as "Mission: Bourne"—it's fun to watch for a little while, but I don't know if you can watch that for a whole movie.

PLAYBOY: Wait, that sounds like a review of *The Bourne Legacy.*

DAMON: Jeremy Renner is a terrific actor. I love everything he does. I have not seen the movie yet, but it isn't in protest or anything. When it came out last summer, I was filming a movie about Liberace right up to the end of August. We then had to rush back to New York, where we live, so we could get the kids settled and into school.

PLAYBOY: In *The Bourne Legacy,* the rules established by your Bourne trilogy are switched up. For example, Renner's character is one of a series of genetically enhanced operatives who require regular doses of little pills—or things get ugly.

DAMON: You know what? They might have taken the Bourne series out back and shot it in the head. If that's the end of it, that's just the end of it. I hope not. I love the character and the three movies we did, so I'd love to figure out a way to do another one. I'm going to talk to [director] Paul Greengrass about it. But I know what you mean about the rules and differences, because if they were to put Jason Bourne and Jeremy's character together in a movie, would those rules, like the pills, have to apply in Jason Bourne's world? Frankly, though, I don't see those characters teaming up with anybody.

PLAYBOY: You've said you're not a Bond movie fan, and you've called the James Bond character "misogynistic," "repulsive" and other choice terms. Do you find it ironic that the Bond movies starring Daniel Craig have been influenced by the gritty action style of the Bourne movies?

DAMON: The Bond movies have kind of bent more toward Bourne, but from the reviews I've read, this last Bourne bent a little more toward Bond. By the way, I never signed up for three Bourne movies. I signed up for them one at a time.

PLAYBOY: Why was that?

DAMON: I'd been on action-movie sets where people were just sitting around waiting for hours for explosions to be wired. People said I was a surprising choice for the part, but the truth is, I didn't know if I would want to do it or want to continue to do it or if I even had the patience to do it.

PLAYBOY: You, Daniel Craig and Tom Cruise in his *Mission: Impossible* movies are the kings of the big-budget spy-thriller franchise world. For a Bourne or any other movie, would you do some of the daredevil stunts Cruise did in, say, *Mission: Impossible—Ghost Protocol,* such as climbing up and down that 160-story skyscraper in Dubai?

DAMON: Seeing Tom Cruise running down the side of that building was *the* most incredible thing. I went, "Okay, you win. You are the greatest of all time." He didn't just appear to do it for the movie; he actually *did* that. I, literally, could never do that.

PLAYBOY: What else scares you?

DAMON: I learned that I am afraid of heights. When I was doing *Syriana,* they arranged for my wife, Lucy, and me to go up to watch the sunset over the Arabian Peninsula from the top of that seven-star Dubai hotel that's shaped like a sail, the Burj Al Arab. So we go to the very top—60 stories or something—we're given champagne, and we go, "Oh my God, this is great." But as I started to walk toward the edge, my legs locked up. I was absolutely frozen. I completely jumped my neocortex and went straight to this primal, full lizard-brain fear state. Lucy was walking all around the edge, while I was about to collapse from fear. She thought it was hysterical.

I would throw blazing temper tantrums—my parents worried about me. I was so angry that no amount of love or hugging would get me out of that.

PLAYBOY: Scarlett Johansson kidded you in the press for being squeamish about snakes when you two did scenes with reptiles in *We Bought a Zoo.*

DAMON: I had to be assured none of the snakes bit. Scarlett was totally cool with handling them. I warmed up to it, but it took time. One of the scariest things I've ever had to do was the underwater scene in the second Bourne movie, where the car goes into the river and I've lost the love of my life. I didn't want to do that at all. So I wouldn't be constantly aware of how scared I am of drowning, I had to go to a pool with this great stunt guy and dive master a couple of times a week for a month or so to train me to relax underwater without an oxygen mask and with a blindfold and, later, to do simple tasks underwater like tying a shoe.

PLAYBOY: Did the training take?

DAMON: After we shot for one day, that night I woke up probably four times gasping for breath, thinking I was drowning. It was terrible. When you make movies, you end up being trained to do really weird things you don't do anywhere else.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever talked with a professional about how to conquer fear?

DAMON: When I was in Mexico City filming *Elysium,* I had a conversation with one of the bodyguards they hired for me. He's one of our special forces guys who was in the Army's Operational Detachment Alpha. They've trained and have been fighting for 10 straight years and are now the best; they've pushed it to another level. After every combat experience, every traumatic event, these guys talk to a therapist. There was a problem with the first group of Alpha guys. You'd ask them, "How does it feel to see your son?" They'd go, "It feels okay." "How does it feel to shoot somebody in the face?" "It feels okay."

PLAYBOY: So they're almost numb from the stress and trauma they've sustained?

DAMON: They found that if you don't deal with trauma, it cripples you, and the next time you're in that situation, it's even worse. Processing it, talking it out with a professional who knows how to help, almost serves as an inoculation. So these special forces guys are now absolutely cool under fire. They're not detached; they're highly emotional, connected, unbelievably engaged and have a deep understanding of what's going on. They're able to hang on to their humanity and do these incredibly inhumane things. You wouldn't see Rambo sitting down and having these types of conversations, but that's exactly what these real guys do.

PLAYBOY: Do people always expect you to be in freakishly good physical condition in your real life?

DAMON: I don't have much time between work, parenting and other pursuits I'm involved in, but I lift weights. If somebody's around to box with, I can hit the focus pads, but I haven't done that in a while. I used to jog a lot, but now I'll do maybe one long run a week, or I'll do sprints.

PLAYBOY: Has being a husband and father made you more aware of your vulnerability?

DAMON: I don't know, but Lucy and the girls can definitely bring me to my knees. They just *know.* My wife gives me shit because it's harder for me to discipline my girls, probably because they're girls. With boys, I could relate more and it would probably be easier. Growing up, girls are so mysterious to us. Even as a grown man, they remain mysterious.

PLAYBOY: What personal traits of yours do you hope your kids don't inherit?

DAMON: My kids came into the world with a kind of hyper obsessiveness and stubbornness that I know I have. I've

always been competitive. I used to be out-of-control competitive, like when I was playing games, maybe because I grew up with my brother, Kyle, who is three years older. I was always smaller, and it was harder for me to win.

PLAYBOY: When do your kids most turn into mini versions of yourself?

DAMON: I would throw blazing temper tantrums as a kid—my parents worried about me. I remember being so angry that I saw red, and no amount of encouragement, love or hugging would get me out of that. It just has to burn out. I've seen my kids get to that point where you can't get through to them. The only reason I can get through those moments is because I remember what it feels like to be in that situation. On the other hand, there's a great thing that comes along with being stubborn and obsessive, which is a passion for life. Things matter to you. Whatever work you end up doing matters to you. That has brought me so much joy even I'm willing to be a little obsessive about it.

PLAYBOY: With your stepdaughter, Alexia, now a young teen and probably about to date sooner rather than later, do you think you might be a tough father to deal with?

DAMON: Alexia is a terrific girl, sensible and with good taste in music, like the Beatles and Coldplay—good taste in everything. I'm more worried about some of our younger daughters. [*laughs*] When you grow up, you know what your parents did to you. After you become a parent, you know what your parents felt like when they did what they did. It's funny; I feel I know my parents more now.

PLAYBOY: What are fans most likely to ask you to autograph?

DAMON: Pictures of the puppet of me from *Team America: World Police*. I always write "Maaaat Damon," like they say it in the movie.

PLAYBOY: What do you absolutely refuse to sign?

DAMON: I've never had a woman say, "Sign my ass," but I've drawn the line at autographing women's skin.

PLAYBOY: How does your wife deal with fans who become aggressive or flirtatious around you?

DAMON: The people who are crazy enough to throw themselves at you tend to be so young that I'd be way too old for them. The ones who are slicker are probably interested in somebody else anyway. Besides, the narrative about me kind of goes, "He's a boring married guy," which is great, because I don't get any of that other stuff like Brad Pitt and George Clooney do. Lucy doesn't have to worry anyway.

PLAYBOY: You met 10 years ago. Why is this relationship better than the others?

DAMON: This is the first relationship I've had that wasn't like *work* to be in. I never knew it could be like this. There's always stuff you can work on, of course, but being married and having kids, for me, there's a lot of romance, but it's a much bigger endeavor with a lot of nuts-and-bolts problem-solving you have to do together. It's like building a company.

PLAYBOY: Are you good at turning up the sensuality and romance with extravagant romantic gestures?

DAMON: No, I'm shitty at that. I wish I were better because my wife deserves somebody who surprises her with a gift or flowers or some wonderful idea. I've never been good at that, and she's really good at it, which makes me feel even more like shit.

PLAYBOY: How have you managed to be in the public eye since the late 1990s without—unlike some of your peers—any big public missteps?

DAMON: I did a Larry King interview with Angelina Jolie and Robert De Niro when *The Good Shepherd* was coming out in 2006, and he read a list of words he got from some website or something about how people saw each of us. For Angelina it was *sexy, dangerous*. For Bob it was *intense*. My word was *nice*. That's been great for me because people think I'm kind of vanilla and they leave me alone to work, have an actual private life and be a husband and dad.

PLAYBOY: Does being perceived as a decent guy cost you edgier roles?

DAMON: The perception seems to be that I'm boring enough not to pay attention to but not so boring that I stop working.

PLAYBOY: As an admitted competitive guy, do you sweat movie roles that go to other actors?

DAMON: Having to say no to *Avatar* was tough because I particularly wanted to work with James Cameron, and still do, because he's fantastic. He knew he was the star of that movie and that everyone was going to go see it anyway. When he said, "Look, I'm offering it to you, but if you say no, the movie doesn't need you," I remember thinking, Oh God, not only do I have to say no because of scheduling, but he's going to make a star out of some guy who's going to start taking jobs from me later.

PLAYBOY: Do you have pangs of regret about any other movies?

DAMON: *Milk* was another hard one because I was excited it would have been for Gus Van Sant, and I would have had the chance to do scenes with Sean Penn. They pushed the schedule and it ran into the slot for *Green Zone*. Steven Soderbergh's mantra is "The movie gets the right person; the right actor gets the part," but I was like, "Shit, no. That was *my* part." But when I saw *Milk*, Josh Brolin was so fucking good that I knew Soderbergh was right. Way back, Gus and I talked about my doing *Brokeback Mountain* with Joaquin Phoenix, but I had just done *The*

Talented Mr. Ripley and *All the Pretty Horses,* so I said, "Gus, let's do it in a couple of years. I just did a gay movie and a cowboy movie. I can't do a gay cowboy movie now." The right actor got the part. Heath Ledger was magnificent.

PLAYBOY: What drives you to keep working? It can't be the money.

DAMON: Certainly not now it isn't. [*laughs*] I remember coming home to tell Lucy about the first day of filming *Invictus* with Clint Eastwood, who at 79 was electrifying, great at what he does, had a ton of energy, enormous purpose and was surrounded by a crew who adored him and felt privileged to be there. He was as excited to be there as I was and still has stories he wants to tell. I said to Lucy, "That's it for me. That's the goal." I've been making movies for 15, 20 years. I really love it, and I'm getting better at it and want to keep taking chances.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of taking chances, what did you make of Clint Eastwood's performance during the Republican National Convention, when he questioned an empty chair?

DAMON: I heard the backlash, but I never saw the whole thing because I just didn't want to see my friend...you know. Look, his knowledge of filmmaking is so vast and deep that he can wing it beautifully on the set. What he did at the RNC was an unrehearsed bit he decided to do at the last minute. You can't go onstage and do 12 minutes of stand-up completely unrehearsed. But I agree with what Bill Maher said—Clint killed at the convention for 12 minutes, and the audience loved him. I wouldn't do that unless I spent a month rehearsing.

PLAYBOY: You were supposed to make your long-promised directorial debut with your new film *Promised Land,* in which you and Frances McDormand play corporate salespeople who persuade economically strapped rural homeowners to sell their natural gas drilling rights—that is, to allow their land to be fracked, possibly destroying their drinking water, health and futures.

DAMON: John Krasinski and I wrote *Promised Land* with the intention that I would direct it. I loved working with him. I would have preferred to just direct and have someone else act, but it was easier on the budget for me to play in it too.

PLAYBOY: What stopped you from directing it?

DAMON: *Elysium* was supposed to finish in October 2011 but ended up finishing in early December, partly because I got sick and shut the production down for two weeks. Then I came back from filming and had two straight weeks of press to do for *We Bought a Zoo,* and I realized I would have to go into preproduction for *Promised Land* on January 2. I'd also been away from my kids, and it had been a huge strain on our family.

PLAYBOY: So you were up against the wall?

DAMON: I had to call John one night, and he was great about it, but he's also a producer on the movie. He said, "We're going into the holidays—we're totally fucked! Why didn't you tell me this a month ago? We could've found another director." I said, "I didn't know a month ago, and now that I've come up for air I'm realizing what the reality of all this is." It was tough. I said, "I promise you, this is the right thing for the movie—me going into directing it when I'm this burned out won't be good for us."

PLAYBOY: How did Gus Van Sant become involved?

DAMON: The morning after that tough night with John, I was in a plane with my family, on the airport runway, going to Florida. The flight attendants were about to tell us to turn our phones off, and I e-mailed Gus what had been going on. He e-mailed back, "I love your writing—why don't you send me the script?" They said, "Turn your phones off," and I'm like, "Yeah, one second." I e-mailed him the script and turned off my phone. When we landed two and a half hours later, there was a message from Gus that he wanted to direct the movie.

I was having dinner with Tommy Lee Jones 20 years ago. I was looking at his face and thinking, I can't wait to have lines like that. I'm getting more every day.

PLAYBOY: Did John forgive you?

DAMON: When I said, "Gus Van Sant's directing our movie," it was just too much for John to process. His head was still in the middle of dealing with what had happened the night before. I ended up doing the best thing for the movie. We definitely traded up in the directing department.

PLAYBOY: Being a well-known political progressive, you might be accused of making a strident polemic—an anti-fracking movie. But the film is human, funny and moving, and it doesn't preach.

DAMON: We went to the studio saying, "Who fucking wants to go see an anti-fracking movie?" and were all in agreement. When we were working on the script, it was about wind farms, but we changed it to fracking—a good issue because the stakes are so high. That shit is real. They're debating about letting it happen in New York now. To us, the movie was really about American identity. We loved the characters because they felt like real people making the kinds of compromises you have to just to live your life.

PLAYBOY: The film raises issues that many politicians appear to be ducking, particularly the potentially devastating effects of hydraulically injecting millions of gallons of water, sand and carcinogenic chemicals into rock surrounding a gas or oil well.

DAMON: We're at a point where politicians don't really get any benefit from engaging with long-term issues. Instead, it's all about the next election cycle. Those guys in the House don't do anything now but run for office. So unless they can find some little thing that zips them up a couple of points in the polls, they're not interested. There's a consensus among scientists, though, that we face serious long-term issues. They're saying that unless we engage with those issues, we're genuinely fucked. The way it looks, we're going to wait until one of those big issues smacks us. Hopefully, [author and futurist] Ray Kurzweil is right and all our problems will be solved by technology.

PLAYBOY: No matter how many times Michael Moore asks you or how many others wish you would, it doesn't sound as though you will run for office.

DAMON: No, no, no.

PLAYBOY: In December 2011 you said you would have preferred President Obama to be "a one-term president with some balls who actually got stuff done." Did you vote for him this time?

DAMON: Definitely. I assume there will be some Supreme Court appointments in this next term; that alone was reason to vote for him. I don't think I said anything a lot of people weren't thinking. It's easier now more than ever in my life to feel the fix is in, the game is rigged and no matter how hard you work to change things, it just doesn't matter.

PLAYBOY: *Promised Land* has generated awards buzz, including for your performance. Not only do you show gravitas in it, but also, for once, you're beginning to look your age.

DAMON: I remember having dinner with Tommy Lee Jones 20 years ago. I was looking at his face and thinking, Shit, I can't wait to have lines like that. A guy like that can just sit there and be so expressive. I mean, he's also one of the best actors ever, but I remember being in a hurry to get some of those lines. I'm getting more lines every day.

PLAYBOY: You and Ben Affleck, your longtime hometown Boston buddy and fellow Oscar winner for the *Good Will Hunting* screenplay, have gone your separate ways careerwise. But last year it was rumored he might direct you in a film in which you would play the notorious Boston organized crime kingpin Whitey Bulger.

DAMON: We're working on stuff, yeah. The movie Ben directed, *Argo,* is so great, and it's also nice that I'm starting to get offered scripts that have Ben's fingerprints on them. It's about time.

PLAYBOY: You mean because he's already turned down those scripts?

DAMON: Yeah, but that's just part of the deal in Hollywood. I know not to take it personally. *(continued on page 173)*

Government Melts Over 270 Million Silver Dollars

But collectors get an unexpected second chance

It's a ***crime.***

Most Americans living today have never held a hefty, gleaming U.S. silver dollar in their hands.

Where did they go? Well, in 1918, to provide aid to the British during WWI, the U.S. government melted down nearly half of the entire mintage–over 270 million silver dollars. If all those missing silver dollars could be stacked, they would tower over 400 miles into the sky! If laid in a chain, they would span 6,400-miles–enough to stretch from New York to LA more than two and a half times!

Actual size is 38.1 mm

These vanished coins were not just any silver dollar–they were America's largest circulated coin, the beloved Morgan Silver Dollar. Each Morgan Dollar is struck from nearly an ounce of 90% fine silver and measures a massive 38.1mm in diameter. Morgan Silver Dollars were the engine of the American dream for decades. Created by famed American coin designer, George T. Morgan, they feature Lady Liberty's radiant profile and a majestic eagle, symbols of American strength and prosperity. Since their inception in 1878, they jingled in the pockets of famous and infamous Americans like John D. Rockefeller and Teddy Roosevelt, and desperados Jesse James and Al Capone. Today, Morgan Silver Dollars are the most collected coin in America.

Lady Liberty takes a Final Bow

Just three years after the massive melt-down, the government gave the Morgan Silver Dollar a final chance to shine. In 1921, facing a serious shortage, the mint struck Morgan Silver Dollars for one more brief, historic year. Today, the last-ever 1921 Morgan Silver Dollar belongs in the hands of collectors, history buffs, or anyone who values the artistry and legacy of this American classic.

A Private Vault Gives Up its Secrets

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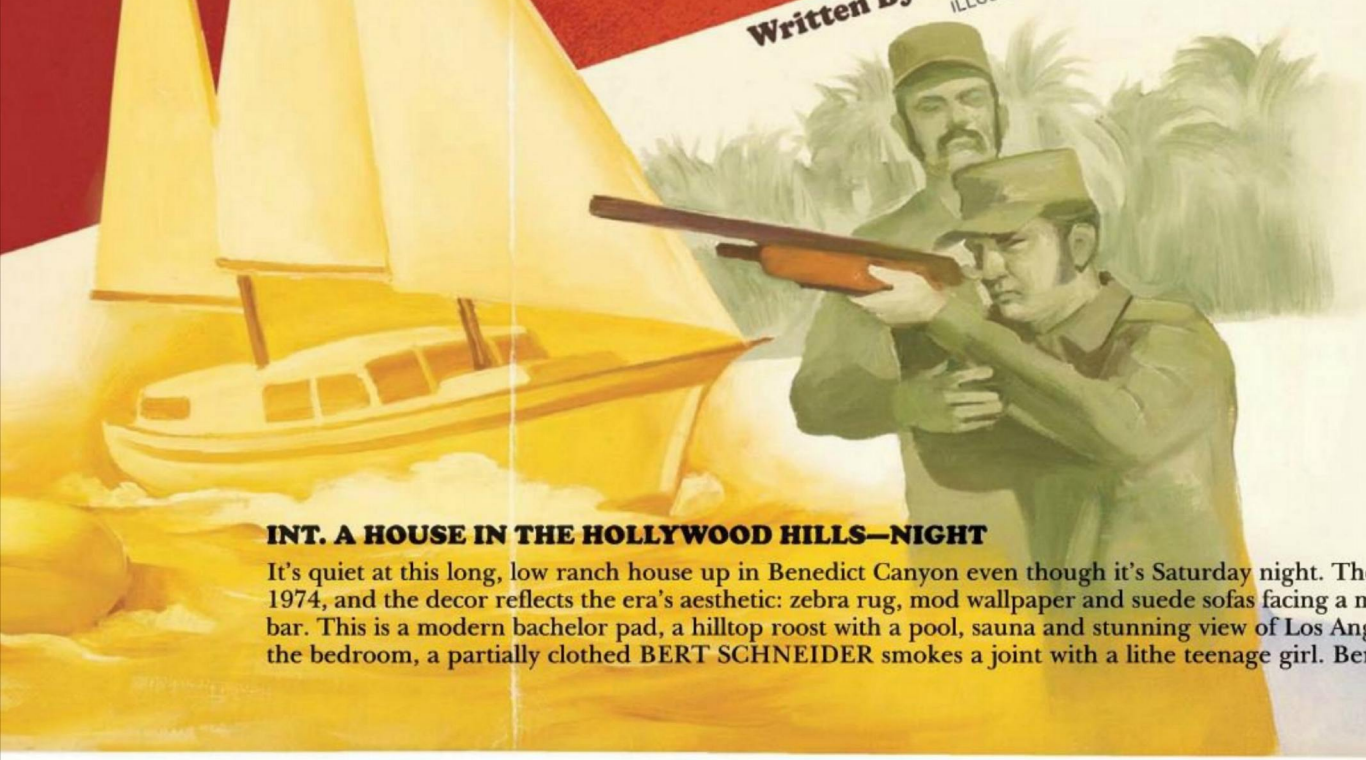
BBB ACCREDITED BUSINESS

A TRUE-LIFE
1970s Hollywood epic...
PARADA

...starring a
cocaine-addled producer,
BERT SCHNEIDER,
the revolutionary leader
of the Black Panthers,
HUEY NEWTON,
and their wild scheme to smuggle
"the Package" to Castro's Cuba

The Big Cigar

Written By **JOSHUAH BEARMAN**
ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERTO PARADA



INT. A HOUSE IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS—NIGHT

It's quiet at this long, low ranch house up in Benedict Canyon even though it's Saturday night. The year is 1974, and the decor reflects the era's aesthetic: zebra rug, mod wallpaper and suede sofas facing a mirrored bar. This is a modern bachelor pad, a hilltop roost with a pool, sauna and stunning view of Los Angeles. In the bedroom, a partially clothed BERT SCHNEIDER smokes a joint with a lithe teenage girl. Bert is tall,

handsome and self-assured, a Hollywood producer on top of the world. He hears a knock and looks up to see his teenage son, JEFFREY, fling the door open.

•

"There are two black ladies outside," Jeffrey said. "And one of them is very pushy." Bert put on a shirt and headed for the entry. There he found the two women, but on closer examination he realized the pushy one was not a woman at all but a man, bewigged and squeezed into a dress. Bert smiled and asked, "Huey?"

The man in drag was Huey Newton, the 32-year-old leader of the Black Panther Party. Huey was a major cultural figure, a street- and book-smart kid from Oakland who had become an icon of the black power movement. His public displays of firearms, meant to protect the black community from overzealous police, had brimmed over into shoot-outs, including his own deadly encounter with Oakland police officer John Frey, for which Huey was convicted in 1968 of voluntary manslaughter. (He claimed he was unconscious during the shooting, and his conviction was overturned in 1970.) Now Huey told Bert he was in trouble again. "Bert," Huey said, "you gotta help us."

Bert and Huey had been tight for a few years, ever since Bert started raising money for the Panthers in Hollywood. Bert was a *macher,* as he would say, a producer at the vanguard of the New Hollywood movement that had changed American cinema; his credits included *Easy Rider, Five Easy Pieces* and *The Last Picture Show,* and he was working on *Hearts and Minds,* the Vietnam documentary for which he would win an Oscar. He had embraced the radical politics of the era, supporting activists including Abbie Hoffman, Daniel Ellsberg and the Black Panthers. He called Huey his "comrade and best friend."

Top left: Huey Newton, head of the Black Panthers, at a rally in Oakland. Above: Newton with Panthers in 1970. Top right: Hollywood powerhouse Bert Schneider with girlfriend Candice Bergen in 1972.

"I'm in trouble," Huey said. Huey was always agitated—his intensity captivated Bert—but this was different. "You're the only one I can trust."

They went to Jeffrey's room, where Huey told Bert things were falling apart in Oakland, the Panthers' headquarters. Huey had been arrested for several crimes, including a murder charge. The police, he told Bert, were trying to frame him.

"They're sharpening the ax," Bert said.

Huey had been in prison before. "I'm not going back," he said.

Huey had to fly the coop, pronto, and not just out of town but out of the country. He told Bert, "I need you to get me to Cuba."

It would turn into a big production but with real-life stakes. Like their films, this project had a title. Bert called it "The Big Cigar."

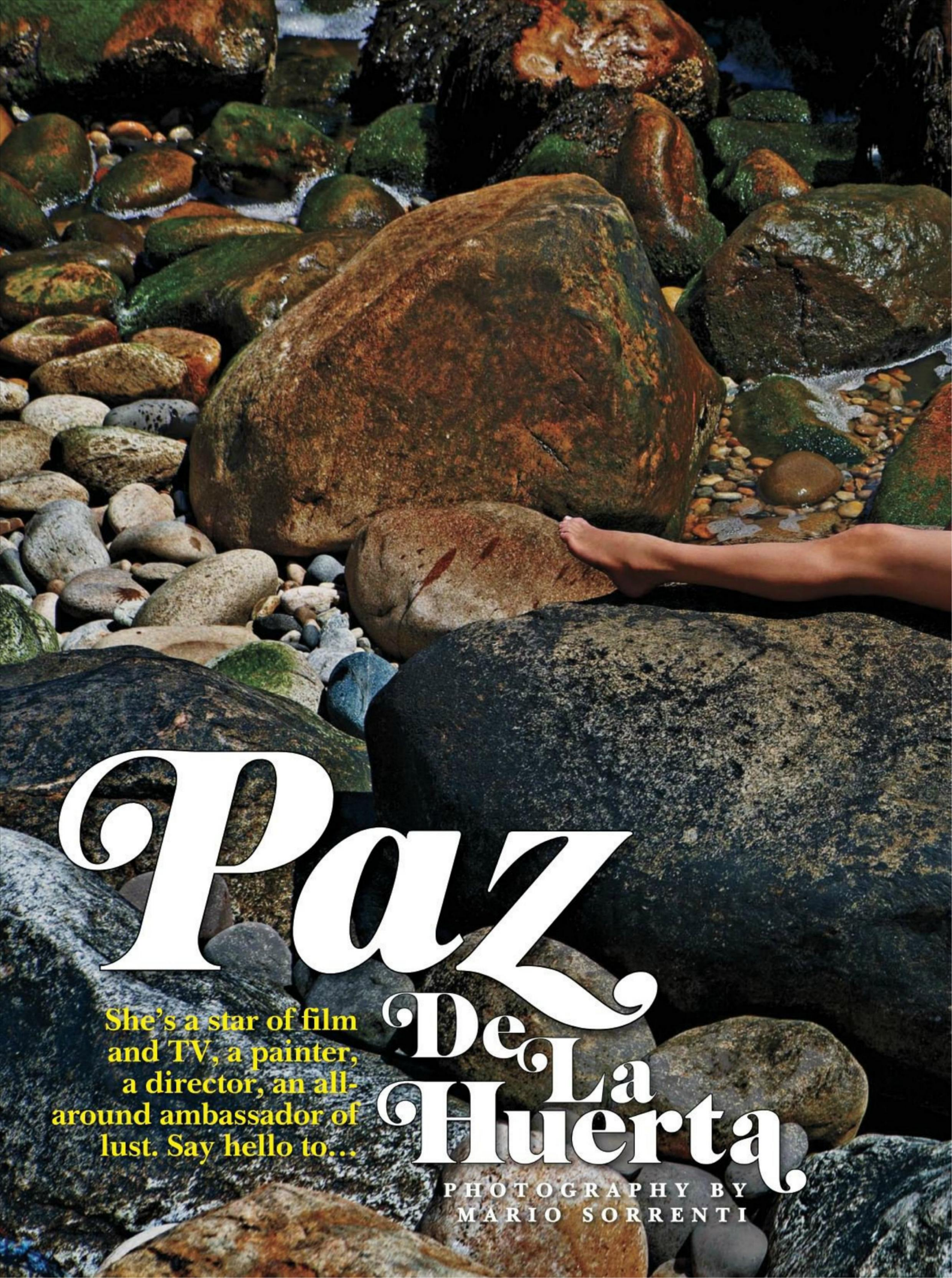
Bert figured Huey would be on the FBI's most wanted list by morning, but he didn't hesitate to help. Within five minutes, Bert was hatching a plan. His only question was "Were you followed?"

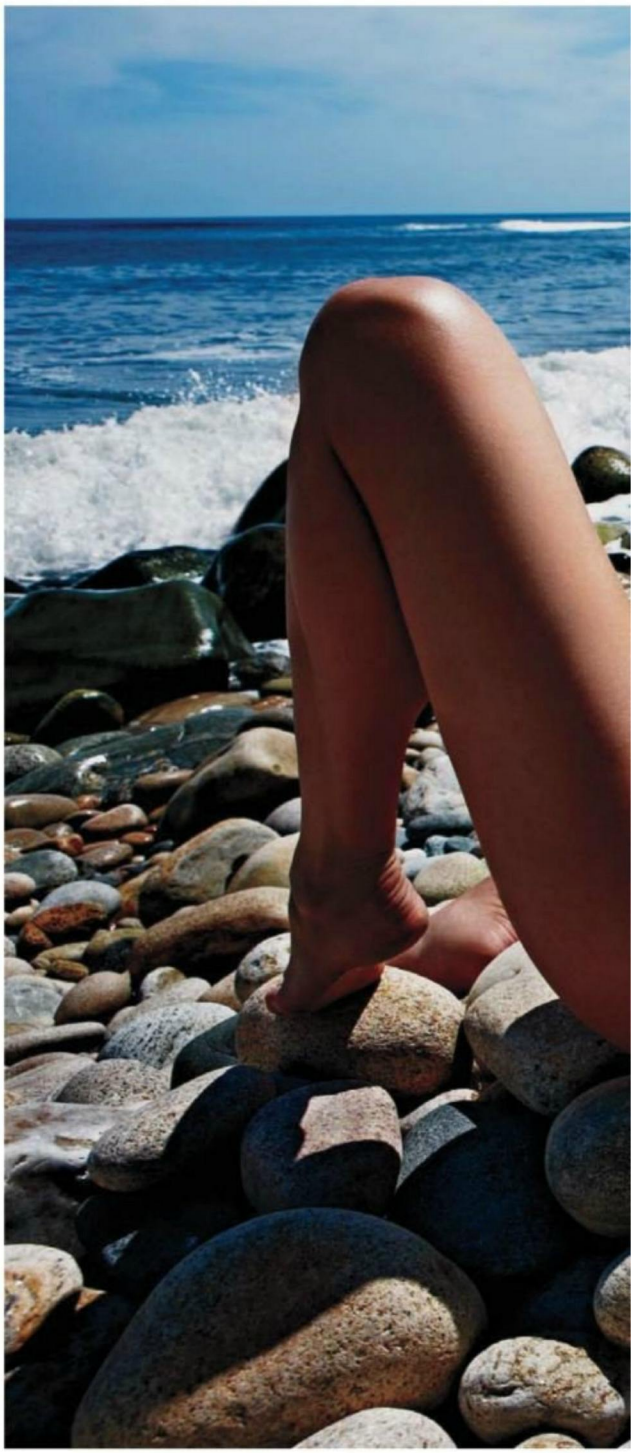
Bert looked out the window. The FBI had been interested in him for years. He was so actively involved in left-wing politics that at times field agents reported on Bert's movements every four hours. He would eventually see his own file, which described him as "tall, manly, wears long hair, mod clothing and has an outspoken nature"—just about right, Bert thought, except for the hair, which the FBI thought was dyed blond but was really a naturally sun-kissed corona of curls.

"I think we're clean," Huey said.

It was, in fact, the first time in months the FBI hadn't known Huey's whereabouts—but one of the first places the FBI would look was where they were standing. Bert wanted to get Huey and Huey's girlfriend, Gwen Fountaine, over to his producing partner Steve *(continued on page 181)*

"Don't worry about it…two more wishes at this point would seem like overkill."


Paz
De La Huerta
She's a star of film and TV, a painter, a director, an all-around ambassador of lust. Say hello to...
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO SORRENTI



INTERVIEW BY JEFFREY DEITCH

Today's cynics see the entertainment industry as an elaborate piece of scripted fiction. Celebrities are controlled by their publicists, told what to say, what to wear, whom to date. Meet the glorious antidote: 28-year-old actor, painter, film director, model and all-around ambassador of lust Paz de la Huerta. Raised in Manhattan (her mother an American, her father a Spanish duke), Paz is best known for her role as Steve Buscemi's vampish girlfriend on HBO's *Boardwalk Empire*. Herewith, a few words with the dreamy starlet.

Q: You are more of a performance artist than a conventional model. True?

A: Whenever I step onto a set, whether it's a photo shoot or a film shoot, I always speak to the photographer or director beforehand. We work on creating a character and story together. I feel that when people hire me they know it's going to be a collaboration and that they hire me for what I give on all sorts of levels, from my movement to the emotion I bring to the project, the passion, all of it.

Q: You have an extraordinary rapport with some of the great photographers—Mario Sorrenti, who took these photographs, Ellen von Unwerth and others. I can see you inspire them.

A: I've been taking photographs with Ellen since I was 16 and with Mario since I was 14. I did my first nude shoot with Mario when I was 17. He made me feel beautiful, and I really feel it was on that shoot that I overcame my fear of being naked. Mario is such an artist. He has taken photographs of me in which my body looks like a sculpture.

Q: How do you characterize your approach to acting?

A: I used to be so Method in my approach that my own life would start to mirror the life of my character. This wasn't always the healthiest approach. At times I would get so lost in my character that I wouldn't know where I ended and the character began. There were no boundaries; we were definitely one. I'm at a point now in my craft

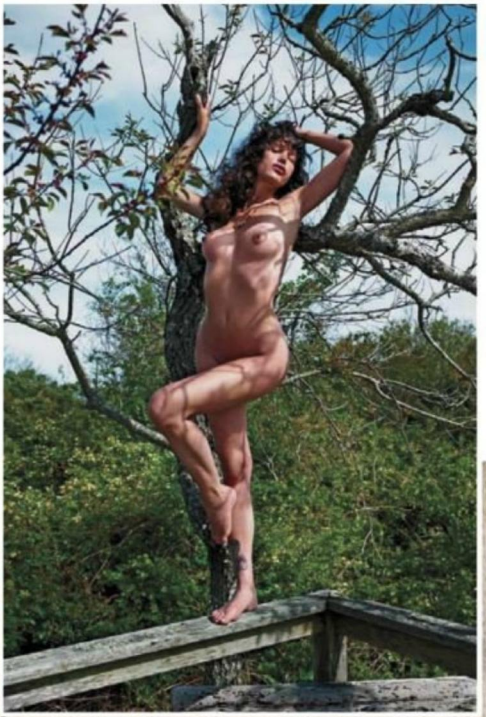
where I can go into the zone and live the character and then, through meditation, get back to my life and whatever is going on. I love doing films because I can live the life of the character for two or three months and then say good-bye.

Q: Film directors admire you for your naturalism and comfort with nudity. You performed in Jim Jarmusch's film *The Limits of Control* almost entirely in the nude.

A: Jarmusch wrote that role for me. I was completely naked throughout the film—except for a pair of glasses and, in one scene, a see-through raincoat. It was also a way for me to conquer my fears about my body and learn to love my body. Although she was completely naked physically, she was very mysterious as a character. I loved working with Jim Jarmusch and was flattered that he wrote the part for me.

Q: Why did you choose to pose for PLAYBOY?

A: The lineage. Cindy Crawford and Marilyn Monroe have appeared in PLAYBOY. I celebrate nudity every day. It's our first wardrobe. And Mario is such an amazing photographer; he brings so much mystery and sensuality to his photographs. We did the photos with no makeup, and we both wanted them to have a very natural feeling. It was more about bringing out a part of myself that has not really been shown to the public, a more honest portrayal of where I am now in my life.



See more of Paz at
playboy.com.

THE MIAMI ZOMBIE

A GRUESOME CRIME SPARKS A GLOBAL PANIC OVER A DRUG THAT, POLICE SAY, TURNS USERS INTO VIOLENT MONSTERS. OUR REPORTER SAMPLES THE WARES AND FINDS THE TRUTH IS EVEN WEIRDER

BY FRANK OWEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HACOB

Miami, Florida

It's after one P.M. on the Saturday before Memorial Day. The sun sits high in the cloudless subtropical sky. A bearded man with braided hair pushes his way through the withering heat, waving his arms and muttering to himself. Thirty-one-year-old Rudy Eugene is as naked as the day his creator made him. The only thing this small-time marijuana peddler carries is a King James Bible. Spread out before him is the MacArthur Causeway, three miles of baking concrete that links South Beach (the southern end of Miami Beach) to the downtown Miami mainland. It is Eugene's last hour on earth, and ahead lies his own personal highway to a special kind of hell.

Nobody knows what was going through Eugene's troubled mind in his final moments, but it couldn't have been pretty. Those driving on the causeway that afternoon see a lean, muscular man, about six-foot and 185 pounds, who seems to be in a hypnotic daze. The first sign the police receive that something is wrong is a 911 call from a motorist time-stamped 1:53 P.M.

"There's a tall African American man completely naked on one of the light poles, acting like Tarzan," the startled driver alerts the operator.

The blistering sun continues to beat down on Eugene's braided head. He's nearly at the end of the causeway when he sees a homeless man snoozing in a shady spot next to the off-ramp that borders the *Miami Herald* building. His name is Ronald Poppo, a leathery bag of bones sleeping off a hangover. Poppo is 65 and once had a life—one full of promise, as it turns out. Once a student at Manhattan's prestigious Stuyvesant High School, a Latin scholar with a 129 IQ, he was destined for great things, until he hit the skids.

Eugene wakes Poppo. At first Eugene appears friendly. After a few minutes, however, his mood turns and he accuses Poppo of trying to steal his Bible.

"I'm gonna kill you," Eugene says. "It's just you and me. Nobody else here."

Eugene pounces on Poppo, kicks him in the gut and beats him about the head with his fists. The old man kicks back, trying to defend himself against the much younger and stronger Eugene. So Eugene punishes him by dragging him across the concrete and beating him again, before ripping off the man's trousers.

The attacker straddles Poppo and sinks his teeth into his cheek. He throws his head back, ripping off a chunk of Poppo's sunburned flesh. He chews it and then, as though the mouthful suddenly repulses him, spits it to the sidewalk. Eugene gouges both Poppo's eyes with his bare hands and then bites off his nose, after which he chomps away at whatever skin, muscle and fat is left on the homeless man's face. Poppo is now barely recognizable as human; his face looks like raw hamburger meat.

"This crop is a major threat to police officers as well as the rest of us," the reporter said. "It turns normal people into monsters that possess this superhuman strength and no ability to feel pain."

A flashing blue light appears in the corner of Eugene's vision. He hears the sound of squealing tires and then a man's voice: "Move away from the body. Move away or I will shoot you."

Officer Jose Ramirez can hardly believe what he's witnessing. Eugene turns his head and lets out a feral growl. Ramirez sees Poppo's blood bubbling between the assailant's teeth. Stunned, he steadies himself, bends his knees and fires. Eugene barely flinches as the bullet drills into him. He continues to attack Poppo. It takes three more shots before Eugene collapses next to the homeless man's body. Poppo is in shock, his right leg twitching like a downed power line. He's alive, but only just.

A dark curtain descends over Eugene's life. Rudy Eugene is no more, but within hours, he will rise like Lazarus from the dead. For Eugene is resurrected not to sit next to God in heaven, as he hoped and expected, but to serve as an internet meme, sentenced for his sins to live for all eternity as a parody of a horror-movie monster.

He is now the "Miami Zombie."

•

By the time Miami Fraternal Order of Police president Armando Aguilar arrived, the crime scene was cordoned off with yellow tape. Lines of honking cars stretched bumper-to-bumper from South Beach to the mainland. Paramedics were loading Ronald Poppo into the back of an ambulance. Months, if not years, of painful reconstructive surgery awaited him.

Investigators combed the area and identified Poppo's attacker by a driver's license left along the causeway. They also found pages Eugene had ripped from his beloved Bible, his one constant companion, his friends would later tell reporters. Officers walking the span of the bridge retrieved items of Eugene's clothing. They found a set of gold teeth in the pocket of his pants.

Aguilar had seen some sick sights in his three decades in law enforcement—beheaded bodies, grisly car crashes—but nothing as unspeakable as this. The attack had lasted 18 minutes. Eighteen long minutes. Imagine Poppo's terror. Aguilar shook his head in disbelief. What sort of human being could do this to another, he asked himself, and more important, why? Drugs, probably, but what type of drug?

Back when he was a narcotics cop in the 1980s, Aguilar had seen people high on LSD, crack or PCP do all kinds of crazy things, but that paled in comparison with this. He stared at where Rudy Eugene's bullet-riddled body lay on the sidewalk next to a pool of blood. He half expected the body to start moving and Eugene to sit up.

Aguilar had a more pressing problem than figuring out the mystery of what prompted Eugene to do what he did. Officer Ramirez, who was now draped in a blanket in the back of an ambulance, most likely saved Ronald Poppo's life. Nobody could say this wasn't a good shooting, Aguilar thought. Ramirez had a clean record, and this was the first time he had used his weapon in his four years with the department.

Still, the fact remained that a Hispanic officer had shot an unarmed black man in a city *(continued on page 168)*

"I hope you don't mind, but my kimono is at the cleaner's…!"

Will Cotton

Will Cotton was born in Melrose, Massachusetts and raised in New Paltz, New York. His education includes studies at the Musée des Beaux-Arts in Rouen, France, the New York Academy of Art and Cooper Union in New York, where he earned a fine art degree. Mary Boone Gallery in New York has represented him since 1999. His paintings have been shown at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, the Seattle Art Museum, the Kunsthalle Bielefeld in Germany, the Hudson River Museum in New York, the Triennale di Milano, the Musée Marmottan Monet in Paris and the Museo Nacional de Bellas Artes

▲ Will Cotton, *Cotton Candy Queen*, 2012, oil on linen, 24 x 34 inches.

in Havana. Cotton's work is in the collections of the Seattle Art Museum and the Columbus Museum of Art in Ohio. "The model for this painting is Miss Ruby Valentine, a burlesque dancer from New York," says the artist. "She's reclining on a cotton candy cloud, wearing a crown of sweets."

The Playmate as Fine Art

Seven famous contemporary artists interpret Playboy's provocative Centerfold

It was a different world back in 1967, when Hugh Hefner and PLAYBOY Art Director Arthur Paul sought out 11 of the world's best-known artists and sculptors to transform the Playmate into fine art. The Centerfold had not yet assumed its place in the American consciousness, and artists were not as likely then as they are today to use elements of popular culture for inspiration. That has changed, of course. Today the Playmate is a part of American iconography: We see references to her image in many parts of our culture. It seemed appropriate, then, to revisit the Playmate with a new generation of artists and to see how they might respond to this American archetype. With that in mind, we asked seven artists to interpret the Centerfold on their own terms. No conditions were set, nor specific Playmates mandated. On these eight pages, we see the creative responses of our artists.

Richard Prince

"It's different to generate my own photographs. I don't do it often, but when I do, I try to think that what I'm taking already exists," says Prince. American artist, painter, photographer and bibliophile Prince has been creating pop-culture-inspired art for more than 30 years. Born in 1949 in the Panama Canal Zone, he lives and works in New York. Joke: "My wife likes to talk when she has sex. The other night she called."

◀ Richard Prince, *Untitled Girlfriend 2012*, 2012, digital photograph, 60 x 40 inches.

Jill Magid

Artist and writer Jill Magid explores themes of intimacy and secrecy within systems of power. Magid's work developed from her experiences inside these systems, including the U.S. military, the British police and the Dutch secret service—an organization that has confiscated her work from the Tate Modern in London. Chrissie Iles, senior curator at the Whitney Museum in New York, says, "The work of Jill Magid is incisive in its poetic questioning of the ethics of human behavior and the hidden political structures of society. Her intelligent conceptual strategies engage the viewer in an absorbing aesthetic and intellectual experience that turns conventional assumptions of power, secrecy, control and social space inside out." Her neon work *With Full Consent* was made especially for PLAYBOY.

▲ Jill Magid, *With Full Consent*, 2012, neon and transformer, 5 x 46 inches.

Wes Lang

Artist Wes Lang grew up in Chatham, New Jersey and moved to New York in the early 1990s. He resides in Greenpoint, Brooklyn and works out of a studio in nearby Bushwick, Brooklyn. Lang's work centers on the use of American tropes, including the grim reaper, roses, winged skulls, birds, Native American headdresses, beer mugs, pinups and the logos and lyrics of the Grateful Dead. Abstract elements are also at play. The artist's subject is the peculiar relationship between beauty and darkness. His gift is the ability to communicate his perspective experientially, without sacrificing nuance. It is normal to both shudder and laugh. Lang is transparent about his influences: Martin Kippenberger, Francis Bacon, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Cy Twombly and Mike Kelley. Recent exhibitions of his work include solo shows at Half Gallery in New York and Marlborough Gallery in Madrid. He also recently completed a commission for the Grateful Dead. His work can be found in museums around the world, including the Museum of Modern Art in New York and the National Gallery in Copenhagen.

▲ Wes Lang, *Heartland*, 2012, acrylic, colored pencil and oil on paper, 38 x 55 inches.

Ryan McGinness

▸ McGinness is an American artist living and working in New York. He grew up in Virginia Beach, Virginia and studied at Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh as an Andrew Carnegie Scholar. During college he interned at the Andy Warhol Museum as a curatorial assistant. Known for its extensive vocabulary of images that use the visual language of public signage, corporate logos and contemporary iconography, McGinness's work is in the permanent public collections of the Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, the Museum of Contemporary Art in San Diego, the Cincinnati Art Museum, MUSAC in Spain and the Taguchi Art Collection in Japan.

▸ Ryan McGinness, *Heather Knox, Playmate, Miss January 2012*, 2012, digital vector drawing.

▲ Cindy Sherman, *Untitled #264*, 1992, 50 x 75 inches (above), and *Untitled #261*, 1992, 67.5 x 46 inches (right), photographs.

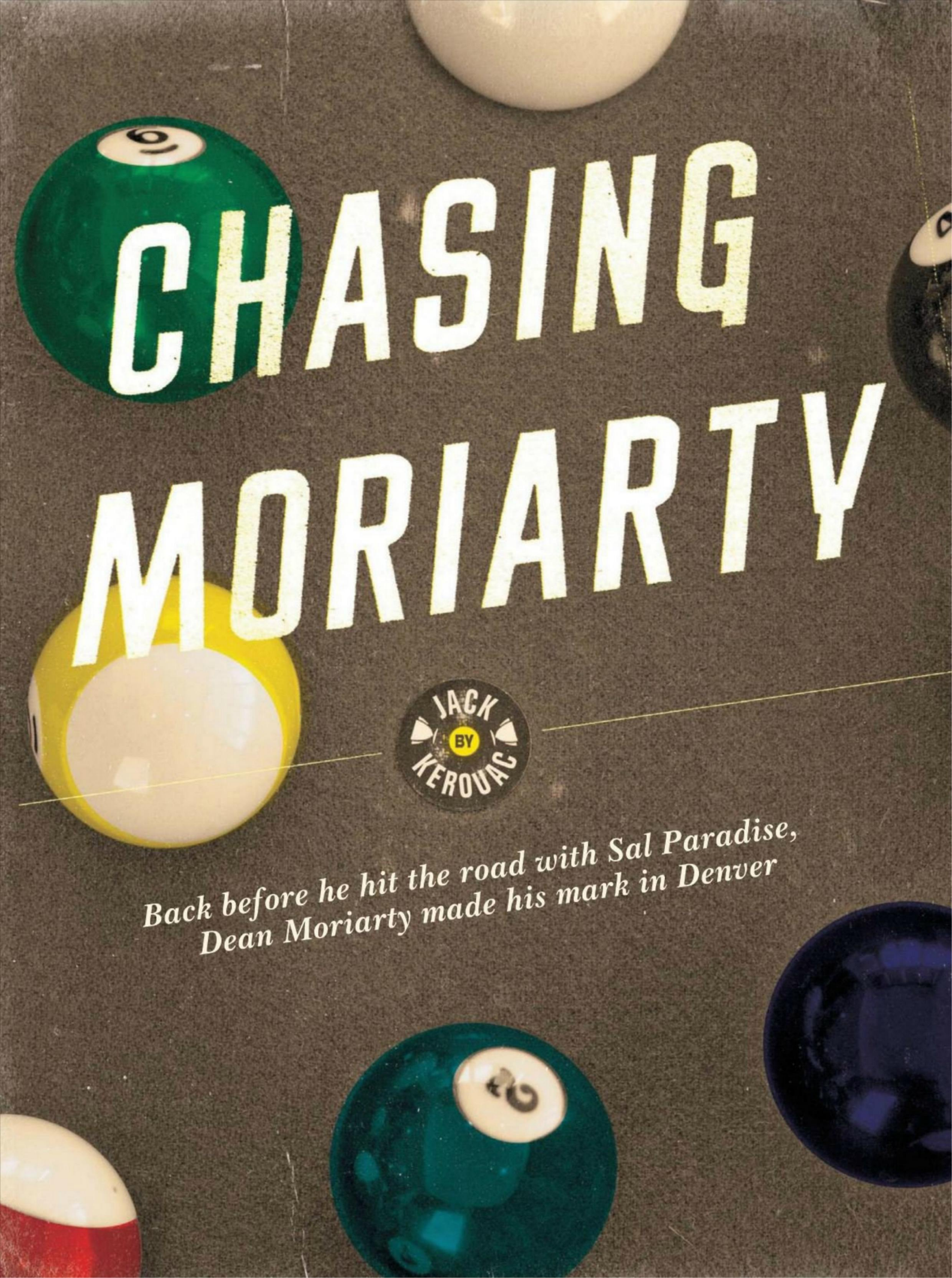
Cindy Sherman

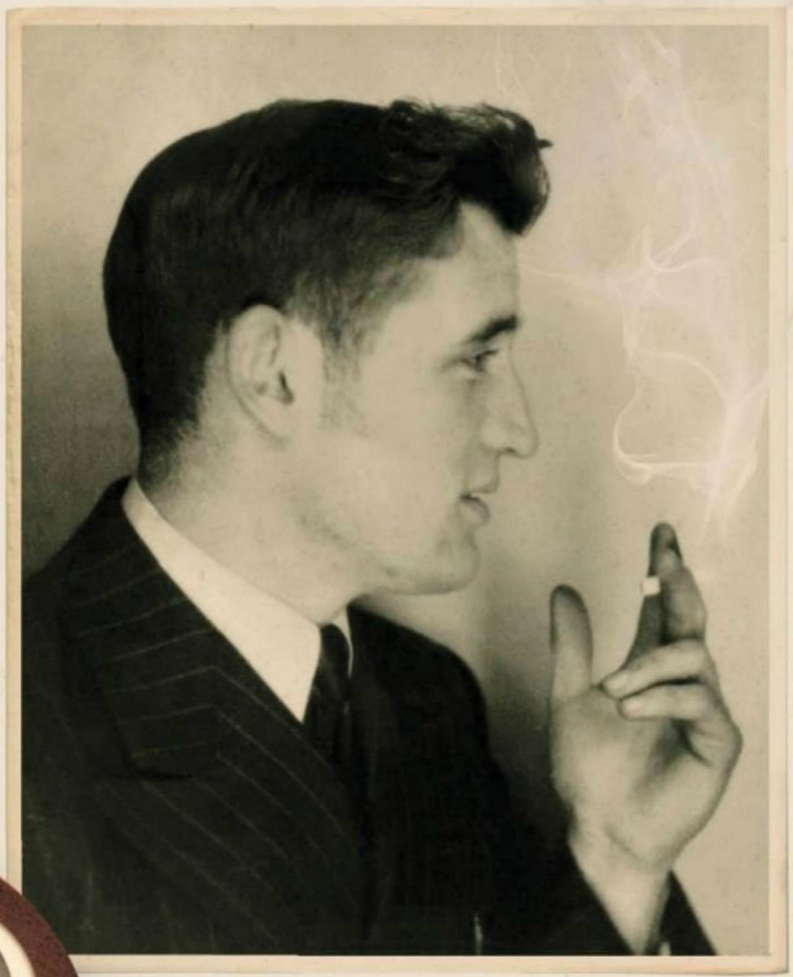
Born in 1954 in Glen Ridge, New Jersey, Sherman is counted among the most influential artists of the last half-century. Upon graduating from the State University of New York at Buffalo in 1976, Sherman relocated to New York City, where she began making the seminal *Untitled Film Stills*. She has gone on to photograph and cast herself in various roles through her masterful use of costume, setting and pose. A retrospective of Sherman's work is currently on view at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. Accompanied by a comprehensive catalogue, the exhibition, which began its tour at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, will also travel to the Dallas Museum of Art. A selective exhibition organized by the Moderna Museet in Stockholm and the Astrup Fearnley Museet in Oslo will open in 2013 before traveling to other European venues.

Tracey Emin

Born in 1963, Tracey Emin lives and works in London. She is part of the group known as the Young British Artists, and her work often refers to episodes from her childhood and teenage years. In 2007 Emin represented Britain at the 52nd Venice Biennale and was made a member of the Royal Academy. In 2011 she became the Royal Academy's professor of drawing. Exhibitions of her work will be held this winter at MALBA in Buenos Aires and White Cube in São Paulo.

Tracey Emin, *Lonely Chair Drawing V*, 2012, gouache on paper, 54 x 40 inches.


CHASING
MORIARTY
JACK
BY
KEROUAC
Back before he hit the road with Sal Paradise,
Dean Moriarty made his mark in Denver



Whither goest thou, America, in thy shiny car in the night? Without Dean Moriarty, there would be no *On the Road*.

Dean couldn't have been more than 15 years old when he wandered in from the street. It was only that many years before, in 1927, that Dean was born, in Salt Lake City; at a time when for some godforsaken reason, some forgotten, pitiably American, restless reason his father and mother were driving in a jalopy from Iowa to L.A. in search of something, maybe they figured to start an orange grove or find a rich uncle, Dean himself never found out, a reason long buried in the sad heap of the night, a reason that nevertheless in 1927 caused them to fix their eyes anxiously over the sad swath of brokendown headlamps shining brown on the road...the road that sorrowed into the darkness and huge unbelievable American nightland like an arrow.

Dean was born in a charity hospital. A few weeks later the Model A clanked right on; so that now there were three pairs of eyes watching the unspeakable road roll in on Pa's radiator cap as it steadfastly penetrated the night like the poor shield of themselves, the little Moriarty family, lost, the gaunt crazy father with the floppy slouched hat that made him look like a broken-down Okie Shadow, the dreaming mother in a cotton dress purchased on a happier afternoon in some excited Saturday five-and-10, the frightened infant.

She died in Denver before Dean was old enough to talk to her. Dean grew up with a childhood vision of her standing in the strange antique light of 1929 (which is no different from the light of today or the light when Xerxes's fleets confused the waves, or Agamemnon wailed), apparently at a period in the life of old Moriarty when he was making good money at his barber trade and they had a good home. But after she died he became one of the most tottering bums of Larimer Street, periodically leaving Dean with his wife's people to go to Texas to escape the Colorado winters, beginning a lifetime swirl of hoboing into which little

Jack Kerouac based his character Dean Moriarty on Neal Cassady (left).

Dean himself was sucked later on, when at intervals, childlike, he preferred leaving the security of his Ma's relatives, which included sharing a bedroom with his stepbrother, going to school and altar-boying at a local Catholic church, for going off to live with his father in flophouses.

Dean used to stand in front of alleys begging for nickels while his father, red-eyed, in baggy pants, hid in the back with some old bum crony called Rex who was no king but just an American who had never outgrown the boyish desire to lie down on the sidewalk, which he did the year round from coast to coast; the two of them hiding and sometimes having long excited conversations until the kid had enough nickels to make up a bottle of muscatel, when it was time to hit the liquor store and go down under ramps and railroad embankments and light a small fire with cardboard boxes and sit on overturned buckets or oily old treestumps, the boy on the outer edges of the fire, the men in its momentous and legendary glow, and drink the wine.

•

It was a Saturday afternoon in Denver, October 1942, when Tommy Snark first saw pure-souled Dean sitting on a bench, wearing Levi's jeans, old shoes, no socks, a khaki Army shirt and a big black turtleneck sweater covered with car grease and carrying a brand-new toy accordion in a box he had just found by the side of the road; perched among the usual great number of Saturday onlookers, half of whom were waiting for pool.

Dean sat there, stunned with excitement as whole groups of them shouted across the smoke to other fellows in a tremendous general anticipation of the rapidly approaching almost unbearably important Saturday night, when there would be long preparations before the mirror and then a sharped-up citywide invasion of bars (which already at this moment had begun to roar from old afternoon drinkers who'd swallowed their bar egos long ago), thousands of young men of Denver hurrying from their homes with arrogant clack and tie-adjustments toward the brilliant center in an invasion haunted by sorrow because no guy whether he was a big drinker, big fighter or big lover could ever find the center of Saturday night in America, though the undone collar and the dumb stance on empty street-corners on Sunday dawn was easy to find and in fact 15-year-old Dean could have best told them about it; the premonition of this oncoming night together with the dense excitement of everything around the tables in the shadowy hall nevertheless failing to hide certain hints of heartbreaking loss that filtered in with chinks of daylight from the October street and penetrated all their souls.

It was a Saturday afternoon in Denver, October 1942, when Tommy Snark first saw pure-souled Dean Moriarty sitting on a bench, wearing Levi's jeans, a khaki Army shirt and a black turtleneck sweater.

Beat avatar Dean Moriarty was the ultimate wheelman, an indefatigable driver.

And there in the middle of it stood melancholy Tom Snark, the habitué, always ready to take anybody on for a game, hunchbacked, meek, dreaming at his upright cue-stick as naturally as the sentry at his spear, a figure so familiar in the brownness of the room that after a while you didn't see him anymore, like certain drinkers disappear the moment they put their foot on the brass rail, just for the most part standing there chalking his cue in the gesture of poolhall nonchalance he and all the others used for quick look-sees. When he saw Dean he raised his eyebrow, interested in the wild-looking cat, but like an old woman rocking on a porch noting storm clouds before supper, placidly, dumbly surprised.

Tom Snark in this lonely earth was a crippled boy who lived in unostentatious pain with his grandmother in a two-story house under great sidestreet trees, sat on the screened porch with her till poolhall time, which was usually midafternoon; en route made the rounds of downtown streets, mild, sincere, dropping a word in the shoeshine shanty, another into the chili joint where his boys worked, then a moment on the sidewalk with that watchful air of all young men of American daytime sidewalks (there's more doubt in the night); and then into the poolroom like a man going to work.

Dean sitting there watching this Tom Snark was the enactment of the drama of an American boy for the first time perceiving the existence of an American hero, nay an American poet—this Tom Snark so tragically interesting, so diseased, beautiful, potent, because he could beat anybody yet be so obscurely defeated as he slouched down in the press of the crowd, sometimes flashing a languid sad smile in answer to the shouts of dishwashers and dry-clean pressers but usually just enduring eternity on the spot he occupied. Snark himself understood from the corner of his eye that this boy wasn't only interested in learning pool from him but everything he knew and would use it for purposes of his own which were so much vaster than anything Snark had ever dreamed that he would have to plead for Dean's guidance in the end. Dean ran over and made the first great con-man proposition of his life.

Snark looked amazed and dropped his superior pose *(continued on page 171)*

"Well, it's pretty obvious we're not the first to land on the planet Mars!"

20

SCOTT SPEEDMAN

THE TEEN HEARTTHROB TURNED TOUGH GUY EXPLAINS WHY CANADIANS MAKE LOUSY ACTION HEROES, DEBATES THE MERITS OF KOBE VS. JORDAN AND COMES CLEAN ABOUT HIS HATRED OF TWITTER

BY KEVIN COOK

Q1

PLAYBOY: After 10 years in movies you returned to TV for the nuclear-submarine thriller *Last Resort*. Why?
SPEEDMAN: It's ambitious. A lot of actors like me are looking to go into cable stuff like *Breaking Bad* or *Homeland*. Then this came along and it was the opposite—not in quality but in scope and size. *Last Resort* is a big, exciting epic. We're not doing bland, generic network TV. I mean, the episode we just shot involves weapons-grade hallucinogens. I'm tripping in prime time.

Q2

PLAYBOY: This show is almost the opposite of *Felicity*, the 1998–2002 WB drama that made you a hero to millions of teenage girls.
SPEEDMAN: That show didn't get massive ratings, but the fans we had were rabid. It makes you wonder what guys like Johnny Depp and Robert Pattinson go through. I never got near their level, but I was close enough to get my feet wet, to sort of peek around the corner, see the hysteria and say, "No, thank you." But *(continued on page 188)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NIGEL PARRY

Winter Wonderland

FROM SKI BUNNY TO *PLAYBOY* BUNNY, MISS JANUARY KARINA MARIE HITS THE SAUNA

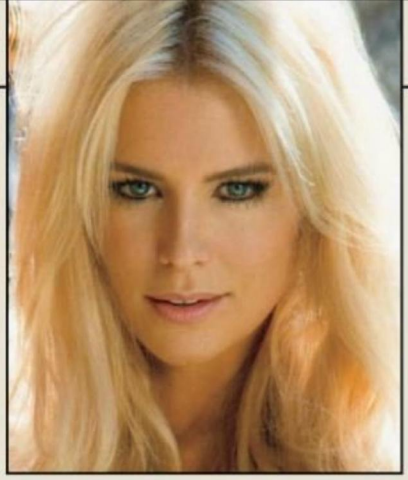
Imagine the ultimate ski trip—on the sun-kissed slopes of Chamonix, perhaps. Now imagine the ski bunny who would accompany you. Karina Marie is an ace in her ski boots, but she's even better après—after taking them off. "I am in my heart a cozy girl," says the East London native. "I love to travel and ski, but I get bored easily, and then I'm ready to go back to my cabin, pour a lychee martini, light a fire and chill out on a bearskin rug." Preferably au naturel. "I love fashion, and I'm a dangerous shopper, but I don't like wearing clothes at home," Karina says. "I like to kick back and wear, like, a pair of knickers. It makes me feel cozy and sexy." Sexy is something she knows mountains about. Leveraging British reality-TV notoriety at the age of 16 on *The Salon,* she landed her first magazine cover at 17. Now she has a slew of TV commercials under her belt, plus shoots in *Elle, GQ* and *Arena* magazines. "Being in front of a camera gives me a buzz," says Miss January, who will celebrate her month by ringing in the New Year in style. And her PLAYBOY shoot? "Since I love winter but don't like wearing clothes, I felt at home during the shoot. I started off in lingerie and a vintage mink, then got more naked. The only thing that would have made it better would be if God had dropped a man out of the sky for me." And what would she have said to the lucky bloke? "Happy New Year, of course!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SASHA EISENMAN

Click for more photos

MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Karina Marie



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Karina Marie

BUST: 32C WAIST: 25" HIPS: 33"

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 2/5/84 BIRTHPLACE: Basildon, U.K.

AMBITIONS: To travel the world as a wacky reality-TV host and create a sexy lingerie line.

TURN-ONS: I love a man who can play guitar while sitting in a log cabin on a bearskin rug.

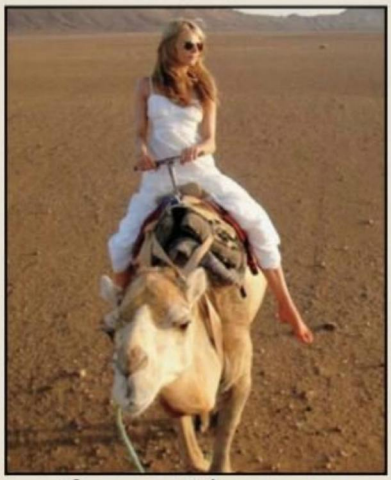
TURNOFFS: I'm a sex beast who hates the word "no," so give me what I want and you won't be on my list of turnoffs. :)

PERFECT BLISS: I'm a music festival fanatic. Being in a field in my wellies, watching the sun go down and drinking a Corona while listening to live music blasting = HEAVEN.

BIG SURPRISE: I'm a model, but I'm also an insane vintage shopaholic.

MY IDOL: Brigitte Bardot. This woman is all I aspire to be – sexy, natural, hot and a bombshell.

Vacationing in Vietnam.



Seeing Morocco by camelback.

The best seat in the house.

Watch exclusive
online video
See more of Miss January at
playboy.com

See more of Miss January at playboy.com.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A wife texted her husband on a cold winter morning, "Windows frozen."

The husband texted back, "Pour some lukewarm water over them."

Minutes later the wife texted, "The computer is completely fucked now."

Friends are like snowflakes: If you pee on them they disappear.

A man asked his wife what she wanted for Valentine's Day.

"Anything with diamonds," she answered.

He was surprised when she became irate over receiving a deck of cards.

A blonde was filling out paperwork during her first visit to a new gynecologist. The doctor asked, "Are you sexually active?"

"Yes," the blonde replied.

"What do you do?" the doctor then asked.

"Normally vaginal," the blonde said, "and sometimes anal."

"Uhh," the doctor replied, "I meant where do you work?"

A boss picked up one of his workers in a new sports car.

"This is amazing," the worker remarked.

"Yeah," the boss replied, "and if you set your goals high and work hard I can get an even better one next quarter."

Last week an engineer at Florida State University designed a bra that can keep a woman's breasts from jiggling up and down when she jogs.

This week he's in the hospital in stable condition.

Sign in a drugstore: REGULAR CONDOMS ARE LOCATED IN AISLE 12—FOR EXTRA-LARGE CONDOMS, PLEASE SEE MRS. SMITH IN THE PHARMACY.

What comes after 69?

Mouthwash.

A man was just waking up from anesthesia after surgery, and his wife was sitting by his side. His eyes fluttered open, and he said, "You're beautiful." Then he fell asleep again.

His wife had never heard him say that before, so she stayed by his side. A few minutes later his eyes fluttered open, and he said, "You're cute."

"What happened to beautiful?" she asked.

The man replied, "The drugs are wearing off."

A man was drinking in a British pub when he noticed two very large women with strong accents. "Hey, are you two ladies from Ireland?" he asked.

"It's Wales, you friggin' idiot," one answered.

"I'm sorry," the man said. "Are you two whales from Ireland?"

Two out-of-work bankers were chatting at a cocktail party. "Your wife looks electrifying," one banker said to the other.

"She ought to," the other man replied. "Everything she's wearing is charged."

A woman met a man at a club and went back to his place for sex. Afterward she said, "You must be a great dentist."

"How did you know I'm a dentist?" he asked.

"I didn't feel a thing," she replied.

A misogynist went to his doctor's office only to find that the practice had been taken over by a young female doctor.

"I was warned about you," the doctor said. "I assure you I'm very experienced. I've seen every ailment before and I will do anything I can to help you. Now, what seems to be the problem?"

The man said, "I've been told my dick tastes funny."

Send your jokes to Playboy Party Jokes, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. PLAYBOY *will pay $100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.*

"Looking for a midnight noisemaker?"

Cars of the Year 2013

IF IT HAS WHEELS AND AN ENGINE, OUR TEAM OF AUTOMOTIVE SPECIALISTS HAMMERED ITS THROTTLE—ON ROADS AND RACETRACKS ACROSS THE GLOBE. HERE ARE OUR PICKS FOR 2013

BY A.J. BAIME, KEN GROSS AND THE EDITORS OF *PLAYBOY*

Most of the auto world is in high cotton (sorry, Volvo). Whether you're gunning for pure speed, green innovation, new technology or cheap thrills, there's a fine new machine out there for you. In the biz, Chrysler is saving its savior, keeping floundering Fiat from failure. Toyota and Honda are roaring back. Hyundai and Kia are kicking ass. Detroit is dynamite, producing some of the best cars in its history. Gasoline prices (as we go to press) are hovering around $4.50, so though electric cars have continued to improve, they haven't yet sparked a revolution. Porsche, Benz, BMW and Audi still set the standards, while a slim 25 grand will get you a spirited, rear-drive Japanese sports coupe. And then there's all that new exotic metal—McLaren, Ferrari, Jaguar. We drove 'em all hard and put 'em away wet. Here are the best of the best for the new model year.

PRICE
$106,405

Hottest Roadster

MERCEDES-BENZ SL550

STATS

Engine: 4.6-liter twin-turbo V8

Horsepower: 429

Zero to 60: 4.1 seconds

MPG: 16 city, 25 highway

Since the SL's debut in 1956, not every generation has won our hearts. But the latest SL550 is a trim bolide with an all-aluminum body, tons of power and tire-melting torque. The car constantly reminds you how fast and smart it is. Corner at speed and your seat curls to cup you against the g-force. The headrests' Airscarf feature keeps your neck warm, and the "magic sky" hardtop roof changes from clear to dark tint with the touch of a button. And the speed! Hold on to your driver's license. When you purchase an SL, you instantly inherit more than 100 years of Mercedes-Benz development. If you have endless millions, go for the 45th anniversary SL65 AMG version (pictured)—630 horsepower!

Best SUV

LAND ROVER RANGE ROVER

PRICE
$83,500

The best just got better. The fourth-gen Range Rover is completely revamped, with an SUV-first all-aluminum body that saves 700 pounds, its panels bonded (not bolted or welded) like on aircraft. Snow? Mountain roads? Commute? The Rover's computer automatically selects the optimum all-wheel-drive setup so you can put horsepower to the ground. More refinement, a larger interior, an eight-speed automatic. We're out of room: It's the ultimate SUV.

STATS

Engine: five-liter V8

Horsepower: 375

Zero to 60: 6.5 seconds

MPG: 13 city, 18 highway

PRICE
$92,095

Slickest Sport Sedan

BMW M5

The car you see above is highly anticipated. Like the Yankee who fills Derek Jeter's cleats at shortstop, this thing better be good. The M5 is the standard-bearer for asphalt-devouring, full-size sport sedans, a machine that can chariot you to the office in a style worthy of your Yurman watch and then outclass just about anything on the track on Sunday. The all-new M5 fulfills. So much thought went into this automobile, from its uniquely crafted twin-turbo V8 (which looks like some wildly imagined atom splitter) to its highly intuitive nav system (a child could figure it out). Of course the *M* in M5 stands for BMW's legendary motorsport division. You have 560 horsepower, crisp steering, killer braking power, a standard seven-speed paddle shifter and—for a car that weighs well over 4,000 pounds—remarkable agility. The autorati quibbled about how the engine noise gets piped through the stereo speakers. Who the hell cares? The mighty M5 strikes again.

STATS

Engine: 4.4-liter twin-turbo V8

Horsepower: 560

Zero to 60: 3.7 seconds

MPG: 15 city, 22 highway

CHECK OUT THE NEW CADILLAC

BY NOW YOU'VE seen the Cadillac ATS commercials that kicked off during the Olympics, showing former pro racer Derek Hill tearing it up in GM's new $33,095 tire-roasting sport sedan. So, Derek, tell us about it. "It was the ultimate test drive," he says. "We put the ATS through conditions most people don't think about, such as the high crosswinds of Patagonia, daunting switchbacks in the Atlas Mountains, the formidable racetrack at Monaco and a road surface of bumpy rock carved into a cliff in China." And why, we ask? "To display how confident the new ATS is." Beautifully put. We couldn't resist giving the new Caddy a shout-out.

Ace Electric

HONDA FIT EV

PRICE
$37,415
(before rebates)

Leave it to Honda to solve the conundrum of the small electric car. The plug-in, all-electric Fit EV is a curiously stylish little thing. Honda claims an 82-mile combined city-highway-range equivalent. (Its EPA rating is 132 mpge in the city.) A super-quick three-hour 240-volt charging time means you can go from an empty to a full battery faster than you can watch *The Godfather: Part II*. The battery pack under the floor adds a few hundred pounds, but hey, it helps cornering stability. We've driven rivals such as the Mitsubishi MiEV, the Nissan Leaf and the China-sourced CODA (which beats them all with its achievable 125-mile driving range but looks like a 1980s throwback). The Fit still comes up trumps. Limited availability in 2013 may keep it out of your hands for now, but look for it down the road.

STATS

Engine: electric motor

Horsepower: 100

Zero to 60: 8.4 seconds

MPGe: 118 combined city-highway

PRICE
$24,955

PRICE
$26,265

Bang for Buck

SUBARU BRZ, SCION FR-S

Hotter than the Olsen twins! More agile than the Barber brothers! Subaru and Toyota have teamed up to offer a pair of virtually identical sports coupes, saving each company a bundle on development and giving enthusiasts a pair of affordable, stylish rear-drive Japanese GTs. It's like the Dodgers and Giants sharing a catcher. Weird, right? Both cars feature a Subaru four-cylinder, front-mounted amidships for near-perfect weight distribution. Differences in suspension tuning and trim are noticeable. So is the sticker. The Subie is a tad more expensive because its nav system, Bluetooth and upmarket interior are standard. Either way, these are pure fun, like Japanese sports coupes of yore. Flick off stability control and you're in drift heaven. Take your pick; we dig 'em both.

STATS

Engine: two-liter flat four

Horsepower: 200

Zero to 60: 6.4 seconds BRZ; 6.2 seconds FR-S

MPG: 22 city, 30 highway

American Muscle

CAMARO ZL1 VS. SHELBY MUSTANG GT500

The pony car war is the auto industry's answer to the Cold War. For decades Chevy's Camaro and Ford's Mustang have stockpiled horsepower and battled for all-American muscle car supremacy. Both companies released their most extreme examples ever in recent months. Like the Mustang, this Camaro pulls its moniker, ZL1, from a 1960s legend. Like the Mustang, its numbers boggle the mind: 580 horsepower, 556 foot-pounds of torque. What sets them apart from each other? Styling, for one. The Ford is old-school badass. The Chevy looks like the Batmobile out of the next caped-crusader blockbuster. And then there's performance. Both deliver direct injections of adrenaline through your breastplate, but for us, the Camaro offers a slightly more compliant ride in city traffic—with less chance of getting to work with your nerves shredded on the floor mat.

PRICE
$54,995

Ford's most powerful Mustang carries the badge of Carroll Shelby, who died in 2012. Check these numbers: 662 horsepower, 202 mph top speed. As one reviewer put it, "It is...absolutely insane that Ford is setting this car loose on the American public." It turns out, however, this Shelby is drivable, refined even, on city streets. Compared with the Camaro at left, the Shelby feels like more of a hard charger—blistering speed matched with precision cornering. You can break most highway speed limits in first gear. Plus: better gas mileage. For us, this Mustang trumps its Chevy rival. No doubt Mr. Shelby is looking down and smiling.

STATS

Engine: 5.8-liter supercharged V8

Horsepower: 662

Zero to 60: 3.5 seconds

MPG: 15 city, 24 highway

PRICE
$55,250

STATS

Engine: 6.2-liter supercharged V8

Horsepower: 580

Zero to 60: 3.9 seconds

MPG: 14 city, 19 highway

Most Versatile

AUDI ALLROAD

PRICE
$40,495

Hit the trail, the mountains, the boulevard. Audi's new Allroad could probably spirit you across the scarred face of the moon while coddling you in luxury as you tap your thumbs to the 505-watt Bang & Olufsen audio system. The Allroad replaces Audi's A4 Avant wagon with a butch-looking package kitted out with fender flares, aluminum roof rails, optional 19-inch wheels, 1.5 inches more ground clearance and, of course, Quattro all-wheel drive. Enjoy Audi's brilliant Google Earth nav system; a 3G connection gets you instant weather updates through your own Wi-Fi hot spot. The top-shelf interior rivals Mercedes-Benz's to set the industry benchmark. Yes, it's a station wagon—as rare as a rolling watermelon on the streets these days. But it's a looker, and no road is too rough.

STATS

Engine: two-liter turbo I-4

Horsepower: 211

Zero to 60: 6.5 seconds

MPG: 20 city, 27 highway

PRICE
$24,995

Responsible Ride
MAZDASPEED3

In an ideal world, we'd have a garage (and a wallet) big enough for all this machinery. For those in need of a snappy hatchback that's quick on its feet, has room for five and sports a price tag that doesn't read like a long-distance phone number, this ride's for you. Mazda has tossed it all in: 18-inch wheels, 280 foot-pounds of torque, 42.8 cubic feet of hauling space, great braking with ABS and a slick-shifting six-speed. Niceties include a 10-speaker Bose surround-sound audio system. Honorable mention: Ford's new European-developed Focus ST.

STATS

Engine: 2.3-liter turbo I-4

Horsepower: 263

Zero to 60: 6.5 seconds

MPG: 18 city, 25 highway

PRICE
$241,900

Hottest Exotic
MCLAREN MP4-12C

McLaren has taken its decades of Formula One–winning experience to build a racer for the street that's truly the easiest car to drive scary-fast we've ever experienced. It's close to docile in traffic but transforms into an animal on a racetrack. Time to geek out: A strong carbon-fiber tub forms a stiff foundation to support a semi-active hydraulic suspension system, a seven-speed dual-clutch transmission and a low-mid-mounted V8 that performs almost like an electric motor in its smooth power delivery. Bonus: electronic launch control. The car feels like an extension of your mind. You will it to perform, and it responds faster than you thought possible.

STATS

Engine: 3.8-liter twin-turbo V8

Horsepower: 616

Zero to 60: 3.1 seconds

MPG: 15 city, 24 highway

Playboy's Pick

THE ALL-NEW SEVENTH GENERATION

Porsche 911

IMAGINE A GIRLFRIEND who will be whatever you want, whenever you want—sexy, chill, an Olympian who can outpace Usain Bolt—and always exquisite. That's the new seventh-generation 911. Porsche engineers have continued to improve this car since its debut in 1963. The latest has an impossibly sexy figure (two inches longer, two inches wider, a perfectly balanced roofline). But the real key is its remarkable electronic voodoo. In comfort mode, the ride is buttery smooth, the mileage impressive, the leather ultraluxe. All that's missing is a dozen oysters on a bed of ice. Switch drive mode to sport plus, stiffen the suspension, lift the spoiler and open the exhaust (all in seconds with a few buttons), and you have a 179-mph racing car that will take all you can give it. We hammered lap after lap at Autobahn Country Club's twisty track outside Chicago. The 911's lightning-quick PDK transmission crackles like an F1 car's, the tight steering railroads you through corners, and your feet stay planted. Could any other car be more elegant, so racy—and still cost under a hundred grand? Considering its entire oeuvre, the Porsche 911 is the greatest sports car of all time, and its new iteration is PLAYBOY's 2013 Car of the Year.

STATS

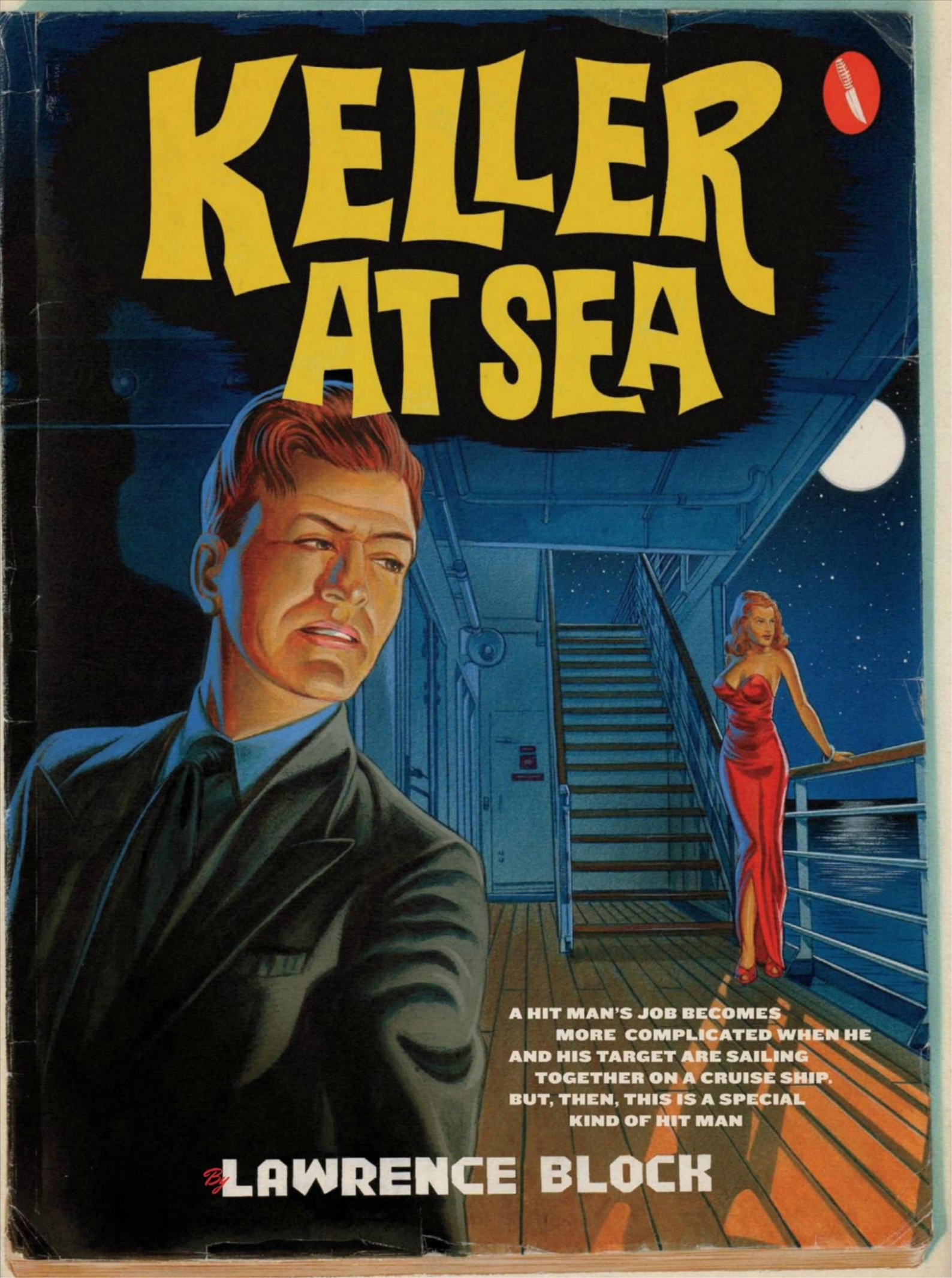
Engine: 3.4-liter flat six

Horsepower: 350

Zero to 60: 4.6 seconds

MPG: 19 city, 27 highway

KELLER AT SEA



A HIT MAN'S JOB BECOMES MORE COMPLICATED WHEN HE AND HIS TARGET ARE SAILING TOGETHER ON A CRUISE SHIP. BUT, THEN, THIS IS A SPECIAL KIND OF HIT MAN

By LAWRENCE BLOCK

Keller and Julia were in the Club Lounge for the bon voyage cocktail party when the *Carefree Nights* set sail for the Bahamas. Members of the staff passed trays of drinks, and Keller picked off a pair of margaritas. He barely touched his and offered it to Julia when she'd finished her own, but one was all she wanted.

She fell into conversation with an older woman from Mobile, and the two of them got caught up in a spirited game of Who Do You Know? That left Keller and the woman's husband to talk about sports or the stock market, say, but the fellow wasn't much of a talker. That was fine with Keller, who was too busy scanning the room to pay much attention to anything else.

He didn't see Michael Anthony Carmody, whose photo was now in Keller's back pocket. Nor did he see any men in suits or indeed anyone built like a football player. Aside from the ship's staff, most of the people in the room looked as though they'd had their AARP cards long enough to forget where they'd put them. Carmody wouldn't stand out in their company, but his entourage would.

After the lifeboat drill, Keller found his way to where they posted cabin assignments. There was no Carmody listed, and Keller wasn't surprised. Didn't the people trying to keep Carmody alive have more than enough clout for that?

He went all the way through the list, and all four sundeck cabins were occupied. None of the names meant anything to him.

At dinner, they shared a table with three other couples. The conversation was mostly of past cruises, and that left him and Julia without much to contribute. It also made their company useful to the others, who were able to tell them which ships they should avoid, which ones they were sure to love and no end of other tips that demanded little more from Keller than a thoughtful nod.

Keller didn't see Carmody anywhere, or anybody who looked young enough to be his daughter or to move Gallagher to cup his hands and say whatever it was he'd said. *Va-va-voom*?

Of course Carmody, like any *Carefree Nights* passenger, had the option of dining in his stateroom. And if his companion was indeed of the *va-va-voom* sort, and if this was a maiden voyage for the two of them, it stood to reason that the man might be reluctant to leave his cabin, at least for the first day or two.

"Oh my," Julia murmured.

Keller saw where she was looking and noted that half the people in the dining room were looking in the same direction. *Va-va-voom!*

"I didn't know it would be like this," Julia said.

"What? The ship? Our cabin?"

They were back in their cabin now and free at last to talk about the strawberry blonde knockout who'd stopped all dining room conversation in its tracks.

She shook her head. "Seeing him ahead of time. That was him, wasn't it? The man playing Mr. December to her Miss May? Except that sweet young thing's barely made it into April. Is statutory rape legal in international waters?"

"I don't think anybody's going to arrest him."

"Still, he's got to be your assignment. Did you get a look at the two hoods keeping the couple company? A table for four, and they all came in together and left together. I'm sure those two were carrying guns."

"The two younger men, you mean."

She gave him a look. "Just tell me I'm not spinning an elaborate story out of thin air. It's him, isn't it?"

"I wasn't going to say anything."

"No, and I wasn't going to try to coax it out of you, because I wasn't sure I wanted to know. Although it might be worse, having to be careful not to get too friendly with any of the women because one of their husbands might be the very man my husband was here to—do I want a euphemism? *To nullify, to take off the board,* what?"

"There's just the two of us here," he pointed out.

"You're right. To kill. Although I'm not sure you're going to have to kill anybody. She'll do it for you."

"Because she's young?"

"Darling, did you look at her? And don't tell me you didn't, because every man on the ship did, even the gay waiter. The woman oozes sex. It drips from her. Didn't you notice?"

Keller woke up when the ship cut its engines. It was 6:30, and he figured that was Nassau he could see through the window. Or were you supposed to call it a porthole?

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK THOMAS

Julia was sleeping. He showered and dressed and went to the dining room, where they were serving a buffet breakfast, with a happy chef on hand to make you whatever sort of omelet you wanted.

Keller sat by himself at a table for two, nodded at the waiter's offer of orange juice, nodded a second time for coffee. He picked out items from the buffet and was agreeing to a second cup of coffee when Carmody's pair of bodyguards showed up. At dinner their suits had given way to blue blazers and Dockers, and this morning they'd come all the way down to floral-patterned short-sleeve shirts. Something in their stance suggested they didn't feel entirely happy with their attire, but Keller wondered if maybe he was imagining that part.

He'd been giving the two some thought. Last night, he'd wondered what he was going to do about them; this morning, in the shower, he'd had them on his mind. They'd make it more difficult to get to Carmody or even to do reconnaissance toward that end. But Carmody had already shown he wasn't going to spend every minute in his stateroom, so Keller figured the opportunity would arise before the ship was back in Port Everglades.

KELLER COULD PROBABLY ARRANGE SOME SORT OF ACCIDENT. BUT WITH THESE TWO AROUND, WOULD IT PASS AS AN ACCIDENT?

He could probably arrange some sort of accident. But with these two around, would it pass as an accident? If they couldn't keep their charge safe, the least they could do was straighten things out after the fact.

Keller got to his feet, set his napkin beside his plate. "I'll be back," he told a passing waiter. "Don't clear the table."

Julia opened her eyes when he let himself into their stateroom. "Forgot something," he said. "Go back to sleep." He rummaged in his bag, found what he was looking for and hurried back to the dining room.

His table was as he'd left it, and the waiter had refilled his coffee cup. More important, Carmody's minders were still at their table. They were in fact built like football players, though a little small for the pros. College, Keller decided, and not the NCAA top tier but one level below it. Appalachian State, University of Delaware—something like that.

What Keller hoped was that they'd have football-player appetites. They were both at the table now, with plates of food. Keller's best chance would have been right after they ordered coffee and headed for the buffet, but he'd needed to get to the cabin first.

Packing for the cruise, Keller had made do with a small bag but had managed to find room for more than his clothes. He knew he wouldn't have access to drugstores or hardware stores or ghetto entrepreneurs, so he'd brought along what he thought he might need. His toilet kit included special pills and powders beside the usual aspirin, and an improvised garrote was wound into a coil and tucked into the toe of a spare shoe.

And he'd packed the HandyMan traveler's tool kit that had belonged to Julia's father. There was a little chrome-plated hammer, handy if he needed to check somebody's patellar reflex, and needle-nose pliers and a belt punch. But there was also a knife blade long enough to be useful.

He sipped his coffee and set about watching the two men without being obvious about it. A waiter approached, filled their cups. The running back took a sip, put his cup down and got to his feet. He picked up his plate, and evidently the tight end reminded him you were supposed to use a clean plate, because he returned his plate to the table and headed for the buffet. The tight end stayed seated and had a sip of coffee.

Come on, Keller urged him silently. *The bacon's crisp, the sausages are tangy. Let the guy make you an omelet.*

For a moment Keller thought his message had gotten through, *(continued on page 162)*

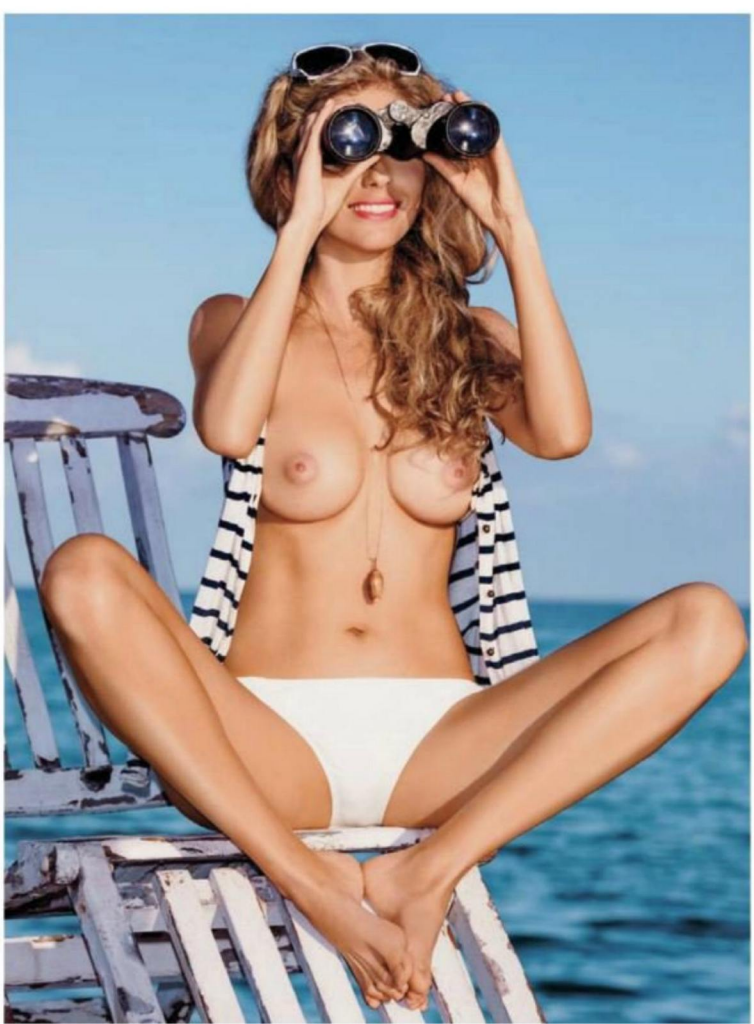
"He was anxious to meet the roommate I share everything with."

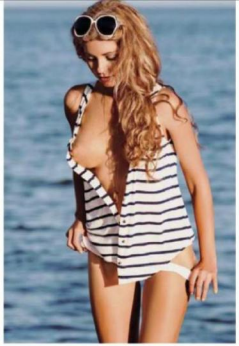
CATCH OF THE DAY

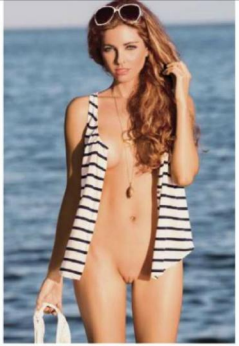
GRAB YOUR ROD AND REEL AND CLIMB ABOARD. FALLING FOR MISS FEBRUARY SHAWN DILLON—HOOK, LINE AND SINKER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY KELLY

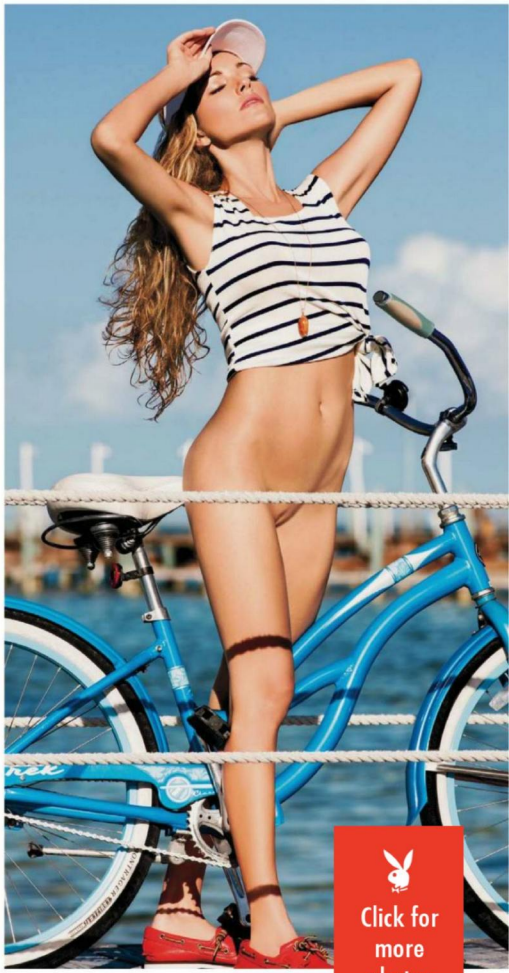
This time of year, the tropical islands beckon—surf, cold beer, beautiful women, adventures on the high seas. For a dynamite first mate with curves like the hull of a racing yacht (as Hemingway would put it), look no further than Miss February Shawn Dillon. "I'm a mermaid who loves being by the water more than anything," says the searingly hot Sarasota native. "It's where I feel happiest and most at peace. It's like heaven to me." It is also where the heaven-sent model and pageant mega-champ (Shawn has won major bikini competitions from Vegas to the Bahamas) gets her rowdy rod and reel on. "I have three brothers, and growing up we were constantly fishing, be it off my aunt and uncle's boat in the Biminis or in the lake in our backyard," she says. "I'm a great fisher. We still have competitions to see who can catch the most or biggest fish." Miss February's most memorable catch? A 44-inch mahimahi, which she reeled in off the Bahamas. Shawn is also a surfer, a certified scuba diver and an avid wakeboarder. She even has subtly placed tattoos of a shark and a scuba diver. Naturally she loved shooting this pictorial, since it took place on a boat in the Florida Keys. "It represents me 100 percent," she says. "When they told me I was going to be shooting down in the Keys, I figured it was perfect. I got to swim around nude all day." Miss February had but one tiny worry, which she sheepishly confided: "Being naked feels completely natural to me, but I kept looking around and thinking, Um, is somebody gonna call the Coast Guard on us?"







See more of Miss February at
playboy.com.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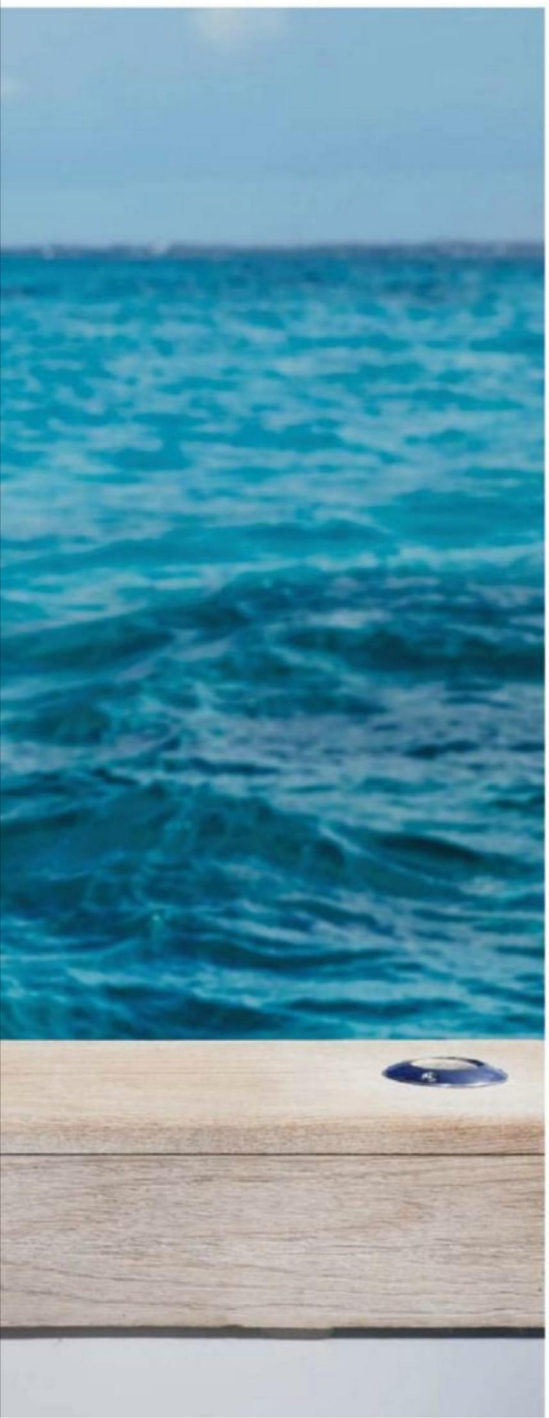
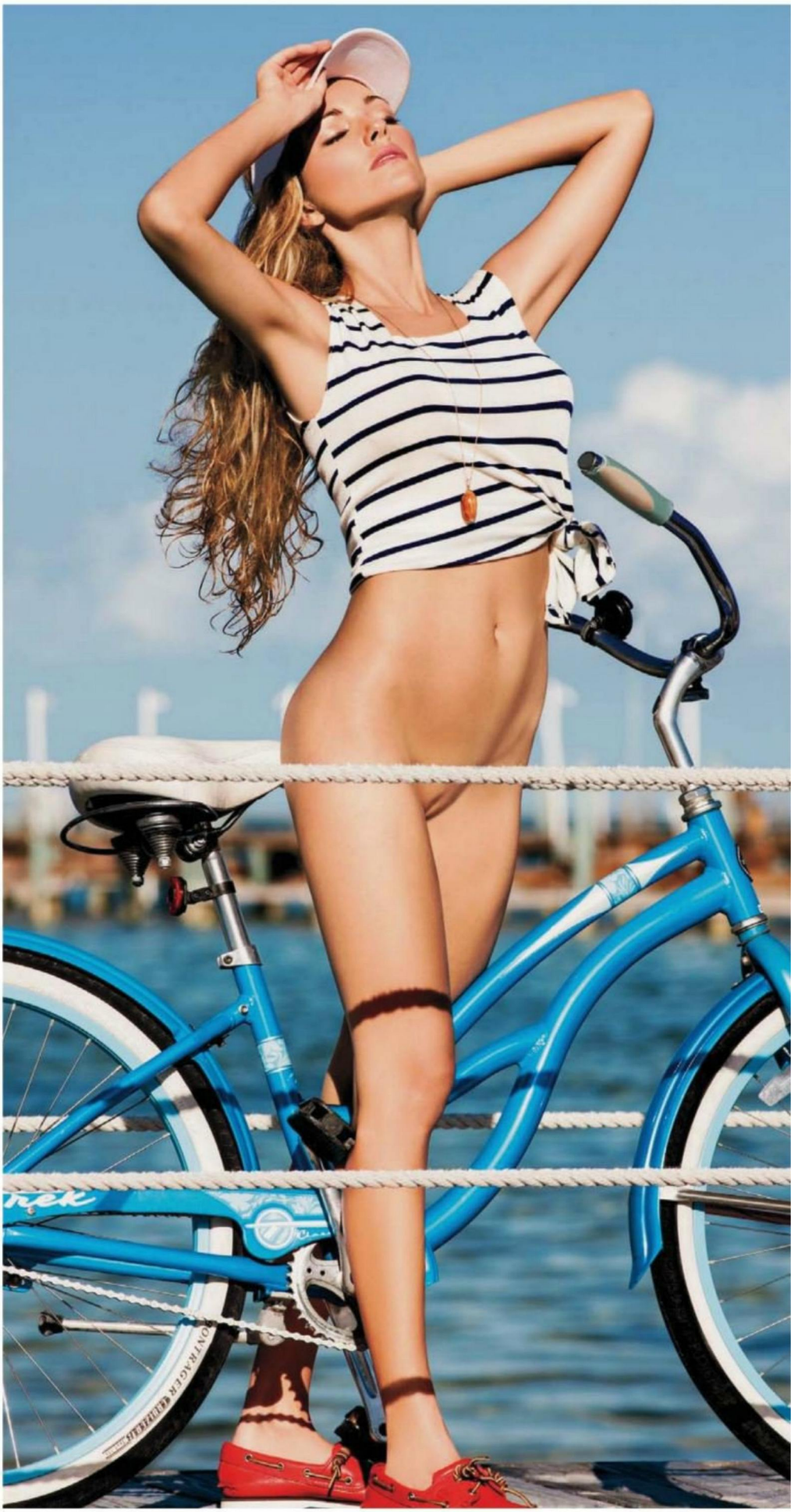




MISS FEBRUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Shawn Dillon

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Shawn Dillon

BUST: 34B WAIST: 25" HIPS: 36"

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 6-7-86 BIRTHPLACE: Sarasota, FL

AMBITIONS: To open a spa and develop my own skin care line. I'd also like to dip my toes into acting and hosting.

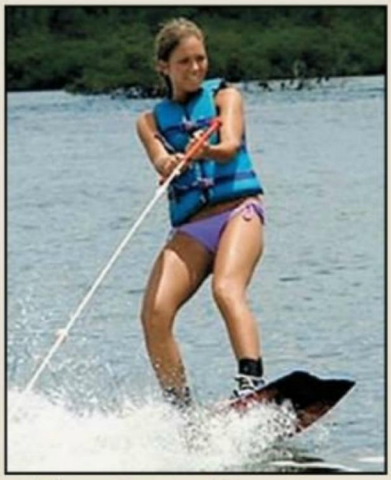
TURN-ONS: Honest, adventurous guys who are passionate about life. A man who makes me feel safe and that everything will be okay.

TURNOFFS: Rude, lazy, arrogant, closed-minded, family- and animal-hating jerks. Yep, that about covers it! :)

MY DEFINITION OF SEXY: A woman who is determined, independent, adores her family and respects and cares for her body and health. I also think smiling is an extremely important part of a woman's sexiness.

MY MUST-HAVE: Music! I'm obsessed with Matisyahu and all reggae. On the flip side, I love the beats and lyrics of Lil Wayne.

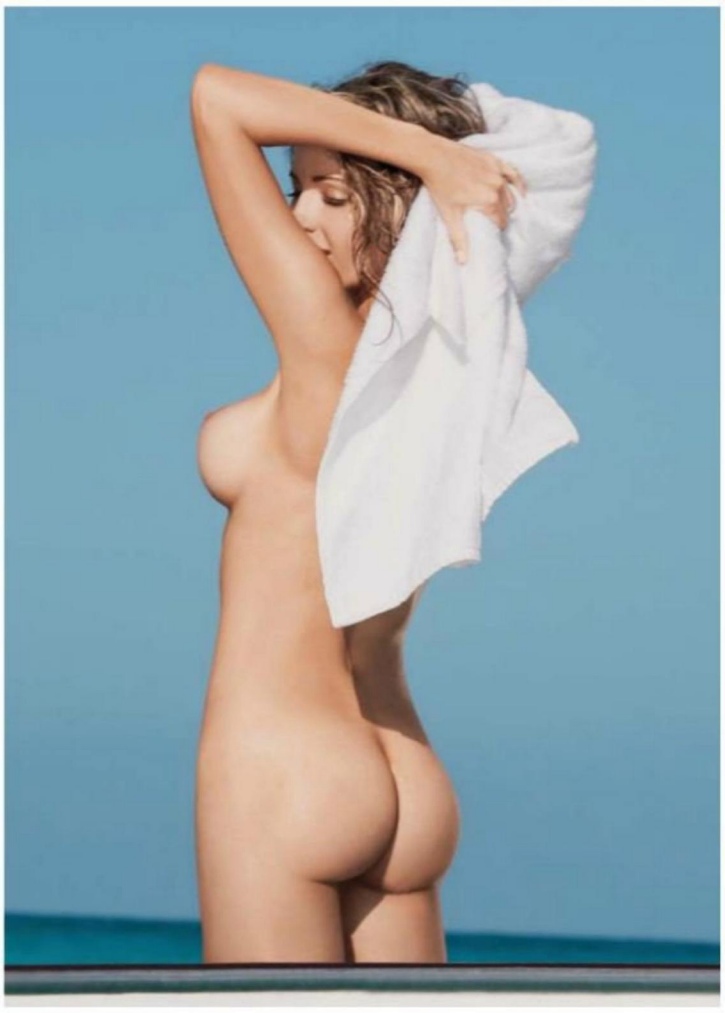
HOW TO BE MY VALENTINE: Take the initiative and plan a night of romance with good food, great wine and LOTS of sweets!



Wakeboarding on Sarasota Bay!

I ♡ animals!

Determined and competitive.



"Now I'll need some accessories. You know—a townhouse, some beachfront property, a ski lodge...."

PLAYBOY'S *Winter Fashion Special*

HAIL TO THE CHEF

The best chefs in America are tastemakers on every level. Here, the COOLEST CULINARY TALENTS in the country wear the latest winter fashions

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2013

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GAVIN BOND

FASHION BY
JENNIFER RYAN JONES

TO BE A GREAT CHEF is no longer simply to be a wizard behind the stoves (though the men in the following pages are certainly that). No, today's top chefs are much more. We're not talking about the cartoonish TV personalities who spend more time judging chef-testants than feeding actual diners. We're talking about the real-deal guys we had to coax out of their working kitchens to pose and reveal the dashing and dapper men they are. Whether dressing sharp or dressing a salad, these chefs inspire on multiple levels: MARCUS SAMUELSSON's Red Rooster has been instrumental in the revitalization of Harlem. (Samuelsson also cooked President Obama's first state dinner.) ERIC RIPERT routinely serves prime ministers and kings at his lauded Manhattan restaurant, Le Bernardin. FRANK CASTRONOVO and FRANK FALCINELLI serve rock stars and regulars at their fine Italian establishments in New York. And DANNY BOWEIN started Mission Chinese Food in San Francisco with the noble decision to donate 75 cents from each entrée sale to feed the homeless. He has since expanded his empire to the East Coast, where he continues the charitable tradition. Thankfully, we are far beyond the moment when chefs became the new rock stars. We're in the era of the chef as culture maker, tastemaker and style icon in the extreme.

STYLING BY MICHAEL FISHER FOR STARWORKS ARTISTS

THE CHEF

Marcus Samuelsson

While still in his 20s, the Ethiopian-born, Swedish-raised chef made a name for himself at the highly regarded Aquavit in New York. In addition to his revolutionary Harlem outpost Red Rooster, he runs restaurants from California to Sweden. His latest book is the memoir *Yes, Chef.*

Corduroy blazer, $1,380, by Etro, available at MrPorter.com. Printed cotton-and-silk-blend shirt, $745, by Gucci, available at MrPorter.com. Trousers, $1,195 (for full suit), by Burberry, available at Bloomingdale's. Scarf, $650, by Pierre-Louis Mascia. Silk pocket square, $55, by Eton. Alligator belt, $450, by J. Press. Cooper Square wingtips, $298, by Cole Haan. Socks, $30, by Nigel Knox.

THE CHEFS

Frank Falcinelli and Frank Castronovo

A.k.a. the Franks, Falcinelli and Castronovo are contemporary Italian American restaurant dreamers. They have not only elevated red-sauce Italian cuisine at their Frankies Spuntinos in Brooklyn and Manhattan but also perfected meat-centric modern at Prime Meats.

Falcinelli: *Blazer, $625, by Billy Reid, available at Bloomingdale's. Linen pocket square, $80, by J. Press. Shirt by 45rpm, 501 jeans by Levi's and shoes by Easton, all Falcinelli's own.*
Castronovo: *Shirt and neckerchief by 45rpm, hat by Bates London, shoes by G.J. Cleverley and vintage vest, all Castronovo's own.*

THE CHEF

Eric Ripert

French-born Ripert is one of the most decorated chefs in America. His restaurant Le Bernardin boasts a 29 Zagat food rating, has three Michelin stars and is on the World's 50 Best Restaurants list. He is host of the TV show *Avec Eric* and author of four cookbooks.

Cotton button-down, French-cuff shirt, $160, by Thomas Pink. Tie, $97, by D.S.Dundee. Geode and diamond cuff links, price on request, by Kimberly McDonald, available at Bergdorf Goodman Men. Watch by Vacheron Constantin, Ripert's own.

THE CHEF

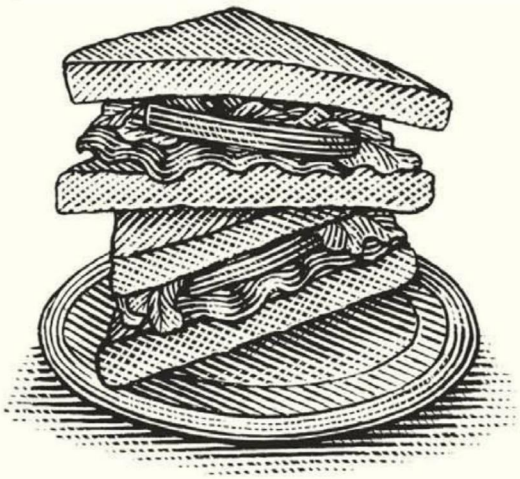
Danny Bowein

Never having been to China, Bowein nonetheless decided to reinterpret Szechuan cooking. With the help of a Kickstarter account, he launched one of San Francisco's most highly regarded upstart start-up restaurants. How cool is he out of the kitchen? So cool that clothing chain Uniqlo used him as a model in an ad campaign.

Denim button-down shirt, $185, by Lucio Castro. Pants, $395, by Z Zegna. Leather belt, $50, by J. Crew. Glasses by Moscot, Bowein's own.

TASTEMAKER TIPS

HOW TO STYLE YOUR CULINARY LIFE LIKE A PRO



CHEF-WORTHY SANDWICHES

BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO BE A CHEF TO PULL THEM OFF

Smoked Salmon Croque Monsieur With Caviar

We layer gruyère, smoked salmon, lemon zest, chives and caviar between thinly sliced brioche and then sauté it in butter on both sides. It's definitely a sandwich that represents our philosophy and culinary style.
—ERIC RIPERT

My Gravlax Sandwich

I take dark pumpernickel bread and a cream cheese spread that has tomatoes and capers in it, and I layer onions, roasted tomatoes and gravlax, and finish it with avocado, lettuce and dill. It's delicious, and it makes for a beautiful presentation.
—MARCUS SAMUELSSON

Beyond Basic BLT

It's my all-time favorite, specifically with bread from San Francisco's Tartine Bakery or the pizza bianca from Sullivan Street Bakery. I also use Benton's smokehouse bacon, sliced lettuce, heirloom tomatoes and Hellmann's mayonnaise.
—FRANK FALCINELLI

PANTRY RAID

WHAT EVERY MAN NEEDS IN HIS CUPBOARD

HERBES DE PROVENCE

I use it on almost everything when I'm at home. It has a **unique flavor,** and I put it on fish, meat and vegetables.—*E.R.*

CHAMPAGNE

Because you never know who's going to **pop by,** always keep some on hand.—*M.S.*

FRANKIES 457 OLIVE OIL

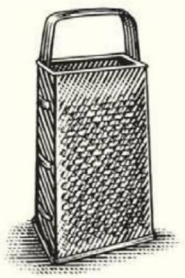
Its **uses are endless:** in salads and sauces and for dipping bread, drizzling over pasta, moisturizing and lubricating.—*F.C. AND F.F.*

THEIR FAVORITE TOOLS

THE SIMPLER THE BETTER

Cast-Iron Pan

I have a cast-iron pan that's been handed down **from generation to generation.** Because you never wash it, it has decades of wonderful flavor and memories.—*M.S.*



Box Grater

I have a bread box and a cheese grater that **my great-grandfather made** back in the early 1900s. They both work as well today as they did back then.—*F.C.*

Mixing Spoon

The favorite tool in my kitchen is a mixing spoon from **El Bulli, Ferran Adrià's famous restaurant** that closed two years ago.—*D.B.*

BOOK A TABLE

WHERE TO TASTE THE WORK OF OUR TASTEMAKERS

Red Rooster Harlem

See the new Harlem renaissance in full bloom at Marcus Samuelsson's boisterous restaurant that serves fried yard bird (a.k.a. chicken), blackened catfish, grits and, yes, gravlax. 310 Lenox Avenue, New York City

Mission Chinese Food

Don't let the sign outside deter you (it still says "Lung Shan"). Behind the door is the start-up that jump-started Danny Bowein's career. It's been called Americanized Chinese food. We call it essential. 2234 Mission Street, San Francisco

Le Bernardin

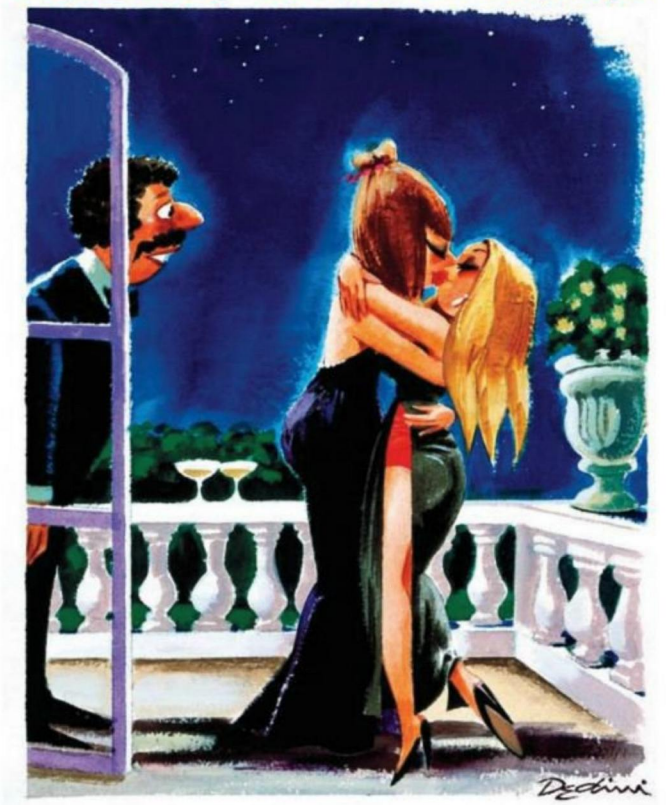
The death of white-tablecloth dining is greatly exaggerated, as proved by Eric Ripert's temple to seafood. Wear a jacket and tie and feast on dishes such as crispy black bass with roasted shishito peppers. 155 West 51st Street, New York City

Prime Meats

The Franks detour from Italy into a carnivorous alpine-meets-new-American fantasy, as evidenced in dishes such as finnan haddie spaetzle and pickle-brined Amish chicken. 465 Court Street, Brooklyn

Illustrations by Steven Noble

In Bed With Dedini



"Priscilla, the orchestra's playing our song."

"God! Your Jackson Pollock always puts me in a frenzy."

"Oh! Excuse me. I thought it was the laundry to go."

"I did her in oil, I did her in bronze, I did her in terra cotta. I also did her in Phoenix, Fresno and Chicago."

"Eureka! I've invented the garter belt!"

"I turn you on. I turn everybody on!"

"Should we come out as a group or singly?"

"Is this something you learned on the crusades?"

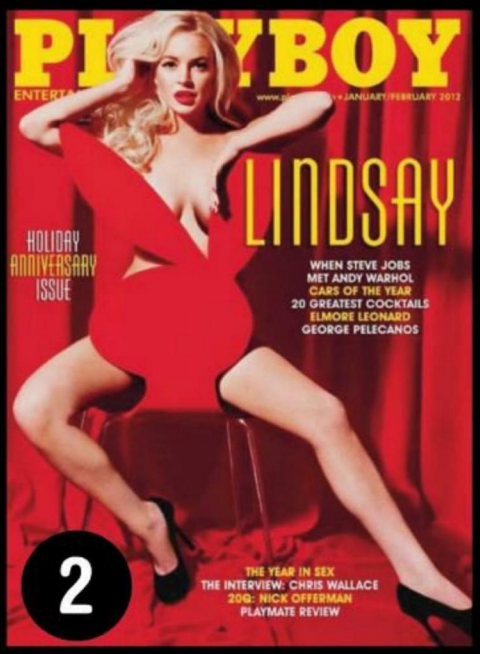
THE YEAR IN SEX

THE 37 WORST BLUNDERS, KINKIEST SCANDALS, HOTTEST WOMEN AND WEIRDEST NEWS

STEPHANIE VOYAS

1

IN PRAISE OF CELL PHONE CAMERAS Which geek decided phones should have cameras—and can we buy him a beer? Hackers apparently stole nude shots from the phone of Heather Morris of *Glee*, which is not cool, so we refuse to look at them a fourth time. Olivia Munn of *Magic Mike* and Christina Hendricks of *Mad Men* were also exposed, though Hendricks will cop only to the shot of a woman pushing her boobs together and not to the headless nude. (Every denial sent amateur detectives scurrying to compare tattoos and skin "dents.") Alison Pill of *The Newsroom* accidentally tweeted a topless shot of herself, and by the time she realized her error—"Ugh. My tech issues have reached new heights"—she had 3,000 new followers per breast.

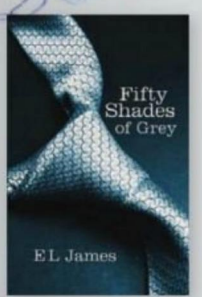


2

LINDSAY ROCKS Portraying her idol Marilyn Monroe paid off for Lohan (and Hef): Our January/February issue with Lohan's tribute broke sales records. In *The Canyons* she co-stars with porn crossover actor James Deen and his large penis.

3

KINKY STUFF E.L. James's kinky bondage trilogy has inexplicably sold more than 40 million copies, leaving us tongue-tied. The lesson of the books' success: Figure out how to turn women on and you will be banking one shade of green.

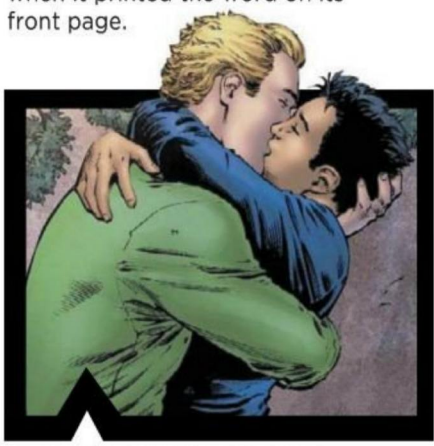


4. GOP FAILS SEX ED Representative Todd Akin, running for the U.S. Senate in Missouri, claimed the female body blocks rapists' sperm, preventing pregnancy. Vice-presidential candidate Paul Ryan called rape just another "method of conception." And Richard Mourdock, running for the U.S. Senate in Indiana, said a pregnancy resulting from rape is God's will. By the voters' will, all three were losers on November 6.

5 **ROYAL BALLS** Prince Harry's security muscle forgot to confiscate the phones of the ladies-in-waiting the spare heir had invited to his suite in Las Vegas. Then, as so often happens at royal events, Harry lost badly at strip billiards. The photos taken of his sister-in-law Kate were equally intimate but snapped from a different zip code. One Italian editor justified the invasion as a way to share "pictures of a modern contemporary duchess," as if Queen Victoria never did the full burn. Meanwhile, Katrina Darling, the celebrated burlesque dancer and second cousin once removed to the future queen, posed happily for our photographer. As you can see, Katrina rules.

KATRINA DARLING The dancer was performing in *God Save the Queen* when news broke of her royal connection.

6. Pussy Riot The Moscow punks got jail time for an anti-Putin song—and *The New York Times* broke the *pussy* barrier when it printed the word on its front page.



7. Green Lantern It's been 72 years. Now he's gay?

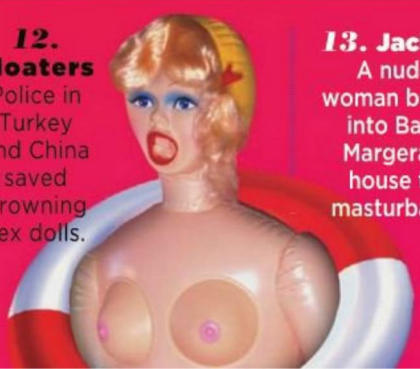
8

HARD TO SWALLOW Right-wing busybodies protested the selection of Seth MacFarlane as Oscars host after his *American Dad* featured an SUV that runs on carbon, oxygen and potassium and is called the Hummie C.O.K. Guzzler.

9. Smoking Hot A Madonna nude sold for $23,750.

***10.* Yes!** "I'm available to work with it anytime." *—Charlize Theron on Michael Fassbender's penis*

***12.* Floaters** Police in Turkey and China saved drowning sex dolls.



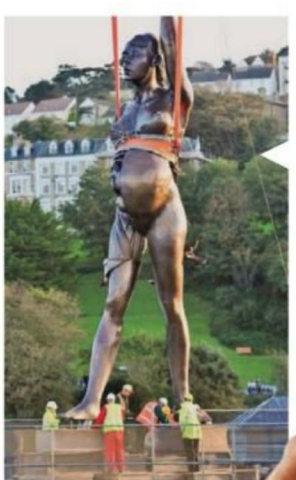
***13.* Jacked** A nude woman broke into Bam Margera's house to masturbate.

14. PIRELLI CALENDAR
Mario Sorrenti got the call, and the result was 12 stunners, including Kate Moss.

18 ***¡AY!***
A former PLAYBOY model hired to assist at a Mexican debate split the vote with her dress.

19 THINGS WE CAN'T UNSEE
Octomom having her first orgasm while making a porn movie, Fred Willard getting busted at an adult theater (his next film is titled *The Yank*) and Hulk Hogan winning a nude wrestling match.

15. Tiffany Six
Porn star and junior high teacher—quite the résumé!

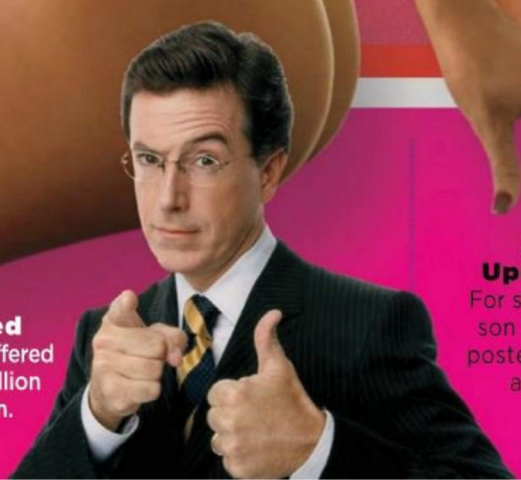


16. "Bump on the Beach."
—Daily Mail on the Damien Hirst art erected on the English coast

17
JENNY MCCARTHY
Goddamn, is that a good-looking woman.

NOW I'M MAD!
Would you rather see a shot from Hulk Hogan's sex tape or this amazing interpretation? We thought so.

STEPHANIE VOVAS



20. Trumped
Stephen Colbert offered the Donald $1 million to tea-bag him.

21. Upended
For some reason this film poster caused a fuss.

22. Bum Deal Gisele bares all—in *Vogue Paris*.

23 PLACES WE GOT NEKKID

It's back to basics around the globe, with buttons and zippers falling away. Clothes are so 10 years ago.

THE 11TH ANNUAL NO PANTS SUBWAY RIDE, NEW YORK
In New York and 58 other cities, 4,000 riders removed their pants before boarding.

NAKED FOLK DANCING, SCOTLAND
Thirty-eight volunteers performed for photographer Alistair Devine.

DIP IN THE NIP, IRELAND
Locals "dare to bare" to aid cancer-research charities.

WORLD NAKED BIKE RIDE DAY 2012, CAPE TOWN
Here and in 69 other cities riders pedaled in the buff as a protest against bad drivers and fossil-fuel dependence.

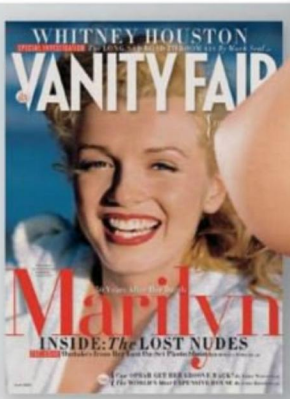
NATIONAL GO TOPLESS DAY, MIAMI
Women in 40 cities demanded freedom for their boobs.

FOURTH ANNUAL NAKED SLEDDING RACE, GERMANY
For safety, lugers (30 last year) were required to wear helmets, shoes and underwear.

24. Entwined Yarn erotica at Benetton in New York City had folks in knots.

25

SECRET SERVICES Agents protecting the president during a trip to Colombia drew heat for their revelries with local party girls, part of a "secret circus" atmosphere within the agency during foreign travel.



26. Familiar Sight These before-seen nudes were "lost" only between the time they appeared in PLAYBOY and when *Vanity Fair* found them.

27

CLAIRE SINCLAIR The 2011 PMOY stars in a new production at the Stratosphere in Las Vegas.

28. Polidicks Note to self: fury, women scorned, etc.

29. Porn Flavors You've gone too far, said Ben & Jerry & lawyer.

30. Naked Again Lena Dunham of *Girls* camped it up at the Emmys.

CLEANING UP Police shut down a car wash in Malaysia that offered a free trip to a brothel after nine washes. (This reenactment is a 10th-wash fantasy.)

STEPHANIE VOYAS

32

SPORTING SEX A website offered $1 million to any woman who can prove she has slept with Tim Tebow; hurdler Lolo Jones, 30, said she too remains a virgin; soccer star Hope Solo said she witnessed "lots of sex" in the Olympic Village.

31

GLOBAL SEX REPORT Bar Love Joule opened in Tokyo, featuring an array of vibrators and bartenders to explain their merits. (Only women and couples are admitted.) In northern Italy, a small-town bar owner became a celebrity after she began to wear revealing clothes—causing wives to forbid their husbands from stopping in for a drink. In Vietnam, authorities fined VietJet Air $960 for staging a three-minute bikini fashion show in the aisle during its first flight to a beach resort. The bureaucrats said the airline should have "registered" the show—and held a few seats!

33

TOYS A robber in Brazil stole a $4,000 gold vibrator but forgot the charger; in the U.S., the pink Carrie B retails for $10,000.

34

"I CAN STILL PUT FIVE BULLETS IN A LITTLE RED CIRCLE."

—DR. RUTH, REVEALING SHE WAS TRAINED AS AN ISRAELI SNIPER

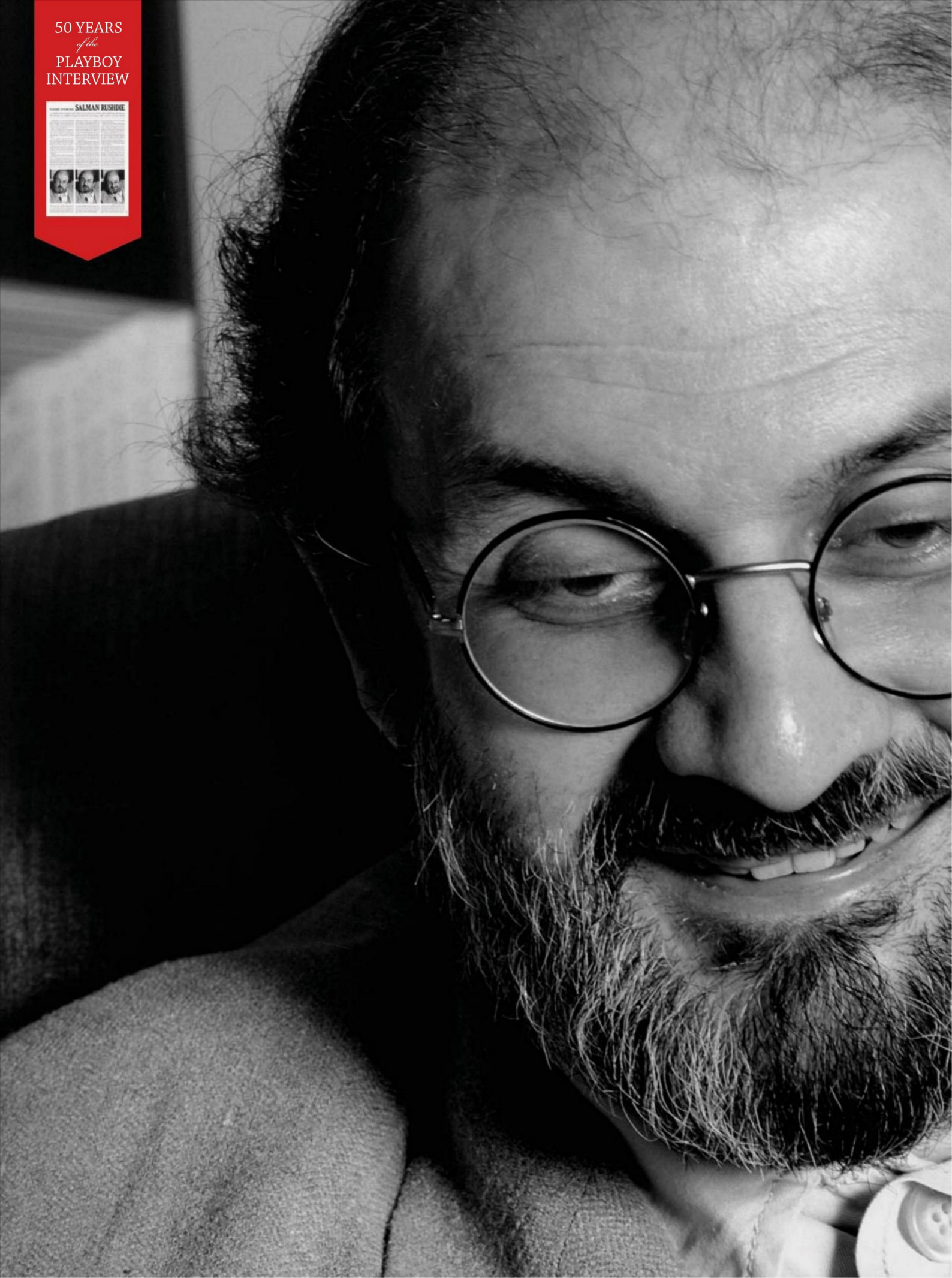
35. Sex to Die For Ke$ha said she fucked a ghost.

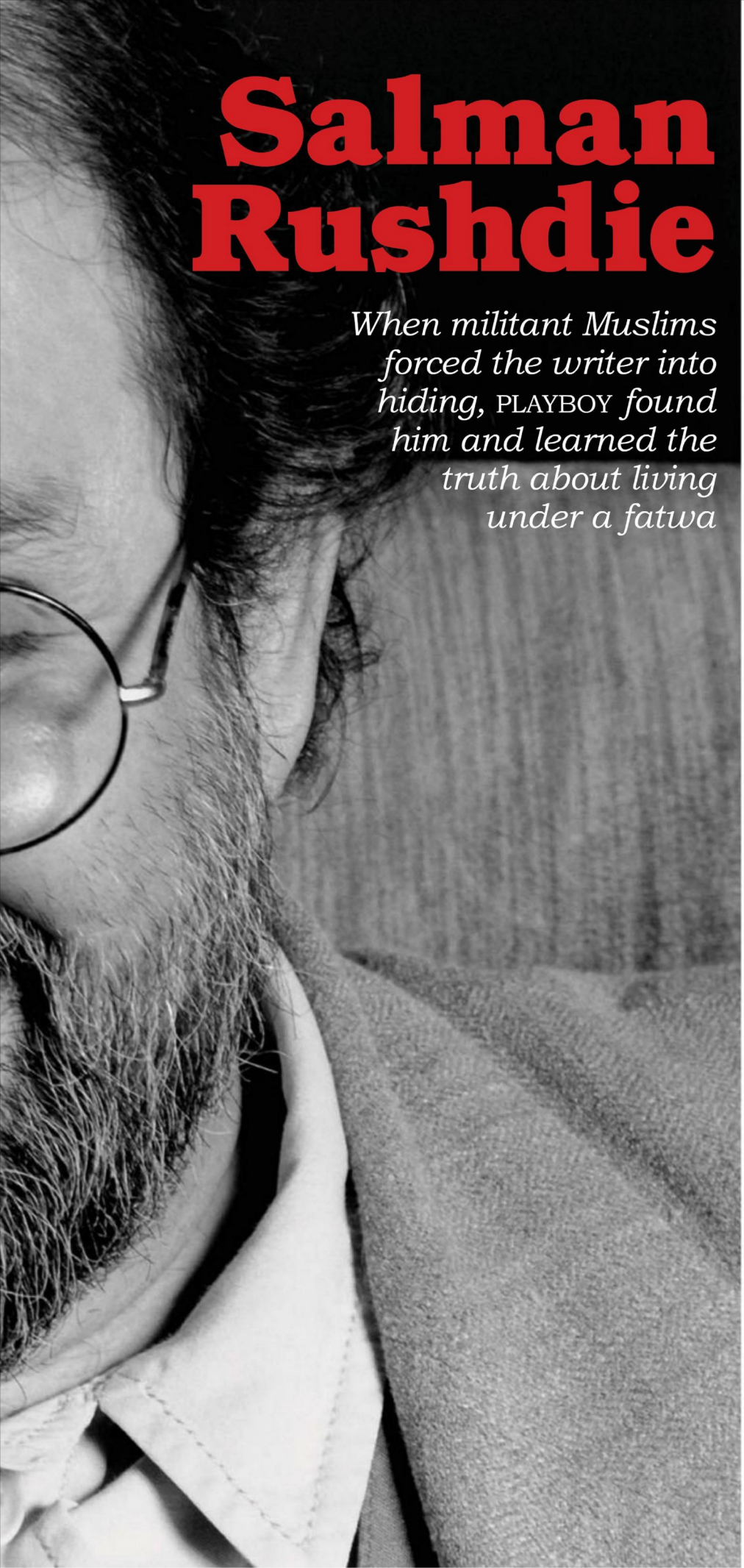
36. Zuma In An artist painted the South African president, dick out.

37. Double *Da* German newspaper: Earth's largest boobs found in... Russia.

50 YEARS
of the
PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW

SALMAN RUSHDIE





Salman Rushdie

When militant Muslims forced the writer into hiding, PLAYBOY *found him and learned the truth about living under a fatwa*

It was like a scene out of an Ian Fleming novel. In London a telephone rang. A special agent from Scotland Yard was calling. "Please be at this address at two P.M. tomorrow," he said. "We presume you will be alone."

The following day our interviewer arrived at the designated place, where he was searched for weapons and then escorted into the safe house where writer Salman Rushdie was in hiding. And our historic interview began.

In 1989 Iran's ruler, Ayatollah Khomeini, had issued a fatwa—a decree—that Rushdie be killed. The sentence was provoked by the author's latest novel, *The Satanic Verses,* in which Rushdie depicts the prophet Mohammed in a way that, according to Khomeini, was blasphemous. The fatwa was no idle threat. In the ensuing years, the book's Japanese translator was killed, and stores that carried the book were firebombed. Rushdie remained in hiding for a decade before the order was lifted.

Along with *The Satanic Verses,* Rushdie, born in Bombay and raised in London, has authored nine novels, two children's books and dozens of essays and other nonfiction. His most venerated novel, *Midnight's Children,* won the 1981 Booker Prize. Since then he has received nearly every major literary award on both sides of the pond. In 2007 he was knighted.

Last year Sir Salman published an autobiography, *Joseph Anton: A Memoir.* "Joseph Anton" was the code name used by Special Services while they were protecting him—and when our interviewer, Contributing Editor **David Sheff,** met him at the secret location in downtown London. Sheff reported in our April 1996 issue, "Despite the cloak-and-dagger routine required to meet him, Rushdie didn't appear the least bit nervous or concerned." Indeed, Rushdie hadn't been silenced by the death sentence. Quite the opposite.

PLAYBOY: How have these years in hiding changed you?

RUSHDIE: When I was younger, I was quite excitable. I waved my arms a lot and talked too much. I was more argumentative. I feel calmer because of a sense of who I am, a sense of what is in my heart. It comes from facing the big stuff—facing the great realities of life and death, and who you are and why you did what you did. You find out what you think about yourself when your innermost core is under attack. The worst moment came in 1990 when I lost who I was.

PLAYBOY: That was the time you announced you had converted to Islam. Had you actually converted, or were you trying to placate those who were threatening your life?

RUSHDIE: Not so much to placate them but to show to the people who viewed me as some kind of terrible enemy that I wasn't one. It mostly had to do with despair and disorientation. I had lost my strength and felt completely bereft. Many of my friends pointed out that it was the

(continued on page 174)

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FORGET GM AND FORD. JAY ROGERS AND HIS LOCAL MOTORS WANT TO BUILD TOMORROW'S CARS TODAY, AND THEY WANT YOU AND EVERYONE ELSE ON THE INTERNET TO HELP THEM.

CROWDSOURCING THE CAR OF THE FUTU

RE

BY NEAL GABLER

From the time John B. Rogers Jr. was a boy he had one large and audacious dream. In the 1940s Rogers's grandfather Ralph Rogers bought the Indian Motorcycle Company and went bust trying to convert the big workhorse cycles into lighter machines that could compete with the Triumph bikes that had entered the American market after the war. Ralph Rogers eventually accrued a new fortune in other industries, but decades later he would lament to his young grandson that the thing he loved best was his old motorcycle company. "It was the thing that got him," Rogers says.

Jay, as everyone calls John Rogers, grew up tinkering with cars; in high school shop he tore down two Porsche 356A engines. It was out of this love and his grandfather's nostalgic rhapsodies that he would hatch his own crazy plan—a plan from which nearly everyone tried to dissuade him: Jay Rogers would start his own automobile company. And

not just his own auto company but a company that made cars that were different from the ones made by the Big Three automakers—GM, Ford and Chrysler—cars with big personalities, cars he hoped would actually polarize consumers, cars they would either love or hate.

Of course Rogers, who is 39 but looks younger, isn't the first dreamer to want to show up the Big Three. There was Preston Tucker with his Tucker Torpedo, Malcolm Bricklin with his gull-winged car, John DeLorean with his low-slung modernist car and, more recently, Elon Musk with his electric Tesla Roadster. Their auto bodies—all but Musk's—are strewn throughout automotive history. But Rogers is different. He doesn't want to build a single model like the others. He wants to build specific cars for local markets all around the world—a Boston car, a New York car, a Parisian car, a Ugandan car, a Malaysian car. Hence the name Local Motors, which was inspired by Local Motion, a surfboard company whose owner roamed from beach to beach, carving custom surfboards. Rogers hopes to have four of these factories up and running in the next five years with an output of 2,000 cars at each factory. He hopes eventually to have 100 factories.

PEOPLE HAVE OCCASIONALLY COMPARED JAY ROGERS TO HENRY FORD. IT'S A COMPARISON THAT MAKES HIM BRISTLE.

Rogers harbors another dream—a dream that is much larger. He doesn't want just to build cars. Jay Rogers wants to reinvent the whole way American companies do business. Although he has sold only 60 cars so far at $75,000 each, he has a theory and a plan for changing business using the internet, and he is sacrificing almost everything he has to realize them. He admits he is so consumed by his vision that he has lost many friends since starting his company and there is friction with his wife because he's almost never home. "She's fairly well

THE RALLY FIGHTER IS AN OFF-ROAD MONSTER THAT'S ALSO STREET LEGAL (TOP). USERS NOT ONLY DESIGN THE CAR, THEY CAN ALSO HELP BUILD IT AT THE PLANT (LEFT). ROGERS SHOWS HIS COMPACT MILITARY SUPPORT VEHICLE TO PRESIDENT OBAMA.

at her wits' end," he confesses. But, he adds, "I have nothing left. I have given my all to this. This is my life."

It may be an odd obsession for someone whose own family seemed to benefit from the old ways of doing business. But Jay Rogers has his reasons.

•

People have occasionally compared Rogers to Henry Ford. It is a comparison that makes him bristle. "Ford was a fad that came for a hundred years and now I believe is going," Rogers says. When Rogers, as a student at Harvard Business School, began to think seriously about starting a car company, he had what he calls a "thunderous moment." It came while he was conducting a fact-finding tour of the Ford truck plant in Dearborn, Michigan, and his guide complained it was the worst time of the year—the changeover period when the plant shut down its entire production line to tool up for the new models, and the workers sat around idle. If the changes were smallish, it could mean a recess of a day. But if the changes were large, the shutdown could last a month. Rogers realized the Big Three could substantially change the way their cars looked only every seven years or so—once the machinery, which cost hundreds of millions of dollars, had been amortized. That's why everything moved so slowly in the auto industry. It took too much money and too much effort to change.

Rogers traced this intransigence to Henry Ford. When Ford, under the guidance of efficiency expert Frederick Taylor, routinized the manufacture of cars, mass-producing them on an assembly line, he not only took the nimbleness out of the process so customers basically got the same cars year after year, he also removed the magic of carmaking and sapped the autoworker of pride in his product. That system could last a long time—and it has—but Rogers believes it is doomed. In the 21st century, when everything is becoming more personalized, people want and need

"Great body and good head. This beer and I have a lot in common."

to love their cars, and the industry needs to be rethought to recapture the romance of cars. Not incidentally, Rogers also thinks it is the best way to sell cars.

Step into Local Motors' "micro-factory" in the desert outside Phoenix, and it doesn't look anything like any other automobile plant. The Dearborn factory Rogers visited covers 600 acres. By contrast, Rogers's plant is the size of a high school gymnasium. The area is pristine, with beige walls and linoleum floors, and the ceiling is supported by columns decorated with greenery in white plastic planters. Soft-rock music wafts through the air, and there is only the faintest hint of the smell of gasoline or oil. There is no factory whistle, just a brass bell that is rung every time Local Motors enjoys a triumph—be it the completion of a car or a bug being worked out on the company's website.

Ford's Dearborn truck plant alone employs 3,200 workers. LM's full crew is roughly 40, though that is largely because the bulk of the work is done by people who aren't employed by the company and because the cars' bodies aren't stamped in steel by massive machines. The chassis are prefabricated tubes, the bodies are fiberglass covered with vinyl wrap, and the entire tooling costs somewhere around $20,000. Ford, GM and Chrysler have huge office towers for their thousands of executives, but at LM everyone—and that means the marketers, the finance staff, the designers and the tech people—shares one long room, with Rogers at the center of a table in a white rubber wingback chair like everyone else's. The employees are different too. They are young, mostly in their 20s, and many of them come to work in black Local Motors T-shirts. And they are a disparate group. The web troubleshooter used to be a professional waterskier, the head of the design program is a Frenchman who once worked at a slaughterhouse, the CIO was pried away from a website he was creating for the recently divorced, and the chief salesman is an off-road racer. Another salesman just left the PGA Tour after 10 years. About the only thing they share is their passion for the company, so much so that at times it is almost like a corporate cult.

The word you hear most frequently at LM is not *cult,* it's *team.* There is no hierarchy; just about everyone reports directly to Rogers, who usually shows up to work in a polo shirt, shorts and an old pair of Asics running shoes. Decisions are almost always arrived at democratically. Every Tuesday morning the entire staff gathers for a "stand-up" to resolve any issues or conflicts, from where a car is parked to leaving the factory space in a mess. The sessions are so informal that anyone from the outside is invited to sit in. Later that afternoon Local Motors conducts a "field day" during which everyone stops work to pitch in and clean the factory. Every second Friday they convene a "sprint" to discuss solutions for website problems—a method Rogers borrowed from software developers. To top it off, nearly everyone has been given a stake in the company.

"THE SOUL OF THIS CAR IS ACTUALLY DOWN AND DIRTY," SAYS ROGERS OF THE RALLY FIGHTER, HIS ONE COMMERCIAL VEHICLE IN PRODUCTION. "IT LOOKS LIKE IT COULD EAT A JEEP CHEROKEE AND BELCH UP A HUMMER," WROTE A CRITIC.

THERE IS NO HIERARCHY; JUST ABOUT EVERYONE REPORTS TO ROGERS, WHO SHOWS UP TO WORK IN A POLO SHIRT AND SHORTS.

But one of the main reasons Rogers wanted to reimagine the automobile company as a more democratic and passionate institution was to reimagine the cars it made. To date, Local Motors has only one commercial vehicle in production—the aptly named Rally Fighter.

Rogers has described it as an earthbound airplane, adding, "The soul of this car is actually down and dirty." It is a fierce, testosterone-fueled beast of a machine, designed primarily for off-road, though it is street legal in all 50 states. One writer said, "It looks like it could eat a Jeep Grand Cherokee for breakfast and belch up a Hummer H3." It certainly wouldn't be out of place in a Batman movie. It is 189 inches long and just over 80 inches wide, has *(continued on page 177)*

PLAYBOY'S

FROM 2012

Playmate Review

TIME TO CAST YOUR VOTE IN THE SEASON'S SECOND-MOST-IMPORTANT ELECTION

If only November's presidential election featured campaign literature as scintillating as what you now hold in your hands. Herewith we present the candidates who will vie for your all-important vote to become the 2013 Playmate of the Year. The winner will bathe in champagne and prize money and add her name to the pantheon of PMOYs going back to the first—Ellen Stratton of Mississippi—in 1960. Who will grab your ballot? Let the debate begin. This year's group of gorgeous girls includes a trio from overseas: Miss March Lisa Seiffert, an Australian fashionista who loves modeling haute couture almost as much as she loves modeling nothing at all; Miss September Alana Campos, a former beauty queen from the beaches of Brazil; and Miss December Amanda Streich, an amazing 19-year-old Polish model who is currently wowing the fashion world in New York. As usual, this year's Playmates include a number of homegrown all-American girls next door, from a pair of magnificent gamers (Miss June Amelia Talon and Miss October Pamela Horton, who hail from Washington state and Kansas, respectively) to the brilliant and beautiful Beth Williams (Miss August, from Ohio). So peruse this campaign literature carefully and cast your vote at playboy.com/PMOY2013.

MISS JANUARY

MISS FEBRUARY

MISS MARCH

MISS APRIL

MISS MAY

MISS JULY

MISS AUGUST

MISS SEPTEMBER

MISS JUNE

MISS NOVEMBER

MISS OCTOBER

MISS DECEMBER

MISS JANUARY

Heather Knox

Ever since the Indianapolis native and rabid Colts fan announced in her pictorial profile that her fantasy football league is called "Show Me Your TDs," life has been a pigskin riot for Heather Knox. "Fans send me messages asking how I feel about outcomes of games. I'm not shy about putting in my two cents," she says. Having represented PLAYBOY everywhere from Las Vegas to New Zealand last year, our football fanatic wants to tackle your vote for PMOY. "I think we need a Midwestern girl," she says, "because we're what I think of when I think Playmate: girls with big hearts who love to make people smile." Her Playmate experience has sent Heather over the moon. "Sometimes I still can't believe it," she says. "It makes my heart melt."

MISS JUNE

Amelia Talon

Persistence has proved to be key for the outrageously hot Amelia Talon. The Washington state native was once "a loner goth kid in a trench coat and black boots," determined to avoid being pigeonholed as a nerd for her gaming passion (a jones she still carries). As a teenager she began modeling. "I tried to become a Playmate starting when I was 18," she says. "It took four years until I became one. Man, I'm so proud of myself for never giving up on that dream." Since appearing in our pages, Amelia "certainly doesn't feel like that dorky girl anymore," she says. Miss June has moved to California to further pursue her modeling dreams, which include a shot at PMOY. "Should I win," she says, "I'd use the title to be active in charities and be the face of something positive and inspiring. I hope I get the chance."

MISS OCTOBER

Pamela Horton

This Kansas native wrote on her Playmate Data Sheet that her ambition was to "work for a well-known video game company as a character designer." Since the October issue landed—featuring Pamela on the cover—she has been inundated with praise from mega-gaming outfits such as *League of Legends* publisher Riot Games. "They flew me out to L.A. for the *LoL* world championship, and I met the art director, who was really enthusiastic about my work," says Pamela. "*LoL* legendary designer Steve 'Guinsoo' Feak saw me there and knew who I was. He said, 'Hey, you're Miss October!' I cried probably three times from happiness." Needless to say, Pamela's tear ducts will get a workout should she win PMOY.

MISS MARCH

Lisa Seiffert

"Being nude is a walk in the park for me," says Australian model Lisa Seiffert. After she proclaimed in our pages, "I'm notorious in the fashion industry for taking my clothes off," Miss March's statement comes as no surprise. What might is that she is in the process of writing children's books. Still, modeling takes precedence, and though she walked runways for years, the PLAYBOY shoot rocked her world. "It's all so iconic and historic," she beams. "Shooting on a Malibu beach for seven days? Heaven." There was, however, a price to pay. "I had quite the tanned little bottom from being butt naked in the sun for a week. But I'd do it again, for sure!"

MISS APRIL

Raquel Pomplun

Raquel was dumbstruck at the Playboy Mansion release party for her issue when Bruno Mars (the star singer with whom she shared the cover) was heard wailing, "Where's my Raquel?" Says Miss April, "I was like, 'You remember me?'" How could Bruno forget? Raquel makes a mighty impression. She's a self-proclaimed math freak, a classical ballerina who shakes her moneymaker with the Playmate Dancers and now a radio talk show personality with co-host and BFF Nikki Leigh ("She's my yin!") on Playboy Radio's *Playmates Present*. To summarize her Miss April 2012 reign, Raquel needs only one word: "Amazing!"

MISS SEPTEMBER

Alana Campos

Miss September hails from the Brazilian island city of Florianópolis, which is so breathtaking it's been called the Island of Magic. Just gaze on this modeling star's enchanting assets, then take in the good vibes she makes it her duty to emanate. Those were instilled by her island's ever-smiling population, she told us last September, adding, "I try to take that happy energy with me wherever I go." Since her issue hit, "people have been so lovely to me," she says in her gorgeous accent. Having never modeled or even sunned herself on her country's topless beaches before, the modest Miss September says, "I've saved that for PLAYBOY." So listen up: The only way to revel in Alana's splendor again is to give her your vote for PMOY.

MISS DECEMBER

Amanda Streich

"Excuse me, but this is a dream, right?" asks Miss December, who vaulted from her native Poland into the New York City modeling world and is now agog at having landed in the pages of PLAYBOY. The 19-year-old stunner looks fit for a reason: She trained as a champion swimmer for a decade. (The breaststroke is her specialty.) The hard work is paying off now that she's a professional model. "Usually I don't recognize myself in photos because of all of the makeup and photoshopping," says Amanda. "But my pictorial looks so natural. I love that it shows the real me." And all of it too. Years ago her swimming coach told her not to be ashamed of her body. "Amanda," she said, "everybody is the same." Well, not exactly the same....

MISS AUGUST

Beth Williams

Playmates are both gorgeous and smart. That was the lesson learned at an event for the Wounded Warrior Project when babe Beth Williams flew in from her ranch in Ohio. "Some of the guys were shy about talking to a Playmate," she says, "until they found out I had three degrees: two bachelor's degrees and a master's degree in health care administration. That seemed to make them more comfortable." An avid chef and gardener, Beth would make a beautiful PMOY. "I'd like to do more charity events," she says, "and work with animal shelters, and definitely do more with the Wounded Warrior Project." She'd also like to pay off those pesky student loans with PMOY prize money. "So," she says, "vote for me!"

MISS JULY

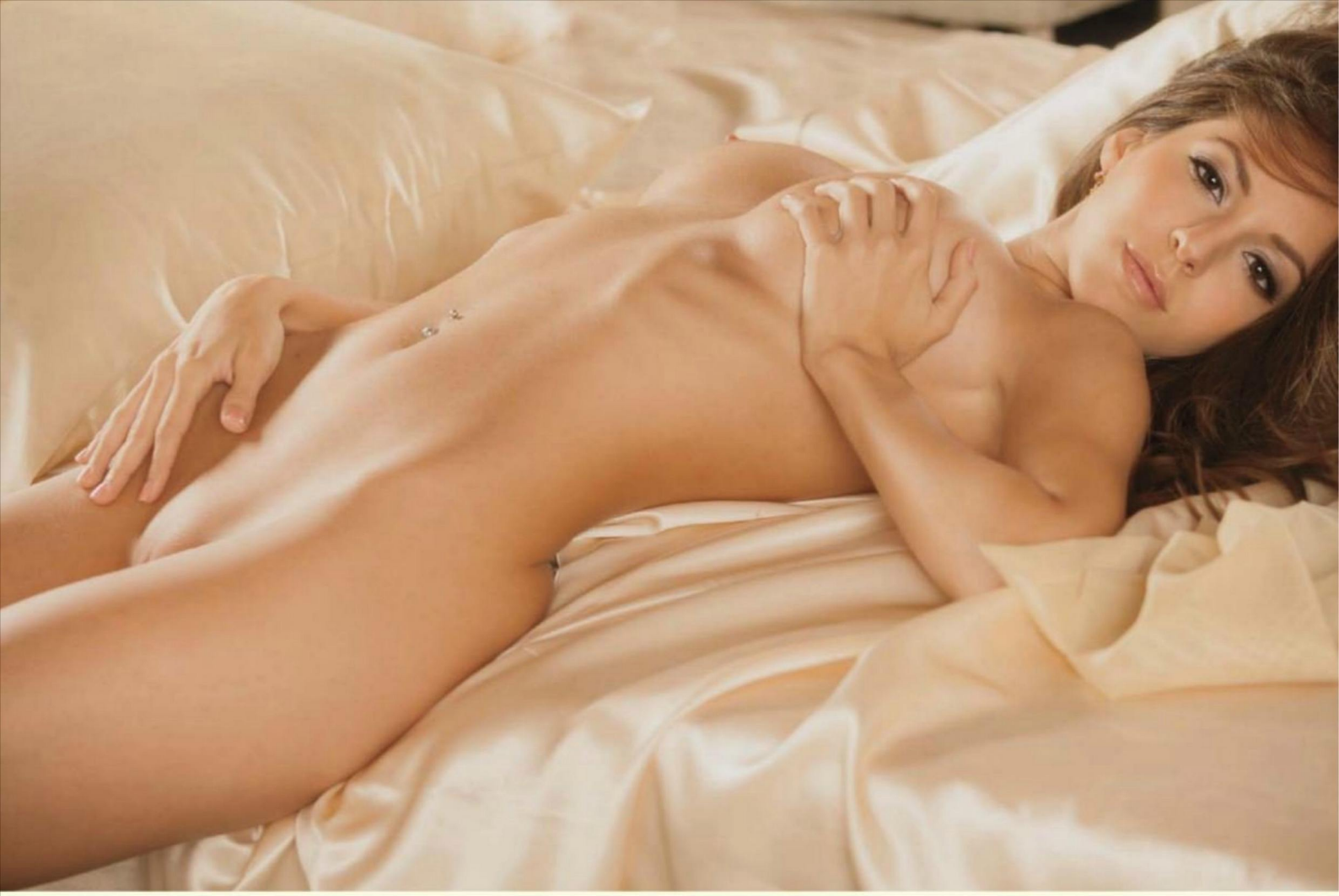
Shelby Chesnes

Since becoming our firecracker Miss July—nicknamed Peanut for her diminutive but bodacious body—Shelby has seen her long-desired modeling career explode. "Being chosen as a Playmate was so huge that I've since worked with tons of photographers I never would have had the opportunity to meet," she says. "I even shot a cover for *Guitar World* magazine with Miss July 2011 Jessa Hinton and Miss October 2011 Amanda Cerny." So it's a big mission accomplished for Shelby, who owns a Florida-based spray-tanning company. "I go into everything with a business mind," she says, "and it's worked—2012 was the best year of my life."

MISS FEBRUARY

Leola Bell

Having first encountered our world through Playboy Golf, Miss February experienced rapture this year by returning to the fairway as a full-fledged Playmate. "To go back and work events like L.A.'s Playboy Golf Final as a Playmate was awesome," the Floridian says. "I'd be like, 'Hey, girls, last year I was where you are. If I can do it, you can do it!'" The daughter of a minister, Leola expressed her nurturing nature by sending care packages filled with Playboy apparel to the troops overseas. "I'd get thank-you notes from soldiers' wives," she says, "which was thrilling." Now that's the kind of beauty that deserves your vote for PMOY.



YOUNG CHANG

MISS NOVEMBER

Britany Nola

"I'm so gung ho for PLAYBOY because elsewhere society sets women up to be completely embarrassed by our bodies," says model, music blogger, actress and gay rights advocate Britany Nola. "For example, movies are utterly violent and no one cares, but show a nipple and it's the end of the world." Although she's just made her film debut in *American Ecstasy,* Britany is still focused on her activism. Determined to educate American teachers about how to counsel both bullies and gay teens, Miss November is revving up a campaign to purchase and disseminate rainbow stickers to gay-friendly teachers. "They can attach them to their doors so when kids need to talk, they can see which teacher is willing to help." A PMOY win would buy a lot of stickers.

MISS MAY

Nikki Leigh

Yes, PMOY voters, Nikki Leigh is on the campaign trail. She graduated with honors in sociology from California State University the same month her pictorial appeared. "That was a crazy month, but I survived," she says. We'll say: She has since become a co-host of Playboy Radio's *Playmates Present* talk show, performed as a Playmate Dancer, traversed the U.S. as a Playboy ambassador and interviewed superstar athletes on the red carpet at the ESPYs. Nikki is certain she has the goods to go the distance. "I love showing people the class and intelligence the magazine stands for," she says. "I hope I'm able to embody all of that properly for PLAYBOY—and make my dream come full circle!"

KELLER

(continued from page 116)

because the man's hands fastened on the arms of his chair as if to brace himself for the hard work of standing up. But the son of a bitch stayed where he was, and all he did with his hands was reach for his coffee.

The running back returned with a plate piled high with enough food for both of them, and evidently the tight end thought it looked pretty good, because he was moving his hands again to the arms of his chair. This time he got to his feet, plate in hand, and it was the running back's turn to remind him about the fresh-plate requirement, and the tight end gave a laugh and put his plate back on the table.

Well, maybe they weren't terribly bright. Keller found that a hopeful sign.

Keller took the little vial of pills from his pocket, uncapped the lid, shook two white tablets into his palm. Anyone watching would have seen him pop them into his mouth and chase them with water, but in fact the pills remained in his hand.

The ship had drawn up at the dock, and at nine its passengers would be able to disembark and spend the morning in Nassau. Keller's plan would work better, he knew, if they were in open waters with a lively sea under them. That would add verisimilitude, but at the same time it would add a degree of difficulty to his own moves.

Still, this was his chance, and he took it.

He walked toward the table where the running back was plying his fork with enthusiasm. The deck was firm underfoot, no surprise, given that the *Carefree Nights* lay at anchor, but Keller managed to teeter a bit as he walked, as if he might have equilibrium problems even on dry land.

He made sure not to overdo it, aiming for a diagnosis of *unsteady on his pins,* but when he reached their table he contrived to lose his balance big-time, lurching into the running back's chair and grabbing the man's shoulder for support.

While the fellow reacted, Keller reached with his left hand and dropped one of the pills in the man's coffee.

"Jesus! You all right, fellow? Here, let me give you a hand."

"Sorry, sorry. I was fine when the ship was rocking and rolling, and now I can't—oops!"

And one more hardy lurch, this time into the now-standing running back, who had to work to keep his own balance. But somehow both men stayed on their feet, even as somehow the second pill found its way into the other coffee cup.

Apologies from Keller, assurances from the running back. And then Keller was on his way back, passing his own table and giving here a lurch and there a lurch until he had made his stumbling way out of the dining room altogether.

•

They were heading back to the ship when they heard the siren. It was loud and of a type familiar to Keller from films set in Europe. An ambulance roared past them.

They had lunch on the ship and shared a table with two women, both retired schoolteachers from Crawfordsville, Indiana, along with a stockbroker and his wife who had retired to Florida from North or South Dakota, Keller wasn't sure which. The ambulance and its mission gave the six of them something to talk about.

"I don't believe I met either of the two men," one schoolteacher said. "If I've got the names right, one was a Mr. Westin and the other was a Mr. Smith."

"Should have been Smith and Wesson," the stockbroker said. "Way I heard it, after they took them to the hospital, the attendants packed up their bags and found a small arsenal there. A couple of guns, anyway, and ammunition to fit them."

"My goodness. On a cruise?"

"Oh, men and their guns," the second teacher said. She was taller and bulkier than her companion and built not unlike a tight end herself, or maybe a linebacker. "I understand there are men who feel naked without their guns. But here we are having lunch and not knowing what they ate that made them so ill."

"Nothing they ate," the broker said. "It was an allergic reaction to some sort of drug. Analeptic shock, I think they call it."

"Anaphylactic," the first teacher said.

"Guns and drugs," the broker's wife said. "And it makes you wonder, doesn't it? Two men traveling together and sharing a cabin."

Her husband asked her what that was supposed to mean. She said it was something to take into account.

In their own cabin, Julia said, "I'm still trying to figure it out. Was she suggesting they're gay? And what would that have to do with them both getting sick at the same time?"

Keller shrugged. "Beats me. AIDS, maybe?"

"I suppose. 'Two men sharing a cabin.' I don't know if you saw the look she got when she said that, but the schoolmarms didn't appreciate the implication. Given that they're two *women* sharing a cabin."

"And they're annoyed because they're lesbians?"

"Or they're not lesbians, and that's why they're annoyed. At the implication."

"The world's a complicated place," Keller said.

•

The deck chair gave Keller a good view of the four staterooms, one of which housed Carmody and his strawberry blonde. He set about the business of anointing himself with suntan lotion. It boasted a high SPF number, and he found himself wondering if there was any point to the whole process. Wouldn't it be simpler to stay in your cabin?

Earlier, Keller had checked the listings and found that Mr. Aldredge Smith and Mr. John Westin had occupied a cabin one flight below. That was unfortunate, because if their removal to a hospital had left a sundeck stateroom vacant, Keller might have used it as a base of operations.

Keller hadn't thought to pack a bathing suit, but the shipboard shop had been happy to sell him one. The sun felt good, and the ship had set sail shortly after lunch. All he had to do was lie there and relax and keep his eyes open.

The third requirement turned out to be impossible. *Your eyes are closed,* he realized at one point and told himself he'd have to do something about it, but by then it was too late.

He came to abruptly. There was no sudden noise, and no one jostled his chair or walked past it to block the sun. He wondered later if it might have been an unconscious awareness of her presence that did it, because when he opened his eyes there she was, not 10 yards away, Ms. Va-va-voom herself, sitting on a deck chair of her own, applying suntan oil to those portions of her anatomy not covered by the scarlet bikini.

Which was to say almost all of her.

She took her time oiling her golden-brown skin, and it seemed to Keller she was caressing herself. He didn't want to stare at her but seemed incapable of averting his eyes, and the next thing he knew she was looking right at him.

He looked away, but it was as if he could see her no matter where his eyes were turned. He looked her way again, and she was still gazing at him.

Then she swung her legs up onto the chair and lowered the back into a horizontal position. Keller watched as she put her hands behind her back, uncoupled the bikini top and removed it altogether.

She couldn't have exposed her breasts to him for more than a couple of seconds, but they were longer seconds than most. Then she was lying facedown on the chair.

Had anyone else seen what Keller had seen? He saw no one who gave any evidence of having witnessed the performance. Had it been for his benefit? Or had he merely chanced to be present when a free-spirited creature displayed her charms without thinking twice about it?

Her head was turned to one side, resting on her arm and facing toward Keller. Her eyes were closed. And she was smiling.

•

Go back to his cabin? Go to the bar for a drink or the lounge for a cup of coffee? Find his way to the library and pick out something to read?

Keller closed his eyes to give the matter some thought, and once again the combination of sun and waves carried him off. He didn't doze for long, but when he opened his eyes he saw that the girl had changed position. She was lying

"My folks had the right idea for New Year's Eve—avoid the crowds, stay home and go to bed early."

on her back now and was once again wearing the bikini top.

And she was no longer alone. On the lounge chair just beyond hers, wearing Bermuda shorts and a loose-fitting shirt, sat Carmody himself.

The contrast between the two of them was far greater beneath the sun. Earlier he'd looked old enough to be her father or perhaps her father's older brother; now you'd be more apt to cast him as her dead grandfather.

She was lying down. Carmody's chair was in what the airlines call the full upright position, and he sat there looking like a man waiting for his number to be called. Then, after a few moments, he rested a hand on his companion's shoulder. Keller thought that was a tender gesture until the hand moved lower and slipped inside a cup of the bikini halter.

Keller looked away, willing the old goat to keep his hands to himself, and when he looked their way again it was as if his wish had been Carmody's command. Both the man's hands were now resting on the arms of his own chair.

Carmody was saying something.

"Carina? You don't want to get too much sun, honey."

"Feels so good," she replied so softly that Keller could barely make out the words.

"I can think of something else that'll feel good. Time to go inside, Carina."

"Give me a few more minutes, Mickey. You go. I'll be there by the time you're out of the shower."

"You and the sun," Carmody said.

"Makes me warm. You like me warm, don't you, Mickey?"

The man answered by leaning over to cop another feel, and Carina contrived to show her appreciation by squirming a little on the chair. Then Carmody slipped his feet into his flip-flops and stood up.

Keller gave him a head start. He got to his feet, and out of the corner of his eye he thought he saw Carina glancing at him. He didn't turn to check but took off in Carmody's wake.

He followed the man over to the four cabins. Carmody led him to one of two on the far side, so if he'd stayed where he was he'd have been able only to halve the possibilities from four to two, but now he was half a dozen steps behind the man by the time he'd used his key card to let himself into 501.

The door closed, and Keller moved in front of it. If he knocked, Carmody would open the door. And once he did, he was there to be taken.

Keller's swimsuit had a pocket, but all it held was his own key card. All he had were his two hands, but if he needed more than that to cope with Michael Carmody he was in the wrong business.

How soon would the girl come back? Could he dispatch Carmody in time to be out of the room before she made her appearance? If not, well, that would be bad luck all around and especially for her. Keller preferred to avoid that sort of situation, but sometimes you couldn't.

He knocked on the door, listened for footsteps.

And didn't hear any. No, of course not, the son of a bitch was taking his shower. He wouldn't be able to hear Keller knocking, or if he did he wouldn't feel the need to cut short his shower to go see who it was.

Knock again? He was about to, but now there was someone in view, a maid pushing a cart. And when she passed there would be somebody else, and sooner or later the girl would show up, and Keller would have to wait for a better time.

Mickey, he thought. Mickey and Carina.

Well, the afternoon hadn't been a total loss. He now knew which cabin they occupied.

•

At dinner that night, Keller waited until he'd finished his main course, a nice piece of fish that had been swimming not too many hours earlier.

He put his fork down, patted his pockets, said, "Hell," and got to his feet. "Something I forgot," he said. "I'm not interested in dessert, so please go ahead without me. I'll join y'all for coffee if I get done in time."

He was breathing hard when he reached the sundeck but caught his breath by the time he was slipping a purloined key card into the door of the Carmody stateroom. The lock turned and he was inside.

The maids serviced cabins during dinner. The sundeck staterooms were essentially two-room suites, and Keller moved around the place looking at things. It put him in position for an ambush, but that would work only if Carmody turned up alone.

But there was at least as good a chance they'd return together, and then what did Keller do? He'd have the advantage of surprise, and he was a skilled professional up against two amateurs. He was confident in his ability to take out both of them and could probably do so before either one made enough noise to attract attention.

If he was alone, that was how he'd want to do it. The girl was collateral damage. It was safer to do two for the price of one, and while Carina was a good example of what Mother Nature could do when inspired, she was unlikely to find a cure for cancer. She'd assumed a certain risk when she agreed to share a cabin with a man like Carmody. Killing her would bother Keller for a while, but he knew how to deal with that sort of thing, and he'd get over it.

That's if he was alone. But he wasn't; he had Julia along, and it was hard to know how Julia would take one death, let alone two. She knew his assignments occasionally included women, but this was a woman she'd seen up close, and that made it different.

Well, maybe both he and Carina would be lucky this time and Carmody would come back by himself. But then what? Carina would return and find the body, and just how much of a flap that raised would depend on whether or not he could make it look like natural causes. If not there'd be cops onboard the next time they made port, and he could probably handle the questioning until he had a chance to get off the ship and disappear. But once again, damn it, he had Julia along.

His mind kept working, trying to find a way, and then he stopped pacing and froze in his tracks. There was a key in the lock. So soon? How could they be done with dinner already?

He braced himself. Let it be Carmody, he thought, and the door flew open.

It was Carina.

His hands were out in front of him, ready to stifle her cries of alarm. But there were no cries, nor did she seem at all alarmed.

"Thank God!" she said.

Huh?

"Did I catch you at a bad time?"

"The way you look at me," she said, moving closer, kicking the door shut. "And I know you saw the looks I gave you in return. But you have not approached me, and I saw you leave the dining room, and I thought maybe he's going to my cabin, and I made some excuse and——"

She really was quite beautiful.

"But there's no time," she said. "Not now, he'll be here any minute. Oh, I want to be alone with you! What shall we do?"

"Uh...."

"Later tonight," she said. "One o'clock. No, 1:30; he'll definitely be asleep by then. I'll meet you on deck two out on the afterdeck."

"Uh, port or starboard?"

"All the way at the back," she said. "Behind the library. At the rail, at 1:30. Can you be there? Oh God, there's no time, but kiss me. You have to kiss me."

And she pressed her mouth to his.

•

"I don't get it," he told Julia. "I wonder what she wants."

"Your fair white body, if I had to guess."

"Not unless she thinks I'm a Hollywood casting director," he said. "And it's just as well I'm not, because she wouldn't get the part. She's not that good an actress."

"It was an act?"

"'Oh, I want to be alone with you! What shall we do?' Yes, I'd say it was an act."

"I don't know," she said. "I frequently want to be alone with you. *What shall we do?* I ask myself that all the time."

"You usually come up with something."

•

When Keller left their cabin, it was a little after one and most of the ship's passengers had retired for the night. There were still holdouts in the bars and lounges, making up in volume what they'd lost in number, and a few passengers hung around on deck.

He got to the spot designated for their rendezvous 10 minutes ahead of schedule and found a vantage point where he could observe Carina's approach and assure himself that she didn't have anyone trailing her. He'd changed to dark clothing and found a dark spot to lurk.

One-thirty came and went. Keller stayed where he was, half hoping she'd stand him up. But then, seven minutes late by his watch, she hurried by without seeing him, positioned herself at the rail and looked around in what looked like genuine concern.

"Right here," Keller said softly and came out where she could see him.

"Oh thank God. I thought that you weren't coming or that you came and left when I was not here. I had to wait until he was sleeping. But come here, come kiss me."

She moved toward him, stopped when he held up a hand. "No kisses," he said. "You've got an agenda, and I want to know what it is."

"Agenda?"

"Tell me what you want."

"The same thing you want," she said. "I saw you looking at me."

"Lots of men were looking at you."

"Yes, and women too. But there was something about the way you looked at me." She frowned, the original act shelved for now. "You don't want to fuck me?"

"You're a very attractive young woman," he said, "but I'm married, and no, I don't want to have sex with you."

She said something in a language he didn't recognize, frowned again, then looked up to meet his eyes as recognition dawned in hers. "Then what were you doing in my cabin?"

His hands were at his sides, and he raised them to waist level. There was no one around, and all he had to do was break her neck and fling her overboard. If she managed to cry out first, it might pass for a scream she'd uttered on the way down.

"Maybe we want the same thing," she said.

Oh? "Tell me what you want."

"What do I want?" She said the foreign word again. "What do you think I want? I want you to kill my husband."

•

In the morning he told Julia what had happened. "Apparently they're married," he said. "That's why it took as long as it did for them to get to the ship Saturday afternoon. They went through a quickie wedding ceremony first."

"Why? To make the cruise line happy?"

He shook his head. "Not the cruise line. The Witness Protection Program. After he testifies, they'll set him up in some town somewhere out West, but the only way she can be part of the deal is if she's his wife. And I guess he didn't think the local talent in East Frogskin would be up to his standards, so he proposed."

"How romantic. But why did she go along? And why change her mind and want him dead?"

"Two questions with one answer."

"Money?"

He nodded. "He's got a lot of money, or at least she thinks he does. And she's living the life we figured, going on dates and getting presents, and the life's not that great and neither are the presents, and these are her peak years."

"She's got a lot of her youth left."

"But she can see what's coming. And here's this rich guy who wants to marry her."

"But that means living in, what did you call it? East Frogskin? And that's more than she signed on for?"

"Actually," he said, "I think it's what she signed on for, but that was before she had a chance to think it through."

"And now she wants to tear up the contract. Can't she divorce him? Get an annulment? But she wants the money."

"She also would like him to be dead."

"Oh, it's personal?"

"He takes a lot of Viagra," he said, "and he has certain preferences in bed that she doesn't care for."

"Like what?"

"She didn't get specific."

"What a tease. I bet I can guess, and I'd like to sit her down and explain that once you get used to it it's actually quite enjoyable. Are you blushing?"

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"No. It's not just what he likes to do, it's apparently that now that they're married she finds everything about him objectionable."

"And if he dies she's a rich widow."

"She was pitching one of the minders, the shorter of the two."

"The running back."

"Right. I guess he didn't push her away when she made her move."

"I guess he didn't have a wife along."

"I don't know if he was stringing her along or if she'd even made her pitch about how they could be together forever if only something happened to her husband. I can't think he'd have actually followed through with it. But when he and the tight end went off in the ambulance, her whole plan fell apart."

"And that's when she started giving you the eye."

"Along with a peek at what she had under her bikini top."

"And she thought it worked, because there you were waiting for her in her cabin. And when she found out she was wrong, she just went and made another plan. Except it's the same plan, isn't it? But with a different prize instead of her body. What's she offering? It would almost have to be money."

"An unspecified amount, payable after the estate's settled."

"Lord, who wouldn't rush to commit murder for terms like that?"

"She's given up the idea that I'm blinded by lust, but she evidently still thinks I'm pretty stupid. The first thing I explained was that we couldn't see each other again. I told her what we'd do for now was nothing at all, not until the last night of the cruise."

"So that we'll be off the ship by the time they find him."

"And so will everybody else. She'll be unable to rouse him, and they'll haul him off to a Fort Lauderdale hospital and pronounce him dead, and once the estate clears probate I'll get my very generous payment from an extremely grateful widow."

"So what's the next step?"

"Breakfast," he said. "I'm starving."

"I mean——"

"I know what you mean. There's no next step until the night before we dock in Fort Lauderdale. All you and I have to do between now and then is enjoy the cruise."

"My God," she said. "What a concept."

•

The fish on the menu that last night was marlin, lightly grilled and served with a brown butter sauce, but Keller asked for the filet mignon, medium rare. When you ordered fish, the waiter gave you an oddly shaped fish knife. No one ever seemed to use it, and Keller figured any piece of fish he couldn't cut with the side of his fork was one he didn't much want to eat. When you ordered steak, they brought you a steak knife.

At 1:30 Keller scanned the sundeck. All was quiet, and he couldn't see anyone around. At dinner they'd requested that all bags be placed out in the corridor by three A.M. so crew members could collect them prior to departure.

Keller positioned himself in front of stateroom 501. Several pieces of luggage were on the deck to his right.

He knocked. Carina opened it at once, wearing a pale yellow nightgown to which he supposed the word *diaphanous* might apply. She made do with stating the obvious: "You're here."

He was, and so was Carmody, stretched out on the bed on his back, naked to the world but for a pair of boxer shorts and an arresting amount of body hair. The man's mouth was hanging open and he was breathing slowly and heavily through it.

"I put the powder in his nightcap," she said. "He drank it."

No kidding, Keller thought.

"He wanted to fuck me," she said, "but he passed out instead. You know where I can get some more of that powder?"

Keller had obtained it by crushing two capsules, collecting the powder in a folded-up slip of paper. He'd met Carina that afternoon and passed it to her, along with instructions for its use. If he'd given it to her earlier she might have rushed things, and he hadn't wanted that.

"Out like a light," she said. "Look at him, hairy like an ape. You know what I almost did?"

"What?"

"Put a pillow over his face. I thought, What if he wakes up? But he wouldn't wake up. He's dead to the world, and a few minutes with a pillow over his face and he'd stay that way forever. Save you the trouble, huh?"

He said, "It's good you restrained yourself."

"Why? I would have paid you all the same. You're the one gave me the magic powder."

"You want it to look like death by natural causes."

"So? He stops breathing, his heart stops beating, he's dead. What's more natural than that?"

"He'd have these pinpoint hemorrhages in his eyeballs."

"So his eyes bleed, what do I care? What's it gonna hurt him if he's dead?"

"They'd see the hemorrhages," he said patiently, "and they'd know immediately that he'd been smothered."

"Fuck. Good I didn't do it."

"I'd say."

"So," she said, "how you gonna make it look natural?"

He moved quickly to the side of the bed, drew the steak knife from his pocket and sank it between two of Michael Carmody's ribs and into his heart. The body shook with a brief tremor, the hands raised up an inch or so from the bed, and then all was still.

"Holy fuck!"

"Well," Keller said.

"You just killed him. Just like that."

"You're a rich widow. That's what you wanted, isn't it?"

"But you stabbed him! The knife's right there sticking out of him!"

"Good point," Keller said and removed the knife. There was hardly any blood on it.

"But won't they see the wound? How's that gonna look like natural causes?"

"Now that's a good question," he said and reached for her.

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ZOMBIE

(continued from page 80)

with a long history of racially charged police killings. Aguilar was well aware of the ongoing Department of Justice investigation into the Miami Police Department: Hispanic cops had fatally shot seven African American civilians in the span of eight months. The shootings raised tensions in a city already known as a racial tinderbox.

It was approaching three P.M., and Aguilar had only a short time before the story exploded in the media. He decided to bury the racial angle by feeding local reporters an alternative narrative that would prove irresistible: A flesh-eating monster high on a sinister new drug called bath salts devoured a homeless man's face.

Later that evening the local CBS television station, WFOR, aired a possible explanation for the grisly assault.

"The officer believes the man clearly, clearly was on some very, very powerful drugs," said news anchor Cynthia Demos.

"That's right, Cynthia," said reporter Tiffani Helberg. "The Fraternal Order of Police president tells me this crop of LSD"—referring to bath salts—"is a major threat to police officers as well as the rest of us. He says it turns normal people into monsters that possess this superhuman strength and no ability to feel pain."

•

Bath salts are packets of drugs that, until a federal ban came into effect recently, were legally sold over the counter in head shops, gas stations and convenience stores. Marketed under brand names such as Purple Rain and Vanilla Sky, the packets contain anything from caffeine to the dental anesthetic lidocaine, but they mostly consist of synthetic cathinones, a class of stimulants—primarily mephedrone, methylone and MDPV—that mimic the properties of an herbal compound found in the khat plant native to East Africa.

Bath salts started to pop up in the United States three years ago. They were considered either a starter drug for teenagers or a replacement drug for users who couldn't get ecstasy or crystal meth. The fact that the drug was legal was its biggest selling point—and it didn't show up on standard drug tests.

Until police union chief Aguilar blamed the Rudy Eugene incident on bath salts, few members of the Miami Police Department had heard of the drug.

A month after the macabre assault, Aguilar is sitting behind his desk in his office at Miami's Fraternal Order of Police lodge housed in a boxy blue stucco building in a shabby part of the Little Havana neighborhood. Aguilar wears a brown short-sleeved guayabera—the garment of choice for older members of Miami's Cuban exile community. The police union boss is medium height with a trim build. His bald head and mustache make him look like a thinner, olive-skinned version of Dr. Phil.

A politician's grin spreads across his face as he checks his iPhone for messages. It has been a busy month. The same grin beams from a framed photograph from the 1980s that hangs on the wall behind him; in the photo Aguilar, then a member of the elite Street Narcotics Unit, stands behind a table heaped with guns and cocaine—the goods from a major drug bust.

Aguilar's grin disappeared in 1993 when the U.S. government charged him with planting a butcher knife at a crime scene in an attempt to cover up the murder of small-time drug dealer Leonardo Mercado. (Six Miami cops had been charged with beating Mercado to death a few years earlier, but none was convicted.) The rictus grin returned, however, after the jury acquitted Aguilar of the conspiracy charges.

His comments to the local media that bath salts were suspected of triggering the MacArthur Causeway incident sparked an orgy of news coverage that turned bath salts from an obscure drug trend into the scourge of a nation practically overnight.

"All this publicity is crazy," he says as he sits back in his chair. "I've done more than a hundred interviews. The media interest in this case is unbelievable."

Typical was his appearance on CNN four days after the horror on the causeway. "The gruesome face-eating attack in Miami could be part of a trend, an example of something larger and much more dangerous," host Erin Burnett told her viewers. Aguilar agreed and pointed to two other cases in the Miami area in which people "disrobed themselves and became very, very violent." Police initially blamed these incidents on LSD, Aguilar said, but were now convinced they were caused by bath salts.

"All three became psychotic, all three had superhuman strength and felt no pain," he told Burnett.

"The reason they take off their clothes is that their body temperature goes through the roof," Aguilar tells me. "By this point, their internal organs are about to explode from the inside out."

The two other incidents Aguilar was referring to happened in March, when 23-year-old Evan Oberfelder assaulted police officers after being hit by a cab while walking partially naked along Bayshore Drive, and in April, when 21-year-old George Salgado of West Miami died in police custody after cops tasered him to prevent him from biting someone's neck. Oberfelder reportedly admitted to using LSD; Salgado's friend revealed that Salgado had also been tripping on acid. "George Salgado was not taking bath salts," says Salgado family lawyer Jeffrey Norkin. "It was garden-variety blotter acid with a picture of SpongeBob on it."

Reporters didn't seem to care that Aguilar had no expertise in the pharmacological action of drugs on the human brain or that he didn't provide a scintilla of credible evidence that bath salts were involved in any of these cases. Horror stories about intoxicants have been a staple of American reporting since the temperance crusades, but this one was the mother of all drug-scare stories. It was too good for journalists to fact-check.

•

Before long, the events of May 26 spawned what seemed to be copycat incidents, further fueling the bath salts frenzy. On June 2 police arrested a 21-year-old homeless man for disorderly conduct at a fast-food restaurant in North Miami Beach. On the way to the station, he threatened officers, "I'm going to eat you." Police found an empty packet of Cloud 9 bath salts on the man, and hospital blood tests revealed the presence of Xanax, marijuana and alcohol.

That same weekend in Louisiana a 43-year-old man assaulted his ex-wife's husband and bit off a chunk of his face. A friend of the victim told police that she thought the attacker might have been using bath salts. The police admitted they couldn't be sure because a test was never performed.

Ten days later a 35-year-old woman ran naked through the streets of Munnsville, New York. She supposedly growled at state troopers, and when she tried to bite one, she was tasered and died of a heart attack. State police suspected the dead woman of using bath salts.

As the latest in a long line of chemical bogeymen, bath salts became a general category on which the police could pin all the ills of drug abuse. Meanwhile, the internet fanned public paranoia as users of social media sites jokingly linked Rudy Eugene to an impending "zombie apocalypse."

The case tapped into the current cultural fascination with zombies, evidenced by so-called zombie walks and the success of the TV show *The Walking Dead*. Add in the reality that Eugene had family roots in Haiti, where voodoo beliefs are deeply ingrained. A headline in the English-language newspaper *Russia Today* captured the over-the-top nature of the coverage: NEW "BATH SALTS" ZOMBIE-DRUG MAKES AMERICANS EAT EACH OTHER.

The panic continued to escalate, and ABC News ran a story headlined FACE-EATING ATTACK POSSIBLY PROMPTED BY "BATH SALTS," AUTHORITIES SUSPECT. I found it strange that journalists continued to insist that Rudy Eugene had been high on bath salts. No drug paraphernalia was found at the crime scene. The initial toxicology report didn't test for bath salts, and a more sophisticated test, which probes for a wider variety of drugs, would take upward of a month to complete.

To find out what all the fuss was about, I decided to try bath salts—or at least mephedrone, a common active ingredient in bath salts. Over an eight-hour period I snorted roughly half a gram—a fair-size dose—of the white powder, first in a Miami Beach nightclub and then again after I got home. At first, other than a tightness in my chest and a slight numbness in my limbs, I didn't feel anything. But then my central nervous system lit up and I became as buoyant as foam floating on the surface of a fast-moving river.

Colors became more vivid and music more distinct. It was as if I could reach out and caress the texture of the sound coming from the speakers. I felt energized yet strangely relaxed. The drug that mephedrone is most commonly compared to is ecstasy, and I definitely felt a sense of increased connectedness to the other partygoers. My wife, who refused to take bath

salts, saw it differently. "If you want to fuck, let's go home and fuck, but stop stroking me," she said. "It's really irritating."

When the mephedrone started to wear off, I didn't experience a "fiending" phenomenon—the compulsive need to redose that can cause some "meph-heads" to get into trouble. But I did suffer a serotonin hangover: High-dose users report that depleted levels of the brain chemical can cause suicidal thoughts. I tried to eat a snack while I was coming down, but I couldn't force the food down my throat. You can't swallow a granola bar, let alone gnaw on a human face, while high on this drug, which makes the story of Rudy Eugene even more of a mystery.

The overall experience was disappointing. It's easy to understand why consumers would think bath salts are a decent enough alternative to ecstasy. What's not easy to understand is why anybody would think that such an uninspiring drug should be the target of a full-fledged moral panic. That's because, as far as drug warriors such as Armando Aguilar are concerned, the substance itself is beside the point. The real point is the panic.

•

Outside the emergency room of Jackson Memorial Hospital, the same medical facility where Rudy Eugene was born and where Ronald Poppo is recuperating, there's a plaza area with a concrete ornamental pool and a feeble-looking fountain. The sun has just disappeared below the horizon, and the plaza is bathed in an eerie blue glow.

Dr. Paul Adams, a mild-mannered physician with a pink face and freshly scrubbed hands tucked neatly into the pockets of his white coat, works in the ER at Jackson Memorial. He says that one night not so long ago, medical staffers tied a man to a gurney because he was violent. Adams suspected the patient was high on bath salts. As often happens, he says, the sedatives he injected into the man wore off before the drug did. The patient broke free from his restraints, dashed through the packed waiting room and jumped into the shallow pool outside. Adams says bath salts had caused the man to overheat, and he was trying to cool off.

"Bath salts combine the worst effects of LSD, the worst effects of crystal meth and the worst effects of PCP," says Adams as he strolls through the corridors of the ER. "People on bath salts have no limitations. They don't perceive pain. They seem as if they have superhuman strength."

Next to Aguilar, no one did more to stoke the Great Bath Salts Panic of 2012 than Adams. Soon after the first newspaper and television reports, the doctor was there to give the stamp of medical legitimacy to Aguilar's off-the-cuff conjecture. If the police union president said bath salts turn users into turbocharged ogres, the physician would underscore his point with a story about how it took four or five ER personnel to hold down a bath salts zombie, maybe even six, depending on which reporter he told the story to. (Adams now tells me it takes at least two ER personnel to sedate someone on bath salts.)

If Aguilar said bath salts were the new form of LSD, Adams would concur that you "can call it the new LSD," even though he knows LSD and bath salts are completely different drugs. Reporters quoted the two in tandem so often that it was easy to believe they were in cahoots, but Adams and Aguilar have never met each other.

Starting in early 2011, Adams began to notice patients who were clearly under the influence of some sort of psychoactive substance exhibiting strange and erratic behavior. These cases weren't just violent. What was odd was that while they exhibited the classic clinical symptoms of stimulant overdose—rapid heart rate, overheating, hallucinations, aggressive behavior—their blood tests came back clean. No cocaine, no methamphetamine, no LSD, no marijuana, not even the presence of alcohol. Something was going on out there on Miami's dangerous streets that Adams didn't know about, but what exactly? He asked some of his law enforcement contacts and heard the term *bath salts*.

Adams came to his conclusion. "Our emergency room tests don't detect everything," he says. "One of the drugs they don't detect is bath salts. If I want to test for bath salts, I have to send samples to an outside laboratory. When somebody tests negative for everything, it's a good bet bath salts are involved."

Many times it's difficult to know what drugs users are on when he treats them, Adams says. There's a lot of guesswork. "If you tap someone on the shoulder and that person turns around and smiles at you," says Adams, "the likelihood is that person is on ecstasy.

"Taking your clothes off, running through traffic and assaulting people is an indicator of bath salt abuse. You have people in after-hours clubs in Miami taking these substances and running around completely naked in the street."

Perhaps Adams doesn't remember the PCP scare of the late 1970s and early 1980s, when running naked through traffic was said to be one of the less alarming effects. In late June 2012 the media in Scottsdale, Arizona blamed bath salts when a naked man carjacked a Toyota Prius and caused multiple car crashes. Days later, the toxicology test reported only PCP in the nude carjacker's system (no test for bath salts was conducted).

Nevertheless, the media continued to hold bath salts responsible for a so-called naked crime wave sweeping the nation. In June alone bath salts took the heat for at least 12 crimes, from California to New York, many involving people not wearing any clothes.

It's easy to believe the world is falling apart when you're an ER physician. "I always see humanity at its worst," admits Adams.

•

In the wake of the MacArthur Causeway incident, Miami-Dade commissioners moved to ban bath salts. Manuel Maroño, mayor

"You're perfect just the way you are—your nose job, your lip augmentation, your breast implants, your liposuction...."

of Sweetwater, a tiny speck of a Miami suburb, also stepped forward and spoke for a frightened nation when he announced that he intended to outlaw the drug in his town. "How many people need to die to get this epidemic under control?" he asked.

Never mind that the Sweetwater police had not arrested a single person for a bath-salts-related crime in the past year.

On the national level, the stakes were higher, as Congress pushed a new bill to outlaw bath salts. Republican senator Rand Paul was holding up a 2011 bill, the Synthetic Drug Control Act, because he objected to what he saw as draconian penalties imposed on users and sellers. The sponsor of the bill, Republican congressman Charlie Dent, told *Roll Call* in early June, "When they learn about this face-chewing situation in Florida, hopefully that will change a few minds." Congress drafted a new bill, Paul dropped his opposition, and in early July President Obama signed it into law as an amendment to the Food and Drug Administration Safety and Innovation Act.

Mephedrone and MDPV—the synthetic stimulants most common in bath salts—are now Schedule I controlled substances, along with LSD and heroin, and selling the drug is punishable by up to 20 years in prison.

Back in Miami, the media circus continued in early June with the arrival of attorney and publicity hound Gloria Allred. She briefly blew into town to represent her new client, Rudy Eugene's girlfriend, Yovonka Bryant. Why Bryant needed a high-priced attorney was a mystery. The only suspect in the case was dead. The real reason for Allred's visit was to address what she called an important issue: Miami's cannibalism problem.

Standing next to Bryant in the Sofitel hotel ballroom, Allred addressed a room full of journos. "Yovonka and I are very concerned about the issue of cannibalism," she said. "Cannibalism is a serious issue and is very dangerous to the health and well-being of both the cannibal and the victim."

As I continued to investigate the Rudy Eugene incident, it became increasingly obvious I was witnessing a classic drug panic. All drug-scare stories follow a similar pattern. A new drug is vilified by reporters who present extreme examples as the norm. Exaggerated claims are made about the drug's prevalence. And the media take it from there.

Something had to be missing from the Miami Zombie media accounts, some other factor such as an undiagnosed mental illness or a history of violence. I ventured into Eugene's home community to find out.

North Miami Beach is an unassuming blue-collar suburb of low-slung, pastel-colored ranch houses that is home to the second-largest Haitian community in America. In the beauty parlors and Caribbean restaurants, Creole is spoken nearly as often as English. Rudy Eugene grew up here, attending North Miami Beach High, where he played football for the school team, the Chargers, and dreamed of becoming a professional athlete one day.

When the news broke about what happened on the MacArthur Causeway, North Miami Beach residents were surprised. Eugene's friends had never heard of bath salts other than the crystals you put in a tub of hot water. They insisted the only drug Eugene used was marijuana. He even refused to take Tylenol for a headache, they said. Eugene's criminal record bore this out. He'd been arrested four times for marijuana offenses, including when police apprehended him in 2008 in South Beach after finding 39 bags of pot stuffed down his trousers. He had no history of experimenting with more exotic substances.

His friends painted a portrait of an introspective, deeply spiritual person. He was a quiet man, they said, a pious man, a person without pretension. They called him Preacher because he often shared Bible verses on his Facebook page, but he was no saint.

There were moments when the other Rudy Eugene appeared: mean, paranoid, someone who was convinced the world was out to get him.

This was the secret Eugene carried around, the one thing he wanted to share with his Bible-study buddies but was too scared to because he thought they wouldn't understand. After his ex-wife, Jenny Ductant, witnessed his dark side, she promptly filed for divorce, saying she feared for her personal safety.

"Cannibalism is a serious issue," the lawyer told journalists, "and is very dangerous to the health and well-being of both the cannibal and the victim."

"I wouldn't say he had mental problems, but he always felt like people were always against him. No one was for him," Ductant told Miami TV station Local 10.

Another friend, Erica Smith, a former roommate, said that days before his death Eugene told her brother that he was depressed and contemplating suicide.

On a Sunday morning at the Seventh Avenue Flea Market in North Miami, the place was almost empty. Inside the high-ceilinged warehouse, peeling barber chairs stood empty waiting for clients. Eugene used to be a regular at the flea market, where he hawked homemade CDs of himself performing rap music. He wanted to become a hip-hop star. The reality of his life was that he was an intermittently employed car washer and burger flipper who sold pot to make ends meet—a bum, as his mother, Ruth Charles, a hardworking nurse's assistant, reportedly called him.

The flea market's owner, Gyula Kis, is an elderly white-haired Hungarian with blue eyes and a pistol strapped to his waist. He remembers Eugene but doesn't want to talk about him because it's bad for business, though he does confirm that in 2007 the police had to be called to the flea market after Eugene started a fight with former pro pugilist Melton Bowen. The one-time mixed martial artist and heavyweight boxing champion turned DJ was blasting music at a booth he'd rented when Eugene asked him to change the track. Bowen refused, so Eugene took off his shirt and balled his fists. "I'm gonna kill you," he told Bowen. Bowen was flabby, but he still knew how to throw a right hook, which sent Eugene crashing to the ground.

More shameful, however, was another incident that happened in 2004, when Eugene threatened to kill his own mother. He was tearing apart his mother's living room when he screamed at her, "I'll put a gun to your head and kill you." Melimon Charles, his stepfather, called the police. After the officers arrived, Eugene's mother told them, "Thank God you're here. He would have killed me." The police ordered Eugene to calm down, and when he wouldn't, they tasered him.

The officers at the scene could tell Eugene wasn't well. "He had that thousand-yard stare, staring right into you," one officer remembered. Eugene's friends refuse to believe he had a mental illness—something regarded as a stigma among many Haitians. Better to blame evil spirits; better to blame the girlfriend, Yovonka Bryant.

"It was all Yovonka's fault," said one of Eugene's friends who asked that she remain anonymous. "Rudy only knew her for four months. She changed him. She was the one who turned him into a zombie." (Bryant did not respond to PLAYBOY's request for comment.)

Eugene's memorial service was at the Grace Funeral Home on June 9, 2012. His mother couldn't hide her sadness, not just at her son's death but also because, as *The Miami Herald* first reported, four churches refused to bury him. The Haitian Christian community in North Miami had turned its back because of the voodoo rumors surrounding Eugene.

Yet, as it soon became clear, believing that voodoo caused Rudy Eugene to attack Ronald Poppo was no more an example of magical thinking than was blaming bath salts.

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A month after the gruesome attack on the MacArthur Causeway, the Miami-Dade County medical examiner released the final toxicology report. A second laboratory independently confirmed the results.

No bath salts were found in Eugene's system.

"Within the limits of current technology by both laboratories," the medical examiner's office said in a statement, "marijuana is the only drug identified in the body of Mr. Rudy Eugene."

A number of elements present on the day of the attack might in combination unravel the mystery. A fair amount of circumstantial evidence suggests Eugene suffered from an undiagnosed mental illness—his obsessive religiosity, his persecution complex, his violent outbursts and his suicidal impulses.

"When I read about the case, the first

thing I thought was that he was a paranoid schizophrenic," says Wade Silverman, a Miami-based forensic psychologist. "There is often a religious element in schizophrenic behavior. Paranoid schizophrenics often hear voices from God."

Environmental factors could also have played a role. What about the 90-degree heat and the three-mile trek across a concrete causeway with no shade? The sun can do strange things to a man's mind. And then there was the marijuana. Marijuana use on its own can't explain extreme aggression, but a growing body of medical evidence says pot can sometimes trigger aggression in the mentally ill.

Many different elements might have clarified what went down that afternoon, but in an act of mass hysteria, everybody focused on the one factor that wasn't there: bath salts.

"We as a society have a preoccupation with drugs as evil," says Silverman. "It's less threatening for people to believe that some evil substance caused this incident because the alternative explanation is too frightening—that some people can act like this on their own without drugs being involved."

Surely now the frenzy would subside, given the final toxicology reports.

No such luck. Armando Aguilar returned to the media spotlight to challenge the medical examiner's findings.

"I still believe there was something else in Rudy Eugene's system other than marijuana that the medical examiner didn't detect," says the union chief (who will step down at the end of his term). "There was definitely something there, something we just can't test for yet, maybe a new form of bath salts or maybe even a completely new compound that we don't yet know about."

Why is Aguilar continuing to fan the flames? As a former drug cop, he must know that no bath salts epidemic exists in Miami. He must know that the number of arrests for the possession or dealing of bath salts in Miami in the past 12 months is zero.

"Until certain people started speculating about bath salts, I'd never even heard about this drug, and neither had most of the Miami Police Department," says department spokesman Delrish Moss. "In the city of Miami we have cocaine, marijuana, heroin and, to a lesser extent, a number of club drugs like ecstasy, but bath salts weren't even on our radar."

"I don't know where the union chief is getting this from," he adds.

I started to suspect that Aguilar's real agenda wasn't about bath salts. Was this more about the Department of Justice investigation of the Miami PD? Were bath salts a convenient bogeyman to justify police officers using deadly force to subdue drug users?

The only facts we are left with about Rudy Eugene are these: Psychiatrists cannot diagnose schizophrenia postmortem. Toxicologists cannot test for a new drug unless they know its chemical structure. Whatever brought the Miami Zombie to life will probably never be fully known.

Additional reporting by Lera Gavin.

MORIARTY

(continued from page 92)

out of sheer perplexity. What was he expected to do with a kid rushing up to him and saying "Do you want to learn philosophy from me?" with a wag of the finger, sly eyes, neck popping with muscles like a jack-in-the-box? Dean, his position established, leaped in. "No further than that yet, and of course omitting to discuss the fact because already almost understood, i.e., you teach me how to beat pool" (pointing at himself) "and I teach *you*" (socking Snark in the chest with his forefinger and really hurting him). "I teach you further into psychology and mesta-fit-sics" (Dean mispronounced "metaphysics" at this time because he still didn't know how and it caused him tremendous private grief to remember this) "and further beyond all that and in order to cement our relationship and in fact—of course if you agree, and only if you agree, as I do—in fact to establish a blood brother loyalty of our souls, if you wish to use clitchay expressions at this time or any other, and again just as you agree, *always as you agree*. I propose *now* and without any further shillyshallying, though I can whip a car into a going condition even if it's awful old and I know buddies for free greasejobs plus where to steal cans of oil and even one tankful during the ballroom dance at 11 tonight on Broadway, when I go around the cars parked in my boy's lot with my siphon and mouthsuck up into cans on the average half a gallon per car, which is unnoticeable but awful hard work, et cetera on, I still *have to find the car,* you see, huge troubles natcherly, as I consider energy and every and all contingency but listen carefully to me (and I will, no fear, to compensate, find or *steal* a car, anytime you agree, or say, whatever) if you want to go to the Notre Dame game this Saturday in South Bend Indiana and *really* want to see it and not just loafing the idea. All week I heard you and the other fellows bettin', sayin' 'Well now I sure would like to see that thar Notre Dame game by gawd,' and talkin' like people often do whose wish-plans never do crystallize see because of lazy blocks that multiply on the back road of old delays, yet I'm offering you a *real genuine chance* and I repeat if you really want to see it I'll get my Uncle Bull's old rattletytrap Graham-Paige if necessary. I can take you to the game and back in record time through chill winters and U.S. mails and all things and really blow the road wide open so long as you provide your ticket of course, after all. What *I'm* sayin', omigosh a *ticket,* a ticket to the Notre Dame football game 1,000 miles away, 6 million feet deep with telephones and luminaries I can't begin to even imagine, pity poor *me* and so I leave it to *you,* and also type of car, also anybody you want bring, I be your chauffeur, you teach me pool, snookers, anything you say, be my big brother, I be your helper. So it be! What say?"

It was too completely mad for flabbergasted dumb old Tom Snark, one of the kindest fellows in the world, who in any case could never be expected to have the energy and health to face 1,000 miles of deliberately absurd travel in an old car, no, Snark's first impulse was to quiet Dean down. "My land," he said to himself, "he must be crazy from being hungry I guess."

He took him home that afternoon to his grandmother's house. They had a big snack from the icebox, Dean drinking two and a half quarts of milk in fear that he'd never see that much for several more years, and making sure not to tear the bread when he folded it over the butter, clutching his chest, actually clutching his chest when he realized Snark's grandmother was only standing over them to refill their glasses from a fresh bottle of milk, not pleased or displeased but just a nice old woman with a rosy moon face, making Dean marvel and joy (always high at 15) to be in a real home that had lace curtains and little feminine lonely frills in it to beat harsh nature.

From a closet next to a dark wood dresser with carved iron grips that swung on little hinges in rich significant clicks, and next to the right front bedpost of Snark's four-post manorial boxspring bed, Snark pulled out a fairly good brown tweed suit and, with a slight bow like a Viennese nobleman, like the Bela Lugosi vampire bowing to the young hero at the door of the Rainy Castle, he presented it to Dean to keep, Dean in turn offering his toy accordion as collateral anyway, with a smile and still bowing Snark saying he'd keep it for him. It was Dean's first suit.

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Dean had to be led stupidly and stiffly down the street by Snark as they hurried back to the pool parlor to meet the entire gang. It was going to be a big night, suit and all. It didn't take long for Dean to quicken his steps with Snark's and soon they had pinpointed downstreet and were swinging around the corner to a big trolley line thoroughfare, hurrying for the big-traffic, ever-more-exciting, all-of-it-pouring-into-town Saturday night, both of them with the same bright fresh gleam in their eyes that you see on the shiny fender of a new automobile when it turns in from the darkness and outskirts of town and immediately reflects Saturday night Main Street neons: Dean finally forgetting he was wearing a suit, gesturing out of the shiny round starch his big grimy cracked hands that were not at all the hands of an absorbed banker in the street but more like a dirt farmer's at a funeral and worse like horny toads in a basket of wash.

In the poolhall the hour was roaring. It was so crowded that spectators were standing obscuring everything from the street and somebody had the back door open. To Dean it was a vision, the moment of his arrival that everybody was waiting for, yet even though he stood in the door at the side of great cool Tom Snark the Virgil of this big Inferno, wearing not only his clothes but the same gorgeously sophisticated robe of their afternoon's adventure which was already undergoing a rich change to evening and the lazy explorations that were to come, a decadent refinement that all the dumb rats in this dimness would have to struggle to understand.

Ed Dunkel, Roy Johnson and Bob Evans were the nucleus of Tom Snark's gang at the time. They were grouped around a table in the usual ritual get-together game of rotation they had every Saturday evening as a kind of preliminary tactical conference on the night's action. The program tonight featured two girls who were babysitting for the weekend in a house up near the Wyoming line. But this

night without knowing it they were grouped around with hotheaded dumbness the purpose of which is always to be ignorant of what's about to happen, the only sure thing you can remember when you look back to see what people were doing during an important historical moment, the poor souls actually sitting in that mysterious godlike stuff that later makes them say, "Listen, I was there the night Tom Snark came in with Dean the day he *found* him, 1942, autumn, they had the Army-Columbia game that day, I bet on it and heard it on the radio too, we were all playing pool me and Ed Dunkel and Roy Johnson and Jackoff and I dunno who the hell else. We all drove to Wyoming that night, sure, it was a *great, mad* night!"

Dean was introduced around. He stood there with his weather-beaten face growing more excited and redder by the hour, looking bashfully at his new friends and planning deep in his mind from everything they said and did, helplessly impressing everyone and winning over their favor so conclusively that eventually of course they would all turn to him for love and advice; mad Dean, who eventually did run the gang, who was now just being merely coy quiet knowing instinctively the best way to start despite the fact that he never knew a gang before.

Right away the biggest fellow in the gang took a liking to Dean, six-foot-four Ed Dunkel all shiny handsome in his Saturday night suit, who was always looming over everybody with a long grave calm that was half comical because it seemed to come from the loneliness of his great height.

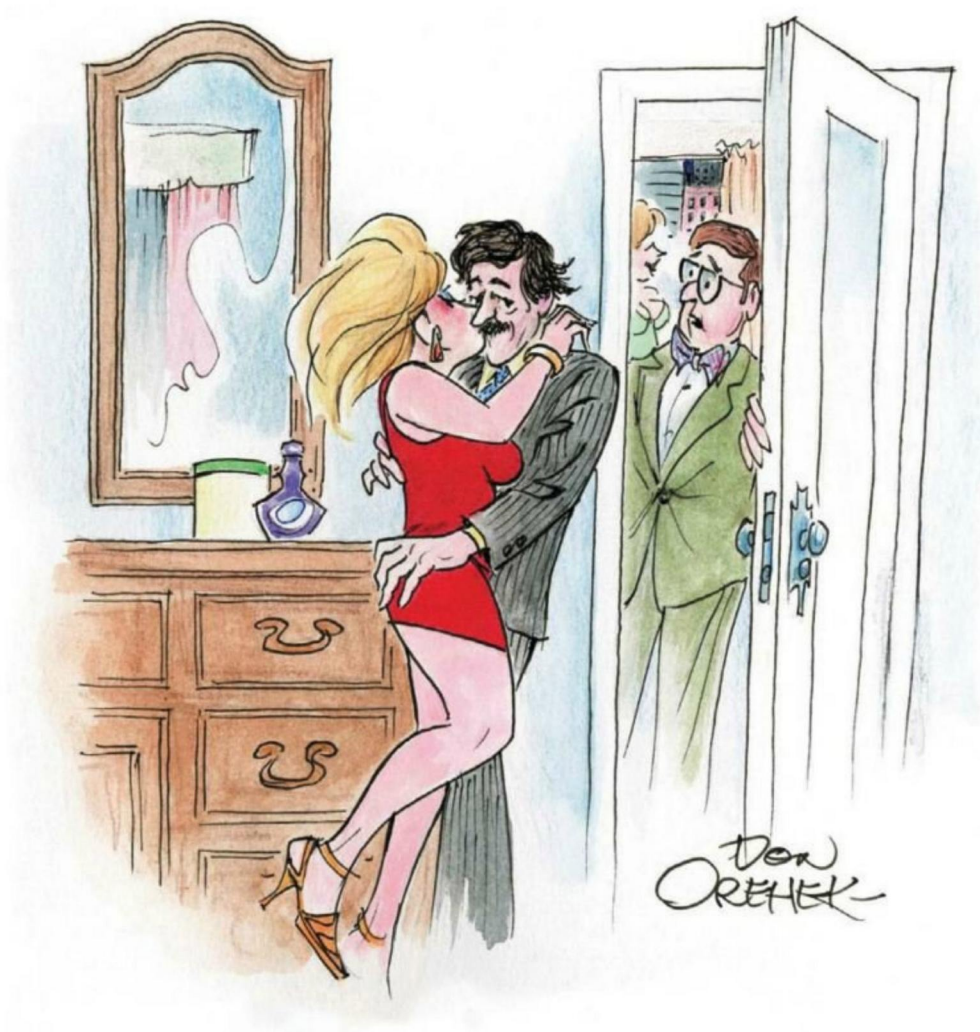
So when the gang gave up the precious table and let their empty Cokes plop in a floorbox with a "So long fellas" and left the hall to jump in the car, a 1937 Ford belonging to Evans, for the ride north to Wyoming about 80 miles, the sun just then going down in vast unobserved event above the maddening souls of people, and Dean above the objections of everyone else insisted on driving to show his skill, but then really fantastically wheeled the car out of town with beautiful spot-shot neatness and speed, the boys who were prepared to criticize his driving and give pointers or stage false hysterical scenes forgot they were in a car and fell to gabbing happily.

And suddenly out on East Colfax Boulevard bound for Fort Collins Dean saw a football game going on among kids in a field, stopped hard at the curb, said "I was quarterback at Mesa Grande!" (reform school), ran out leaping madly among kids, got the ball, told one boy to run like hell, clear to the goalpost, which the kid did, but Dean said "Further, further," and the kid halfway doubting to get the ball that far edged on back and now he was 70 yards and Dean unleashed a tremendous soaring wobbling pass that dropped beyond the kid's most radical estimate, the pass being so high and powerful the boy completely lost it in eyrieal spaces of heaven and dusk and circled foolishly but screaming with glee—when this happened everyone was amazed except Roy Johnson, who rushed out of the car in his sharp blue suit, leapt around frantically in a mix-up of kids, got the ball and commanded the same uncomplaining noble boy to run across the field and unfurled a long pass but Dean appeared out of nowhere in the mad lowering dusk and intercepted it with the sudden frantic action of a wildfaced maniac jumping into a roomful of old ladies; spun, heaving a prodigious sky pass back over Johnson's head that Johnson sneered at as he raced back, he'd never been outdone by anybody ("Hey whee!" they yelled in the car); such a tremendous pass it was bound to be carried by the wind, fall in the road out on East Colfax, yet Johnson ran out there dodging traffic. Circling in the road, almost being murdered by a car, Johnson made a sensational fingertip sprawling-on-knees catch instantly and breathtakingly overshadowed by the fact that dramatic fantastic Dean had actually gone chasing his own pass and was now in the road screaming with outstretched hands from the agony that he was barely going to miss, himself sprawling as terror-stricken motorists swerved and screeched on all sides.

Roy Johnson wanted to throw a pass to Dean and Dean challenged him and said "Run with the ball and let's see if I tackle you before you reach that Studebaker where the man's standing," and Johnson laughed because he had been the outstanding runner everywhere, at 15 could do the hundred in 10:6, track star speed; so took off. And so that Dean furiously, as if running for his life, not only caught up with him but caught up with him easily, in his sheer excitement, with his tremendous unprecedented raw athletic power he could run the hundred in almost 10 flat (actually and no lie) and a sad, remote tackle took place in the field, for a moment everybody saw Dean flying tackling horizontally in the dark air with his neck bulled on to prove, his head down, both arms outstretched in a tackling clamp, outstretched with a particular kind of unspeakable viciousness that's always so surprising when you see it leaping out of the decent suits of men in sudden sidewalk fights, the cosmopolitan horror of it, this savagery explosively leaping now out of Dean's new suit with the same rage of shoulderpads and puffy arms, yet arms that also were outstretched with an unspeakable mute prophesied and profound humility like that of a head-down Christ shot out of a cannon on a cross for nothing, agonized. Johnson was tackled. Dean, like Johnson with his knees all bruised and pants torn, had established his first great position of leadership in Tom Snark's famous gang.

Long ago in the red sun...that wow-mad Dean who went on the road with me.

Excerpted from Before the Road, which appeared in the December 1959 issue of PLAYBOY.



"Joan! Stop making a pest of yourself!"

MATT DAMON

(continued from page 62)

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned you will ignite a paparazzi frenzy now that you and your wife have bought a house in L.A. close to Ben Affleck and Jennifer Garner's family home?

DAMON: We lived in the same neighborhood this summer and had no problems at all. Granted, we didn't look for attention by parading our kids down the Third Street Promenade in Santa Monica, but scandal and sex are what move most of those publications anyway. That's not us. Ben and Jen are both famous, and people are interested in her and how she parents, which makes them a target. If we had gotten it like that, I wouldn't have gone to Los Angeles. It's just not worth it.

PLAYBOY: *Elysium* comes out this summer. Did shooting scenes in a human-waste dump for the $85 million science fiction epic trigger any new anxieties?

DAMON: The concept of the movie is that Earth has been ravaged and Elysium is an orbital habitat, 120 kilometers up, where all the rich people have gone.

PLAYBOY: Leaving the poor slobs of the 99 percent to struggle pretty much on their own?

DAMON: Right. We shot in that human-waste dump for two weeks. What you see on-screen is supposed to look futuristic, but it was actually just helicopters flying over us, kicking up dust that coats you and that you know is fecal matter. We were very careful, but it was unbelievably toxic. It's the worst location I've ever heard of and could have been worse only if we'd filmed in the world's *largest* waste dump, in South Korea. What was unbelievable and really sad was the giant community of people who are born, raised, live and die in that dump. They just pick through the trash.

PLAYBOY: What convinces anyone, let alone a movie star, to agree to shoot in such nasty conditions?

DAMON: Shooting a big action set piece in a third-world dump was a great idea, visually and dramatically. We did it toward the end of the schedule, and everybody bought in knowing it would be tough but also knowing we would be happy we did it.

PLAYBOY: Was it worth it?

DAMON: Between the concept and the script, it's going to be really good. I genuinely believe the director, Neill Blomkamp, is the next guy—our generation's James Cameron. I hope I can work with him a lot more.

PLAYBOY: The movie that put Blomkamp on the map, *District 9,* touched on apartheid and racism, upholding the tradition of melding science fiction with social commentary. This new one sounds like a kick in the shins to polluters.

DAMON: Yeah, future generations will not look kindly on us. Our grandkids and great-grandkids are going to have to live here. With the "greatest generation," the attitude wasn't "Well, I'm not going to be around, so fuck the rest of you," it was "Well, this is our problem, so let's work on it together." It's like we have this weird block when it comes to projecting beyond ourselves, as though we've become selfish on some very deep level.

PLAYBOY: It's your job to save the world in this movie. How did you prepare?

DAMON: The script wasn't just run, run, run. It has real characters, so that was great. I worked with an NFL trainer who said, "I'm going to make you stronger and faster. As a by-product, you'll look the way you want to." It wasn't a Hollywood vanity workout.

PLAYBOY: Did vanity creep in when you had to shave your head for the movie?

DAMON: From a practical standpoint, I figured I would like it, but at the moment of truth, I have to admit my worry was, Am I going to look good? Because however I looked, I couldn't change it. I got quite a

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to HUEY and GWEN as they step aboard. Huey is clearly out of place on the boat. Forty feet doesn't sound so big when you head for the sea. The Pirate unties the lines and starts raising the sails.

•

Huey and Gwen set sail on Thanksgiving eve, 1974. After months of delays, they flew to Cozumel and waited, as instructed, for the Pirate. Bert had gone back to Los Angeles; he and Steve crossed their fingers when they got word that the Pirate's ship was under way.

It was late fall in the Caribbean, and the boat hit serious swells. Huey and Gwen, unaccustomed to boating, got seasick. They slept topside and ate crackers. As the skies cleared, the trip became pleasant. The Pirate sat in the cockpit with his guitar and sang Jamaican songs. They saw schools of flying fish breaking free into the air. Gwen thought the Pirate, whose skin was parched and scaly, looked like a fish who had escaped the depths.

When land appeared on the horizon, the Pirate considered the options for the final leg of Huey and Gwen's voyage. They had planned to head to shore alone in a Zodiac—an inflatable motorized craft—so the Pirate could stay out of Cuban waters. But the Pirate reckoned that Cuba was still 15 miles off, with rough seas in between. Huey had no idea how to pilot a small craft in those waters. It would be even more challenging at night, since they planned to come in under cover of darkness. But he insisted.

"We've come this far," Huey said. "We have no choice." The Pirate joked that he'd wait offshore to collect their bodies.

They inflated the Zodiac. Huey and Gwen boarded uneasily in difficult waves and immediately lost an oar. They had five gallons of gas and the remaining oar if the gas ran out. Gwen brought her suitcase, packed with their clothes, cosmetics and a letter in Spanish explaining their identities and revolutionary solidarity. The Pirate wished them luck as Huey started the little nine-horsepower motor and turned the nose to shore.

The only landmark was a lighthouse, flashing twice every 15 seconds. For hours, the motor whined as Huey tried to keep the boat steady. The waves had grown to five feet, and they nearly capsized. After 11 hours, daylight revealed they were near shore but even nearer to a churning reef. By then Huey had realized they had no life preservers. They were out of gas, paddling with one oar.

The reef raised roaring waves that broke over volcanic rocks. Huey tried to steer, but the water was in control. He was a long way from Oakland and Beverly Hills. When he'd titled his autobiography *Revolutionary Suicide,* this wasn't what he had in mind.

On the shore, onlookers had gathered. The Zodiac overturned a few hundred yards out. Huey and Gwen clung to each other and slowly made it to shore. The two were soaking wet, exhausted and cut by the rocks when they walked ashore and got picked up by the local Committee for the Defense of the Revolution. Despite all the fuss about official introduction to the Castro regime, no one knew who they were. It took Huey several hours to convince them he was a famous revolutionary from California who was here to join Fidel. When Huey pointed out they had been invited, the local gendarme responded, "Well, we didn't shoot you, did we?"

•

Back in Los Angeles, Bert and the rest of the Beverly Hills Seven quietly celebrated Huey's successful escape. He wound up living in exile, cutting sugarcane and repairing trucks for a few years. Bert visited Cuba several times, with Candice Bergen, Francis Ford Coppola, Terrence Malick and others in tow.

Huey read a script by Artie Ross based on the Big Cigar. He liked it, and Bert tried shopping it around town. Warner Bros. was interested. Richard Dreyfuss was attached and added some of his own dialogue. Candice Bergen wanted to play the starlet, the character that was based on herself. So did Julie Christie, a bigger draw, and she was attached instead.

The film was never made. Warner Bros. backed off and Bert was distracted. The times were changing. By late 1974, the writing was on the wall for the New Hollywood era. *Jaws* was just around the corner and with it would come the blockbuster mentality, opening weekend grosses, franchises. Bert had finished *Hearts and Minds,* but Columbia didn't want to release it. The last vestiges of 1960s idealism were giving way to the apathy of the 1970s.

If the revolutionary vision had disappeared, it was partly the fault of the revolutionaries, many of whom lost their way, often in the wilds of sex and drugs. Bert had introduced cocaine to American culture with *Easy Rider,* and he became an addict himself. Like many of the New Hollywood titans, Bert's candle burned bright and fast. He liked to say he was good at tactics but bad at strategy, and he was unprepared for the long game in Hollywood. Some people from that era didn't survive long: Artie died tragically in 1975 while administering an unwise dose of laughing gas to himself straight from the tank. After BBS fell apart, Steve mostly retired. Bert found himself in a kind of exile. The last real production effort under the banner of BBS was the caper they called the Big Cigar.

Bert did manage one last radical act in Hollywood. He bought back *Hearts and Minds* and saved it from oblivion in Columbia's vault. Released in 1974, it won an Academy Award for best documentary. When Bert appeared onstage to accept the Oscar in a white, three-piece tuxedo, he offered "greetings of friendship to all American people" from the North Vietnamese government.

As usual, Bert relished the stir. It will just help the movie, Bert told the papers, and that helps the message. *Hearts and Minds* was a success, just as Bert had hoped. He brought politics to the people and made a few bucks to boot.

When Bert started producing *Hearts and Minds,* he asked the director, Peter Davis, what he thought the film was about. Peter waxed academic about interrogating the American soul on the verge of empire.

"What do you want to see?" Peter asked Bert.

"What I always want to see," Bert replied. "Lines around the block."

Journalists asked me about it and I was bewildered. One journalist said, "Oh, don't worry about this Khomeini character. He condemns people to death all the time. He condemns the president to death every Friday. Forget it." And I thought, Oh well. Maybe this is just hot air and it will blow away by tomorrow. But it didn't blow away. It became clear that it wasn't some rhetorical flourish.

PLAYBOY: You quickly issued an apology.

RUSHDIE: Yes, but I didn't write it. At that point, people involved with the British government—I won't say who—informed me that they were talking with the Iranian government. I was given to understand the situation would be resolved if I would sign a statement they wrote. You have no idea what the hell is going on. You think you might be dead in a day or two. So this statement was put out in my name.

PLAYBOY: But Khomeini refused to reverse the order and a price was put on your head.

RUSHDIE: Yes. It's an odd thing to have a price on your head. At the same time, though, the reward has never been a real problem. The real threat has never come from people who are trying to claim the money.

PLAYBOY: Does the real threat come from Muslim fanatics?

RUSHDIE: Not them, either. The only real threat has come from the Iranian government itself, and it is the Iranian government that remains the danger. It would be foolish not to recognize that there is a small risk from a fanatic. But there has been no evidence, over this whole period, of any real threat from anyone other than the government.

PLAYBOY: Yet Khomeini said that "it is incumbent on every Muslim" to kill you.

RUSHDIE: Nobody was interested. Iranians have tried to get other Muslim countries involved, but nobody else wants to. Even the hard-line Islamic states such as Sudan are not interested. The Islamic leader there, Turabi, made explicit statements to the general public that the fatwa is against Islam. I mean, it's not that they like me, but they don't believe I should be killed.

PLAYBOY: Who in the Iranian government is behind the attacks?

RUSHDIE: People under the direction of the Iranian intelligence ministry.

PLAYBOY: What did you mean when you said, early after the fatwa, that you wished you had written a book more critical of Islam?

RUSHDIE: It struck me that a religious leader who arbitrarily condemns people to death and is willing to resort to international terrorism to carry out the sentences probably merits a little criticism.

PLAYBOY: When the death sentence was announced, did you go into complete isolation?

RUSHDIE: Yes.

PLAYBOY: We read that you became a television addict—watching endless *Dynasty* reruns.

RUSHDIE: You say things to journalists as a joke and they become part of the myth. It's true that it was very difficult to see anybody for the first couple years. Later I was told by people who came into Scotland Yard that the degree to which my freedom was circumscribed at the beginning was completely unnecessary.

PLAYBOY: When you did go out, were you paranoid, looking over your shoulder?

RUSHDIE: The opposite, really. I have spent a great deal of time reassuring other people. I can't tell you how many newspaper articles there are about me in which the journalist gets very upset when a nearby car backfires. The backfiring car is a kind of motif for these people.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you ever jump when you heard one?

RUSHDIE: No. In the stories about these backfiring cars, it's always mentioned that I did not twitch. One of the writers called this denial. It was not. It was knowing the sound of a backfiring car. So I spent a lot of my time telling other people that there was nothing to worry about.

PLAYBOY: Yet there was something to worry about.

RUSHDIE: When you know what there is to worry about, you also know what there isn't to worry about. If you're talking about a professional hit, you know you are safe in certain situations. I came to understand what was risky and what wasn't. It was not risky to be eating in a café, because terrorists know that the risk of being identified and captured is great. We are safe in this room, because even if there were a guy with a submachine gun in the street outside, he would not enter this building to attack me, because he doesn't know what he would meet. There is zero risk here.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever use a disguise?

RUSHDIE: There was one ridiculous occasion when they offered me a wig. I looked ridiculous, but I decided to try it out on a London street. I got out of a car in the wig and there were all these stares and comments: "There is Salman Rushdie in a wig." It was so ludicrous that I determined I would never succumb to that kind of thing again. I wore a hat and occasionally dark glasses and I began to venture out a bit more.

PLAYBOY: British Airways and some other airlines would not allow you to fly on their planes. Is that still true?

RUSHDIE: It's getting better. The fact is, I've flown all over the world on all sorts of airlines and nobody has ever had the faintest bit of trouble as a result.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction when your translators and publishers were attacked?

RUSHDIE: I was devastated. It was appalling and tragic. It happened long after the initial declaration of the fatwa too, so there had been a sense that surely it was safe now. These attacks showed that to be untrue. It was terrible and so senseless.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel responsible?

RUSHDIE: I did—I knew I was the one who was meant to be murdered. It was such a tragedy, such a waste. Immediately after this began, some of the bookstore chains in America pulled the book off their shelves, claiming they were protecting their staffs. But their staffs refused to be protected in that way. That act of heroism got the book back on the shelves. So did the actions of the writer Stephen King, which people don't know about. A lot of literary writers received credit for the way they stood up for me—the Susan Sontags and Don DeLillos and Julian Barneses. But King has not. According to people inside the book chains, he was incensed and did a

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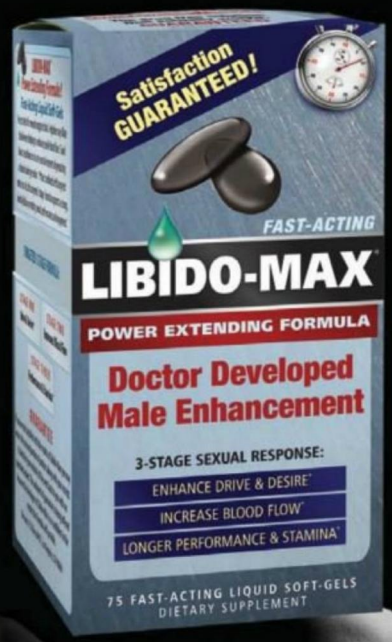

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great deal of arguing on behalf of *The Satanic Verses*. He went so far as to threaten the chains that he would pull his books off their shelves if my book was not on them. He also apparently talked to other best-selling writers to get their support.

PLAYBOY: Was King a friend?

RUSHDIE: I have never met him. But I certainly owe him one.

PLAYBOY: Amid your many supporters, there were also some surprising critics. How do you respond to them?

RUSHDIE: Whom are you referring to?

PLAYBOY: John le Carré, Roald Dahl, Germaine Greer.

RUSHDIE: That's quite a roll call, isn't it? If those people were all together in a room, I'd prefer to be in a different one, okay? But there were so many supporters. It's worth emphasizing that had it not been for their extraordinary campaign and support, I would very possibly not have found the strength to face this thing. So had it not been for this army of people getting it right, I might be more upset about the small handful who got it wrong. It may be wrong to speak ill of the dead, but Roald Dahl, for one, was a bastard. He was a dreadful, horrible old man, a racist somewhere to the right of Hitler. The only thing worse than being attacked by Dahl would be to be his friend.

PLAYBOY: What about Le Carré?

RUSHDIE: Somehow I wasn't upset about Le Carré, and I think it's because he's not a writer I cared enough about. I have a terrible feeling he may have reacted the way he did because of a review I once wrote of one of his books—a bad review.

PLAYBOY: And Germaine Greer?

RUSHDIE: Well, Greer has made a lifetime habit of stabbing her friends in the back, so why would she stop now? She has since claimed to have been misquoted and misunderstood, but Germaine has spent her life claiming she was misquoted and misunderstood.

PLAYBOY: Among the political leaders who criticized you was Jimmy Carter. Did that surprise you?

RUSHDIE: I was shocked about Carter. However, he's since sort of made an attempt to back off that stance. I know people who asked him about it. He told them that he's a little sheepish about what was said. I never saw the text, and there is a problem of reporting that gets skewered. In this case, I am disposed to let it slide.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that President Bush and his administration refused to meet with you or take a firm stand in your support?

RUSHDIE: Yes. I don't know why. Somebody suggested that it might have been because at that stage the Iranians knew where all the bodies were buried in the Iran-contra business. Maybe people didn't want to upset that too much.

PLAYBOY: Did you expect a change when Clinton became president?

RUSHDIE: There was a great change. However, it was disappointing that the Republicans viewed this through partisan eyes. Republicans as well as Democrats should be able to agree that we don't kill people because we don't like what they write.

PLAYBOY: When you were in hiding, how long did it take to begin writing again?

RUSHDIE: I soon wrote a few book reviews as a way of showing that I'm still here, folks. Then I wrote *Haroun and the Sea of Stories* and then the book of short stories.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult to begin writing again?

RUSHDIE: It was difficult to concentrate. There was also a great sadness in me because of what had happened to my book. I spent five years writing in the most serious way and then had the book reduced to a series of slogans, insulted and vilified and reduced and burned. I felt, for a while, if this is what you get, it's not worth it. Thank you very much, I'd rather be a plumber. Of course that was simply an expression of misery, nothing else. Eventually I realized that I have to write; it doesn't matter what people think or say.

PLAYBOY: Of all of those who have attacked you, it was your wife, who had initially gone into hiding with you, who became your most bitter critic. Why?

RUSHDIE: I think she had to invent me as a person worth leaving. Otherwise there would be a tendency to believe that she should have stood by her man in that old-fashioned way. She tried to create an image of me as being worthless, which then made it possible for her to leave with dignity.

I was brought up more or less without God. Although we were Muslim, religion was worn very lightly. My father would take me to the mosque twice a year.

PLAYBOY: Otherwise it would have seemed she was abandoning ship.

RUSHDIE: Yeah. There are a number of fictions about this period that I haven't talked about before now, but I think I just will say it. First of all, to be strictly accurate, she did not leave me. I asked her to leave. The reason I asked her to leave was that her behavior had become upsetting in ways I don't want to comment on. I preferred to be by myself, which is a mark of how upsetting it was. The idea that Marianne could not live with me because I was unable to live up to history is not true. I asked her to go away because I couldn't stand having her around. There was an enormous amount of dishonesty. There were actions that, in my view, were positively dangerous. So I ended the marriage. Since then she has attempted to construct the view that she decided to leave me, because no doubt it seems nobler. But the fact is that I discovered many things about her that were extraordinarily shocking and distasteful. I'm very glad to have seen the last of her. I feel foolish is all I can say. It is the problem of falling in love with the wrong person. Your friends tell you, but you don't see it until it is too late.

PLAYBOY: Did that experience disenchant you with love?

RUSHDIE: It certainly shook me. I don't deny it. There was so much dishonesty involved, and I'm not a dishonest man.

PLAYBOY: You were in particularly bizarre circumstances to be single.

RUSHDIE: Yes. I remember going on *60 Minutes* shortly after my marriage broke up. Mike Wallace rather courageously asked me what I did for sex.

PLAYBOY: Well?

RUSHDIE: As I told him, I was rather glad to have a break, actually. He seem shocked by that answer. But life goes on, and I am not afraid to tell you that my sex life since then has been fine.

PLAYBOY: How do you manage to date and have relationships?

RUSHDIE: Let's put it like this: People should not feel sorry for me.

PLAYBOY: There was a report that your friends were supplying you with women.

RUSHDIE: I sued when that was printed. The paper that printed it had to pay and I gave the money to a free-speech organization. It's ludicrous, this idea that my friends were running some kind of pimping service.

PLAYBOY: How religious was your family?

RUSHDIE: Not very. I was brought up more or less without God. Although we were Muslim, religion was worn very lightly. I think my father would take me to the mosque twice a year, the equivalent of going to church at Christmas. We did not eat the flesh of swine, but that was about it.

PLAYBOY: The religious people in your books are not very admirable. Conversely, secularists are generally the more moral. Is that your view?

RUSHDIE: It is. I object particularly to fundamentalism, whether it's Hindu, Muslim or Christian. It's completely barren on any intellectual level. Fundamentalism purports to defend culture, but it doesn't know about the culture that it's defending. If religion is supposed to be a repository of a certain kind of truth, fundamentalism seems to me to be a denial of the truth. It is about the creation of falsehoods and goes after the worst sides of people. I'm alarmed by what's happening wherever fundamentalists rise—such as the rise of the American religious right. It is at least as dangerous as anything happening in the Third World—with more weapons, probably. I don't think Americans can afford any longer to see this as something happening to other people. It's important to understand that fundamentalism does not even pretend to be a religious movement. It is a political movement. It's about power. So watch out.

PLAYBOY: Do you view all religion as dangerous, even the less extremist forms?

RUSHDIE: No. I'm perfectly able to see the ability of religious systems to provide identity, a sense of community and belonging, a sense of hope and comfort and even a kind of moral structure in people's lives. But these past years I've been given an object lesson in the ability of religion to do some other things, which are not so likable. I've experienced the capacity of religion to do harm. So while I am completely fascinated, even mesmerized by the history of religion

and religious myths, I can't stand the system of rules. This inevitably filters into my books, although I have never seen myself as a religious novelist. There are others for whom religion is the central issue. I am instead a writer of memories, a playful writer, a writer who tries to look at history, a writer with some kind of central linguistic ambition. And I see myself as one who wrestles with his times and tries to make sense of them.

PLAYBOY: From the outset, did you plan to write political novels?

RUSHDIE: Only indirectly. The thing that made me a writer was the fact that I came from over there—that is, India—and I ended up over here, in England, and I had to make sense of that. I had a bundle of stories I brought with me, my literary baggage, and I wanted to tell those stories and have those stories lead to other stories. Part of the stories is the way history and people's lives rub up together. We find ourselves in a position in which public life often determines our fates in ways that have nothing to do with what sort of people we are. Economics is destiny, politics is destiny, terrorism is destiny.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about having become a symbol of freedom of speech?

RUSHDIE: I have no interest in being a symbol. I want to be a writer, and that's all. I do want to be a good writer and one who engages in public themes, as well as private ones. I wanted to have my say—to be part of that conversation. But I didn't want to become some kind of statue.

PLAYBOY: But isn't there, in your work, an intent to stir up trouble, to incite?

RUSHDIE: It depends on what you mean. I think all good art is provocative. Certainly I would hope that everything I wrote provoked people. But that doesn't mean provoke them to anger or violence. It can mean provoke their sense of duty or their sense of horror or their sense of justice or injustice or their sense of humor. It's true that I have a fairly emphatic view of the world and I express it.

You know, I feel that so much attention has been paid to me while so many other writers have been in danger. I have spoken about other writers because it would be obscene to use this attention and not talk about those others. I wish people would listen more to this.

There were great writers in the Soviet gulag whom we fought for. We smuggled out their work and published it, and gave them voices and fought for them. Now another group of writers is fighting against equivalent tyranny and equivalent injustice, in the Muslim world or out. Because our interests do not dictate it, we ignore them, we let them die, we let them go to jail and rot. We must stop a situation in which writers are getting wiped out every five minutes. China continues to persecute its writers. All over the world, writers are being thrown in jail. They mysteriously die in police custody and they are falsely accused of committing crimes. It is open season on writers, and it must stop.

Excerpted from the April 1996 issue.

CAR OF THE FUTURE

(continued from page 150)

a 430-horsepower engine and sits high over its wheels like something in a monster-truck rally. The interior is industrial, and it gets only 16 miles a gallon—Rogers insists there are other green attributes besides mileage—but you don't buy this car for comfort or economy. You buy it for power, and you buy it for show.

The Rally Fighter is not the kind of car Detroit would be likely to design. It is far too idiosyncratic. But the same could have been said of the Tucker or the Bricklin or the DeLorean. Detroit wasn't going to make those cars either. No, there is something else about the Rally Fighter and Local Motors that may, as Rogers hopes, put them in the vanguard of American business and create the new paradigm he so desperately wants. That something else is the fact that the Rally Fighter wasn't designed by professional designers, nor was it drawn up in a studio. What makes Local Motors possibly the most unusual auto company ever is that the Rally Fighter was designed on the internet by would-be car designers from all over the world collaborating on LM's website. Put simply, it is the first entirely crowdsourced car. Rogers is betting that it won't be the last. In fact, he is betting that this is the future—products not only for consumers but *by* consumers. And he is laying a very big bet.

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Rogers's intense drive to remake American business began when he was a teenager and his father experienced, as Rogers puts it, "an event that defined me." Rogers was a scion of wealth and privilege. He looks like one: athletically trim, erect and handsome in a boyish Neil Patrick Harris way, with short sandy hair, even features and a patrician air of implacable confidence. He sounds like a patrician too, speaking in precise sentences and full paragraphs, each word carefully enunciated. It comes naturally. Ralph Rogers, Jay's beloved grandfather, was the business-savvy son of a Russian immigrant. He earned his first million in a small Boston finance company by the time he was 30, then parlayed that into an even greater fortune in an aircraft company before the Indian Motorcycle debacle ruined him. He then picked himself up, headed to Dallas for his rheumatic fever and made his second fortune in cement and steel. Ralph's son and Jay's father, John Sr., attended Harvard, went to work for his father and then set out for Houston, where he befriended a wealthy widow who owned a large chunk of the downtown area called Westchase. John Sr. borrowed money, bought the property, developed it and rapidly became one of the richest men in the city, with more than $100 million in assets.

Around the time Jay was born, John Sr. decided to hand over the running of his real estate empire to a younger man and moved to Palm Beach, where he had spent much of his childhood. The Rogerses lived in a mansion once owned by the granddaughter of Henry Morrison Flagler, the 19th century oil baron who was responsible for turning Florida into a recreation retreat. They lived like maharajahs. The children—Jay, his two older brothers and their sister—dressed for dinner every evening, and the servers wore white gloves. They were raised by an English governess. They all attended Groton, where Franklin Roosevelt and other children of the American aristocracy matriculated, and then went to Yale, all except Jay, who, in an act of defiance, decided to attend Princeton instead.

"It was a charmed and wonderful way to grow up," Rogers says now. But in 1986, when Jay was 13 and at Groton, his parents convened a family meeting in a suite at the Ritz-Carlton hotel in Boston. "We have some things we need to talk about," his father, then 53, said solemnly. "Life is going to change." The savings-and-loan scandal had erupted, and John Sr., who had bought his properties by leveraging his resources, was highly exposed. His assets were reduced to nothing. In addition, the government sought restitution for the loans he had gotten from various banks that had gone into receivership.

And just like that, everything changed for Jay Rogers, exactly as his father had said. The homes were sold, the jets were sold, and finally the *Mikado,* a 150-foot yacht John Sr. had built in Japan to sail with his family around the world—a "voyage of denial," Jay calls it—was sold. Disgraced, the family had to make excuses to friends about why they no longer lived as extravagantly as they had. "My mother went into a black hole for a decade," Jay says now. He could go to Princeton only because his tuition was footed by his older siblings. "My journey started at 13," he says. And he remembers thinking, How can I get back to where I was? That was the flame that ignited Local Motors—a flame of vindication for Jay Rogers and for his father.

But it was also a flame of rebellion. Rogers wasn't going to do things the way everyone else in his family had, the way American elites typically had. That was what had undone his father. Rogers wanted to swim against the tide. Still, it took a while for the rebellion to brew. It was a measure of his uncertainty that when a friend challenged him to do real public service and join the armed forces, Rogers promptly called a recruiter, who was shocked that a Princeton student would want to join the Marines. That plan was derailed when he broke his hip training for the Philadelphia Marathon and couldn't pass the physical.

So Rogers reluctantly returned to the traditional path. After graduation he went to work for his father, who, in his own attempt at vindication, had raised money from friends to start a company selling diabetes meters overseas. (After a 10-year legal battle, Rogers says, John Sr. had been exonerated of wrongdoing.) Rogers wanted to assist in the comeback. The company failed, and Jay wound up working as an analyst at an investment firm in Dallas. Rogers hated the job, and when one of the partners, a former general, asked him what he really wanted to do with his life, Rogers candidly answered that he wanted to run his own business and be a "great leader of

people." The general suggested that if he wanted to learn how to lead he should join the military. When Rogers told him about his medical disqualification, the general promised to get him into the service.

That's how Jay Rogers wound up in the Marine Corps at the age of 26. He admits it was a peculiar thing to do. His family was bewildered, and he took a fair amount of abuse from his fellow cadets for being an Ivy Leaguer. But joining was Rogers's declaration that he wasn't going to play by the old rules. His life had always been "extremely regimented," as he put it. "It was time to do something that was my own." And as Rogers says now, "I loved it, loved it, loved it, loved it," especially the physical and psychological toughness of it. He finished the Basic School first in his class and had just taken over his first platoon when 9/11 hit.

Rogers did a tour of duty in the Philippines and another in Iraq as an aide to a general heading up a strike group. When he left the corps after seven years, the general asked him what he wanted to do next, and that is when Rogers revealed his plans: He said he wanted to start either a global intelligence-gathering agency deploying mercenaries to provide information to private businesses and governments, or a car company. The general told Rogers he needed to transition out of the Marines and into business and advised him to apply to business school.

Whatever lessons Rogers eventually learned in pursuit of an MBA, Local Motors is very much the product of his Marine Corps training, and he says he could never have run the company without it. Obviously LM isn't buttoned-down, but it is combat ready. Marine jargon and dicta pepper Rogers's conversations on the company's principles: the OODA loop (observe, orient, decide, act); shoot, move, communicate; what did I do yesterday, what did I do today, what's in my way; the emphasis on decentralization and on responsibility. He clearly still has the discipline of a marine. When he isn't on the road raising money—which is half the time now—his days begin early, often at 5:30, and don't end until eight or nine in the evening when he makes the half-hour drive home. He gets more than a thousand e-mails a day. And his military training has helped him deal with the pressures of building a new company. "I never really had heartburn until I was a marine in combat," he says. "But I never had heartburn like I had in my life until I was a CEO about to run out of money. It's harder than being in combat."

When he left the corps, in 2005, he entered Harvard Business School. Just as he was an oddity in the Marines for being an Ivy Leaguer, he was an oddity in the Ivy League for having been in the Marines. At 32 he was the oldest person in his class, and he never socialized. Instead he spent nearly all his time working on two business plans—one for his intelligence-gathering service, the other for his automobile company. When he broached the idea of starting a new car company to his fellow students, they thought he was nuts. Rogers thought they were too blind to see they were missing out on the future. But there was one student, older like Rogers, who had grown up in Dearborn, earned an engineering degree and worked at Ford, and he was intrigued. Rogers and the student, Jeff Jones, became confederates.

Rogers knew he wanted to start a car company, but he hadn't nailed down most of the details. So he and Jones took two grants Harvard had awarded Rogers for his business plan and began their tour. This is when they visited the Dearborn truck plant. They also visited Tesla Motors; the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, which trains industrial designers; an electric bike factory; a kit-car company in Massachusetts named Factory Five Racing; race car impresario Chip Ganassi's NASCAR garage in North Carolina, which inspired LM's own immaculate microfactory; and Brammo, a small company headquartered in Ashland, Oregon that makes eye-catching light electric motorcycles one by one.

If Rogers had had his first eureka moment in Dearborn watching the factory shut down, he had his second late at night on his flight back from Ashland. The Big Three were committed to steel-bodied cars built on an assembly line, he thought. Rogers's own company would be committed to cars without steel intensity—fiberglass cars—and it would assemble them the way Brammo assembled its motorcycles: individually, by hand, on the company's premises. In fact, the buyer would, under the tutelage of a builder-trainer, construct a car himself. "That was the whole concept right there," Rogers says—or at least that was the whole concept before he decided to crowdsource the design of the car.

Whatever lessons Rogers learned in pursuit of an MBA, Local Motors is the product of his Marine Corps training. LM isn't buttoned-down, but it is combat ready.

Over dinner he and Jones formed a partnership to create a new automotive company. Rogers's die had been cast.

At least that's what he thought. But on the morning of March 16, 2007 he answered a knock at his door and found Jones with tears in his eyes. Jones said he couldn't do it. It was too big a risk. It was a risk for Rogers too. He had received two extremely lucrative offers, from McKinsey consulting and a philanthropy, and they had given him an ultimatum. That night Rogers fell ill. He couldn't sleep. The next morning, on the day of decision, he desperately called Mark Smith, co-owner of Factory Five, the kit-car company, and asked what he should do. Smith jumped on his motorcycle and met Rogers in Harvard Square. If Rogers wanted to start a new car company, then he should, and Smith would help him.

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The biggest impediment to starting a car company is financing. Rogers's first investor was Smith, but Smith didn't provide money. Factory Five was situated in an industrial park in Wareham, Massachusetts, and it had extra space, a 20-by-50-foot storeroom, which it gave to Local Motors. Smith also let Rogers pick two of his engineers, and Smith continued to pay their salaries as they investigated all sorts of things from 3-D printing to turning drawings into computer-aided designs to finding new materials that would pass federal safety tests. Finding willing investors was harder, and Rogers is still bitter about it. Venture capital is eager to fund "another corporate Twitter messaging service," he complains, but LM hasn't attracted a single corporate investor. Asked how many times he has been told by a potential investor that it is crazy to start a car company, especially in a recessionary economy, Rogers says "at least 400." He now has 40 individual investors, who have put $12 million into the company. Half are friends and acquaintances.

By the time he set up shop in Wareham early in 2008, Rogers had a concept and he had seed money. What he lacked was a car. He hadn't started the company with the idea that the cars would be designed by a community, but then he saw a presentation by Threadless, a T-shirt company whose designs are submitted by members of a web community, which then collectively selects the best ones to print on shirts. That got Rogers thinking about how community sourcing might work in the auto industry. As Rogers saw it, corporations had traditionally owned everything their employees produced, and most manufacturing was top down—by corporations for the consumer. But the internet had begun to change that. "The point," he says, "is that the individual is really the one who could have the power."

That is what he calls the "third industrial revolution," after the first industrial revolution, which in the 19th century mechanized tasks previously done by hand; and the second industrial revolution, which in the 20th century ushered in mass production. The third industrial revolution would be digital, and it would birth an economy in which individuals, not corporations, made the decisions about what got made. In effect, the web is the new corporation, which is why LM exists as much online as in its micro-factory.

Web crowdsourcing is precisely how the Rally Fighter came into being. Rogers recruited CIO Tim Thomas to set up a website and invited designers to post their drawings there, where they could be seen and commented on by the LM staff, including Rogers, and other members of the community. To kick-start the site, he visited various design schools and invited students to submit sketches. As a further inducement, he launched competitions

and offered prize money, with the winners chosen by a vote of the community. Rogers said he knew the concept would work when the winner of his first competition went online to praise a rival's submission. They were communicating.

That rival was a Korean-born student at the Art Center in Pasadena named Sangho Kim. When Rogers began a competition to design an off-road vehicle for the Southwest, Kim's submission, Rogers thought, had the sweep of a Japanese samurai castle. The community responded enthusiastically, and the design won. When Rogers decided it was time for LM to actually make a vehicle, he chose Kim's design. Rogers admits the team was divided over which car to make, and in the best of all possible worlds the community would have had the final vote. But he felt the community had too few members at the time—roughly 20,000 post comments now, 200 of them daily—and that LM's first vehicle had to hit a specific niche that no other car company was hitting. The community continued to weigh in, making alterations to the design and even to the engineering, protesting that the BMW diesel engine the company had selected would be too difficult to service in the desert. As a result, it instead chose a Chevy LS3, the engine that powers the Corvette.

From design to production wasn't exactly an exercise in Henry Ford efficiency. In the first place, the Wareham storeroom was not big enough to make the car, so Rogers picked up the entire operation and moved it to a former recreation-vehicle showroom off the highway in suburban Phoenix, a location that fit the idea of an off-road desert car.

While it takes Ford, GM and Chrysler anywhere from five to seven years to design and manufacture a car, LM had the Rally Fighter ready in less than 18 months. Similarly, when the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, an arm of the Department of Defense, approached LM about designing and manufacturing a prototype for a military reconnaissance and recovery vehicle, LM produced the car in just over four months, after receiving 162 official submissions for the design. President Obama attended the unveiling, shook hands with Rogers and saluted all those who had contributed to the design.

That was the high point. The low point came in June 2011 when, after spending $3 million and producing 11 Rally Fighters, Rogers decided to shut down production. The community had suggested some tweaks he knew would improve the car—things like better suspension and a cleaner fit on the doors—so Rogers went to his investors and asked for $300,000. Board members Mark Smith and financier Tom Lehrman suggested Rogers ice the Rally Fighter and raise money by conducting more competitions with corporate partners. When he broke the news to his team, they were stunned—not that the board would propose such an idea but that Rogers would seriously entertain it. That shook him out of his daze. Instead of shutting down, Rogers repriced the car at $75,000 (it had been selling for $50,000), then went out and raised $2.7 million in two weeks to finance the design changes. In six months the Rally Fighter was back in production, but, Rogers admits, "it was wrenching." During the downtime he had to fire the entire production floor.

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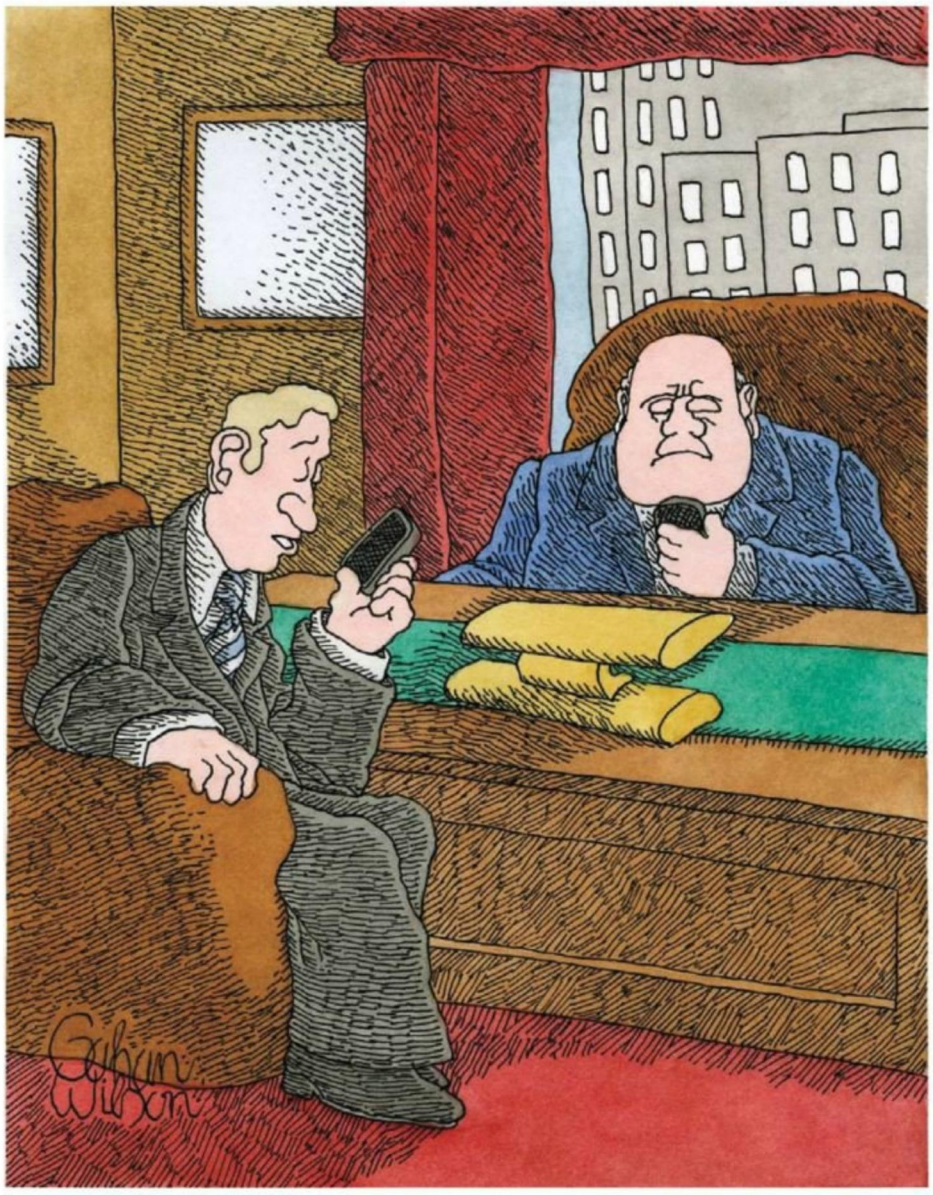
When Rogers talks about his community, he fairly beams. To supporters and critics alike, the advantage of using a community is that you get thousands of ideas and critiques—the wisdom of the crowd—without having to pay for it (other than the $10,000 in prize money LM awards its winners). The winners have no financial stake in their designs unless the company actually makes them; they operate by the terms of the Creative Commons, a group that promotes open sourcing, making information freely available to everyone. Indeed, if this is the first community-sourced car company, it is also the first open-sourced car company. The Big Three don't give their secrets away. All of LM's specs are listed online, and anyone can make a Rally Fighter in his garage, if he has the wherewithal, without having to pay the company a dime. LM even provides a wiki that takes people step-by-step through the process.

But Rogers is convinced the third industrial revolution is not just about money. It is about happiness. What community members get, he says, is the satisfaction of seeing their designs realized if they win, an international community of like-minded people to provide support and feedback, professional online tools such as CAD at a nominal cost to make it easier to convert drawings into plans and the opportunity to showcase work in the larger design community. (Rogers is certain the site is monitored by traditional auto companies.) Victor Garcia, who submitted the winning design for the DARPA vehicle, is now working at the Peterbilt truck company,



"Not that I'm complaining, R.J., but I was hoping that once we were in the same room we might talk directly to one another."

and Sangho Kim is working for GM in Korea. Kim's name also adorns every Rally Fighter on a metal plate the way an artist's signature identifies a canvas.

Rogers thinks the same satisfactions motivate the folks who buy the car. Obviously they are well-heeled enough to purchase an expensive car in difficult economic times, but Rogers believes there is a deeper appeal than owning a new trinket. He calls it the "build experience"—the opportunity to make your own car, doing everything from designing the images that adorn the wrap to tightening the bolts. The experience takes six days. It could be a father and his son, or a few friends, or even a husband and a wife. Clients aren't mechanics. Some of them have never even used a screwdriver. But the building experience is a path to the bonding experience. Builder-trainer Mike Pisani says, "We are trying to create the Disney World of automotive experience. You're not just swapping cash for a car."

In a way, that is the primary force behind the third industrial revolution: bringing people together, sometimes in new and unusual ways. Local Motors has held design competitions with Shell Oil for local energy-efficient vehicles, with the B'Twin bicycle company for an adult tricycle, with Peterbilt trucks for a new flagship vehicle, with Domino's Pizza for a customized pizza-delivery car and even with Reebok for an automobile-inspired sneaker. While the main participants are aspiring designers, truck drivers signed on for the Peterbilt project, and pizza-delivery workers entered the Domino's contest. Moreover, Local Motors has deals with Snap-on Tools, Lincoln Electric, Siemens PLM Software (to provide CAD to the community for a nominal price) and 3M, which produces the wrap the Rally Fighter uses instead of paint.

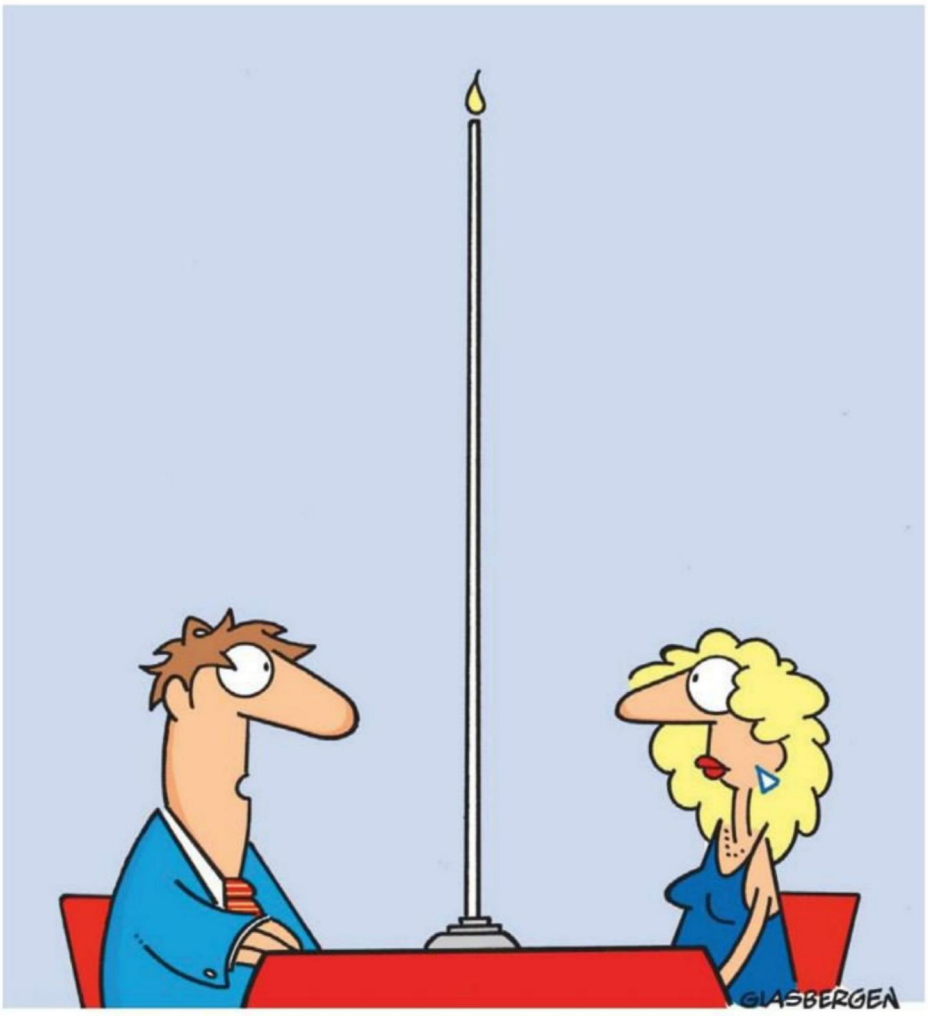
Traditional car companies, however, are skeptical. The head of innovation at GM visited the Arizona facility and came away baffled. "He didn't get it at all," Rogers says. He attributes it to the fact that most automobile executives, though eager to learn how to move cars via the internet, do not like cars very much, not the way he does. He is especially lathered over a lead automotive analyst who called the iPhone the "new Mustang," as if social networking could replace the automobile.

Even so, LM partnered with GM in overturning a California regulation that prohibited taking an engine from one car and putting it in another (as LM did with the Chevy LS3) for fear that emissions controls would be circumvented. The companies were, as Rogers says, "strange bedfellows." LM is also collaborating with BMW on a plan in which LM would use its international community to design local vehicles for specific areas and then have BMW manage some of the micro-factories.

Rogers claims he has already made more cars than Preston Tucker, and he believes his company will be profitable by the end of 2013, not just from car sales but from competition partnerships and selling CAD software to the community. Because his overhead is so low, he says he needs to sell only five cars a month to get there. But then there are those industrial vistas that stretch far beyond turning a profit. Already LM is working on a two-seat "tandem car" that is being both designed and engineered by the LM online community with the intention of providing specs so anyone can build the car at home for as little as $10,000. The company is examining how to energize the engineering community, which currently has only 50 regular participants, and make it as active as the design community in the hope that LM might someday make its own engine. It is also looking for global partners, both corporate and governmental, especially since the regulatory hurdles in the developing world are much lower than those in the United States.

But as almost everyone at LM says, the objective is to be more than just a car company. The objective is to be *the* online transportation hub of the world: the place where anyone interested in transportation, be it cars, boats, bicycles, trains or planes, can go to discuss, design and engineer vehicles. Already in garages, basements and warehouses around the country there are hundreds of "hacker spaces"—guerrilla labs where anyone who wants to make something can hang out with other tinkerers, use equipment and produce things. LM has drawn on several of these in Phoenix for ideas, and it has turned its own micro-factory into a hacker space on Thursday nights. Over time it could become the biggest virtual hacker space in the world. As Isaac Olson, LM's engineering-community liaison, sees it, someday the company may serve as an exchange, showing people how to realize their plans by connecting them to manufacturers and others with expertise. Designer Aurel François agrees. He sees LM not just as a potential Facebook for designers but also as a potential eBay for transportation design.

"I think Local Motors is going to be a household name in five years," CIO Tim Thomas predicts. "What we're doing is completely different, and what we produce is very passionate." Of course LM could also wind up on the trash heap. But if it succeeds, Jay Rogers may turn out to be a 21st century business legend—the man who showed ordinary people how to beat corporations at their own game, the man who fought industrial inertia and won and, not least of all, the man who did something so gigantic and revolutionary that it demonstrated his own fortitude and burnished the Rogers name after his father's setback. That's why Jay Rogers is all-in. He can't afford to lose.



"I've heard that the food is pretty good here, but the service is slow."

BIG CIGAR

(continued from page 66)

Blauner's house. He delegated the dirty work, asking Jeffrey to handle the drive. Bert stayed behind.

Jeffrey knew and liked Huey—but Jeffrey had only a learner's permit, so the teenage girl from Bert's bedroom took the wheel. They piled into Bert's BMW 3.0 coupe. Bert's young girlfriend was a skittish getaway driver, eyes in the rearview, looking for headlights. Jeffrey knew the hills, and he navigated a back route to Steve's home without drawing any attention.

The coupe pulled up the long, steep driveway to Steve's dramatic Bel Air house. The place was beautiful, redwood inside and out; it had been built for the Kim Novak film *Strangers When We Meet*. Huey walked into the forecourt, past the waterfall, between a pair of enormous Chinese Foo dogs.

"I didn't know I was having company," Steve said when he opened the door.

Steve too was close with Huey and had hosted him many times. Steve knew Huey was armed—Huey had become a household name by facing policemen on the streets of Oakland with shotguns—and demanded he turn over his weapon. "House rules," he said. "The pistol, please." Huey handed over his gun.

As soon as he found some privacy, Steve called Bert. "How are we gonna do this?" he asked.

"I'm working on it," Bert said.

This was the era of skyjacking—the favored mode of emigrating to Cuba by hijacking airliners and forcing them to land in Havana—but Huey thought that was too dangerous, not to mention déclassé for a revolutionary of his stature. Instead, Bert and Steve and a trusted core of their Hollywood cohorts would throw together an underground railroad and smuggle Huey to Cuba. It would turn into a big production but with real-life stakes. Like their films, this project had a title. Bert called it "The Big Cigar."

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INT. ITALIAN AMERICAN SOCIAL CLUB, WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK, 1949—DAY

This is the kind of "social club" where you look both ways before you ring the buzzer to go inside and place bets with Jimmie Knuckles—and you better be good for it. Two teenagers—young BERT SCHNEIDER and STEVE BLAUNER—arrive, clearly skipping school. They seem out of place but look comfortable as they nod at everyone while buying cigarettes and cruising for action.

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Bert and Steve weren't always Hollywood honchos. They'd grown up together in Westchester County, New York, and although they were two Jewish kids from the tonier suburban zip codes—Bert in particular felt no shame in acknowledging the size of his silver spoon—they always had a nose for excitement. "From an early age," Steve recalls, "we were always in just over our heads."

In high school they liked to hang out at bookie joints, like the Italian American Social Club in White Plains. Steve was big for his age, a bit of a tough guy already. Bert was tall but skinny and couldn't fight his way out of a paper bag, so instead he projected extreme confidence. Sometimes they'd play cards in the back with bona fide wiseguys—Apples, Cootie, Willy the Whip—and when Bert would win a hand with a brazen bluff, Johnny the Gator would light a smoke and hand over the money: "Well, fellas, it looks like the calf got the butcher."

Bert liked that line, even though it was the kind of attitude that got him kicked out of Cornell in 1953. Bert was probably destined to go into the family business anyhow. His father, Abraham Schneider, was president of Columbia Pictures. Bert started working at Screen Gems, a television subsidiary of the studio, working his way up to vice president.

Steve, in the meantime, went into the music business. He wound up managing a young kid named Bobby Darin. Steve preferred standards but saw something in this rock-and-roll thing, and soon Bobby Darin was a star. They were making a killing, and Steve was staying at Sammy Davis Jr.'s house, palling around Vegas with Frank Sinatra.

In 1965 Bert formed his own production company with Bob Rafelson, a young director. Steve was already in Los Angeles, and the trio struck gold when they imagined a serialized *Hard Day's Night* for television and manufactured a boy band, the Monkees, for a TV show of the same name.

The Monkees were a cash cow. Because Steve knew the music business, he made sure Bert owned it all: the publishing, the appearances, the dolls, the whole kit and caboodle. The show was on for only two seasons, from 1966 to 1968, but it made a fortune—so much money that Bert wondered, What the fuck am I gonna do with it all?

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"It's not just a biker movie," Dennis Hopper exclaimed, wide-eyed and wild. "It's gonna be the story of our time."

Hopper showed up in Bert's office one day with Peter Fonda. They had this idea about two bikers who score a big drug deal and take to the road. It was 1968. A lot had changed in the few years since Bert bought his house in Beverly Hills: the Summer of Love, Vietnam, Martin Luther King Jr., Bobby Kennedy. The Monkees were done. Bert wanted to be in the movie business. And here were Hopper and Fonda, grimy and stoned, asking for $360,000. Neither had ever directed or produced a movie before. Bert wrote a check on the spot.

The resulting film, *Easy Rider,* became a phenomenon. The anti-establishment portrayal of disaffection with American society touched a nerve when it appeared in 1969, the high-water mark of the counterculture. *Easy Rider,* a film that opens with a coke deal, was nominated for two Academy Awards, made Jack Nicholson a star and earned $35 million.

That's nearly 100 times the budget, an astonishing figure that led Columbia Pictures to give BBS Productions—Bert, Bob and Steve's company—an unprecedented six-picture deal for inexpensive, director-driven films. It was the late 1960s, when Hollywood was full of graying executives who were losing lots of money on big-budget flops like *Hello, Dolly!* and *Paint Your Wagon*. *Easy Rider* paved the way for a revolution in American cinema.

For Bert, the success was a middle finger at the establishment. He was admired, despised, revered and feared, sometimes by the same people. But everyone agreed he was a great producer. "Usually producers get in the way," says Peter Bogdanovich, director of *The Last Picture Show*. "But Bert was the opposite. He encouraged us to do something that we felt attached to as artists."

Creative integrity was paramount. The 1970s would turn out to be a miraculous (and brief) union between art and commerce, producing some of the great films of all time. The barbarians were inside the gates—and they were piling up money. It was the first time producers, directors and actors shared film profits, often earning millions. BBS moved from the Columbia lot at Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street to a building on La Brea Avenue that Bert bought and renovated to include a screening room, cutting room and, naturally, a cedar sauna. In Bert's office you could play billiards beneath a white Tiffany chandelier facing a picture window with a view of the Hollywood sign. From here Bert cultivated a reputation as the dynamic center of a glamorous and successful avant-garde. He was 36 years old.

Ever since summer camp, Steve had called Bert "Rulebook" Schneider because he always learned the rules—so he could break them. Now Steve sat down the hall from Bert as they upended Hollywood with their money-making masterpieces. Bert the rabble-rouser was also a brilliant businessman. "I always wanted to change the world," he said. "And make a few dollars in the process."

Friends sometimes joked that Bert was "king of the Jews," but when Bert plainly referred to his own Christ complex, he wasn't kidding. "I want to be like Jesus Christ," he'd say without apparent irony, "but with better participation."

Bert acted like a star. As Linda Weaver, his longtime secretary, put it, "Those big, blue Paul Newman eyes of his could be warm and friendly, or turn ice-cold.... He was pretty good at getting whatever he wanted." And he loved flaunting his ability to buck the system. "He'd fire up a joint in Columbia's executive offices," Steve says. "Just because he could."

When Bert first arrived in Los Angeles, he was relatively straight—he had come of age in the 1950s, had a wife, kids and a house in Westchester. But like so many East Coast Jewish boys heading west for the pictures, Bert changed. He let his hair grow long, grew a beard, exchanged his coat and tie for patterns and velvet and dove into the drug culture. He embraced the sexual revolution with gusto. The 1970s were like a second adolescence for him. He considered himself a sex object, as did most women. By early 1971 Bert was en route to divorce, moving from the flatlands to the hills, where the scene at his house often resembled the party at the end of *Shampoo*. On any given evening you might find Lauren Hutton, Jack Nicholson, Warren Beatty, in and out of the pool, mingling with guests who were high out of their minds and pontificating about the future of cinema while surrounded by starlets, including Bert's new girlfriend, Candice Bergen (whom everyone called Candy).

Bert's drug-fueled parties doubled as an active political salon. This was, after all, the springtide of radical chic. Whereas most people settle from zealous youth into cautious middle age, Bert did the opposite and turned revolutionary.

Starting with the Chicago Seven, Bert entertained lefty activists of all stripes: Jane Fonda and her soon-to-be beau Tom Hayden, Timothy Leary and Daniel Ellsberg, whose legal defense Bert supported through the Pentagon Papers Peace Project. Bert championed Charlie Chaplin, who had been hounded out of the country by the House Un-American Activities Committe 20 years earlier, buying the rights to Chaplin's film catalog and engineering his stirring return for an honorary Oscar in 1972.

Candice Bergen shot the cover of *Life* magazine featuring Chaplin for the occasion. "It was a very romantic time," she says. Candice had given up the Chanel suits of her patrician upbringing in favor of the Nehru jackets and love beads of hippiedom and had fallen into Bert's orbit.

"Bert was a romantic figure," she remembers. "He made big expansive gestures, like chartering a jet to Aspen or Martha's Vineyard spontaneously, or unflinchingly supporting the politics of people he believed in." That's how Bert's house came to be, as Bergen describes it, a "party full of outlaws." Candice would sit by the pool as Bert strategized with Abbie Hoffman or "discoursed into the night about the dialectic with a half-naked Huey Newton."

Bert had met Huey in September 1970. Bert had been involved politically—and romantically—with Elaine Brown, a dedicated member of the Black Panther Party. She introduced them after Huey was released that summer from his stint in prison.

Like Bert, Huey was charismatic and egomaniacal, a political celebrity ever since his Panthers showed up at the California statehouse armed with berets, shotguns and matching leather.

"He was mesmerizing," says Steve, who met Huey when Bert brought him to Martha's Vineyard. "There were three times in my life when I met someone and instantly recognized a star—Bobby Darin, Jack Nicholson and Huey."

Steve and Bert were both taken with Huey's looks, admiring his prison-toned body and "movie star face." Indeed, after Huey's dramatic release from prison to a throng of supporters on national television, he was solicited by a talent agent who wrote that Huey had "star quality."

Bert provided direct entrée to Hollywood. Almost immediately, the two were thick as thieves. "It was like what we now call a man-crush," Candice says. "Bert would get tears in his eyes. He was like a man in love." Bert idolized Huey's dedication to his politics. He saw them as kindred spirits: Bert had overturned the Hollywood system, and Huey had his sights set on the world. Bert said at one time that Huey "has probably had the most profound effect on my life of anyone I have ever known." Bert and Huey loved their mutually manic intellectualizing, each getting drunk on the contrarian rhapsodies of the other.

"Their bond was incredible," says Elaine Brown. Bert often had Huey at his side, on vacation, at his house, at premieres. A big gold Black Panther ring appeared on Bert's finger. Behind Bert's desk now hung a framed picture: Bert and Huey, side by side, beaming.

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INT. ABBY MANN RESIDENCE, SANTA MONICA—NIGHT

A swank fund-raiser for the Black Panther Party at the plush home of ABBY MANN, né Abraham Goodman, a socially conscious screenwriter. Food is being served to Hollywood's elite. On the mantel is a familiar golden statuette, an Oscar for one of Abby's screenplays, *Judgment at Nuremberg*. BERT watches with a satisfied grin.

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Huey was popular in Tinseltown. Jean Seberg was a supporter, along with Mia Farrow, Shirley MacLaine and Barbra Streisand. Such luminaries were surprised to discover Huey's refined, gentle manner. Even Huey's fiercest critics acknowledged his seductive quality, how he was never angry in their presence—despite his reputation for violence.

People would visit Bert's house and find Huey by the pool, wearing fitted silk shirts and reading Nietzsche. High in Benedict Canyon there was no trace of Huey's street roots, the "crazy Huey" from hard-edged Oakland, the man accused of killing policeman John Frey. Instead, Huey talked about retooling the party after a protracted war with the authorities, eschewing violence and overheated bolshevism in favor of a reform program of community action. Even old-guard Hollywood royalty like Liz Taylor and Richard Burton wrote checks to the Panthers. But Bert's checks were always the biggest.

Bert started sending Huey checks for tens of thousands of dollars, personally bankrolling much of the Panthers' activities, from community programs to Huey's new penthouse above Lake Merritt in Oakland, from which Huey ran the party like a super-stylish political boss. In 1972 Bert forked over more than $250,000 for an enormous Panther outreach campaign called the Black Community Survival Conferences.

By now the FBI knew a lot about Bert. The feds tracked his calls to BBS offices, to a restaurant, to his veterinarian. At times FBI field agents' reports sounded like items

"Jack! I'm seeing someone else!"

from *Variety*. (The Monkees were, according to one report, "an overnight sensation and a multimillion dollar project.")

Huey and Bert both understood the theater of politics and the politics of the theater, and they often talked about film as a social weapon. "Man, we need to get our own production going," Huey would tell Bert. That's how they would show some revolutionary truth. Just like *The Battle of Algiers*.

Hollywood had come fashionably late to the 1960s (arriving, essentially, in the 1970s), and it was tempting to chalk up the entertainment industry's new radical politics to atonement—an overcompensation for its silence during the McCarthy era. Some contemporaries thought it was all about pussy and drugs. Others said Bert's obsession with Huey was a way to ward off accusations of privilege.

Bert knew he was a hypocrite, a radical elitist who talked about the "working class getting off its fucking ass" from his million-dollar offices. "I get high on the contradictions," Bert said at the time, about the tension between his lifestyle and politics. As Candice Bergen drily noted, the Nehru jackets were custom-made and the "love beads were from Tiffany."

But Bert didn't care. He relished using square money from the Monkees—a sanitized rip-off of the Beatles—to fund the countercultural bombshell *Easy Rider*. Bert liked to say he had to "close this next deal to be rich enough to support the revolution."

"Bert never did the minimum," Steve recalls. Whereas writing a few checks might assuage other people's consciences, Bert always went further. "His heart was in the right place," Candice says. "If Bert saw an injustice, he would try to do something about it. And he could."

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INT. HUEY'S PENTHOUSE—DAY

HUEY is holed up in his well-appointed high-rise Oakland redoubt. From the 25th floor, he can see the sun dance on Lake Merritt. But Huey's not happy. He seems wired, pacing back and forth while his entourage watches uneasily. Jimmy Cliff plays on the hi-fi—"The Harder They Come." Huey pours a drink as the chorus comes: "The harder they come, the harder they fall...."

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It was a mean season for the Black Panthers, who descended into chaos as Huey became tyrannical and erratic. It turns out maintaining revolutionary focus is difficult when surrounded by drugs and easy money. Huey was a real intellectual—he led his followers in serious discussions about existentialism and free will—but, as often happens with political idealism, a gulf widened between theory and praxis. Huey had eschewed his title of "supreme commander," yet he acted ever more like a messiah gone astray. He donned white suits and fedoras, surrounded himself with an elite security team called "the Squad" and had a valet trail him as he roamed his penthouse, which he called "the Throne."

The Panthers were developing a reputation as thugs dressed up in Marxist rhetoric and three-piece suits, with Huey as the kingpin. Part of Huey's program had been to politicize the street, but some people thought he had brought the street to politics instead. To outsiders—and some insiders—it looked as though Huey was falling back on the criminal instincts of his youth.

The FBI was close behind. Agents had even rented the apartment next door, always looking for Huey to slip up. The pressure was on for the embattled leader—there were court trials, shoot-outs, internal splits. The SWAT team was essentially invented to combat the Panthers. Huey lightened the weight of the crown with cocaine and Courvoisier, or as fellow Panther David Hilliard called it, "the cognac of Napoleon Bonaparte."

Huey became frenzied and sometimes unintelligible. Candice Bergen remembers him pacing the room at Bert's house one night wearing only a sheet, "wrapped up like Caesar" as he delivered a four-hour rant. Later, Huey positioned his six-foot-eight bodyguard outside Bert's house, worried that agents of Eldridge Cleaver, who had fled to Algeria and was now fighting Huey for power, were coming to kill him.

Such tension was typical of the thorny politics of the left, which became increasingly factional as the 1970s unfolded and the revolution had not yet materialized. Former comrades excommunicated one another over the tiniest evidence of ideological heterodoxy. In Oakland, Huey was purging the Panthers, booting longtime loyalists. Trying to get into the movie business didn't help: As Huey and Bobby Seale worked one night on their anti-blaxploitation epic in which Bobby was to star, the two Black Panther cofounders locked horns so dramatically that Huey, amped on cocaine, kicked Bobby out of the party (and, according to Elaine Brown, had him lashed with a bullwhip). Bobby Seale fled Oakland the next day.

It was a mean season for the Black Panthers. The FBI was close behind their embattled leader, Huey Newton. He lightened the weight with cocaine and Courvoisier.

Whether it was caused by drugs or grim reality, Huey's paranoia kept him mostly holed up in the Throne, where he scrutinized visitors' faces via the lobby's state-of-the-art security camera. He slept all day and by night prowled bars, including the Fox Lounge and the party's own hangout, the Lamp Post. Huey was at the Fox Lounge with his bodyguard on July 30, 1974, when he was arrested after a supposed scuffle with two cops. Six days later, a 17-year-old prostitute was shot by a man riding in a Continental Mark IV. Three other prostitutes identified Huey as the shooter.

Huey was facing another murder rap, this time with few allies. Using a telescope in his penthouse, he could look right into the windows of the Alameda County courthouse building—the district attorney's office—where the case against him was being assembled. He was convinced a fair trial would be impossible. On another floor was the holding cell where he had waited to be tried in 1967 and the solitary pen, called the Soul Breaker, where he'd spent several weeks.

He didn't want to see those rooms again. Time was running out. Years earlier, a crowd of thousands had massed outside the courthouse, chanting, "Free Huey!" Now Huey stared out the window, pondering his fate, listening to Isaac Hayes's "I Stand Accused," ice clinking in a lowball glass. Up in the Throne, Huey liked to pour Coke and two fingers of Bacardi over cubes, then add a healthy squeeze of lime juice for what had become a very appropriate drink—the Cuba libre.

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Steve took a strange route south, making odd turns, always using his turn signals and sticking to the speed limit as he wound his way to Mexico. He drove his Renault convertible. He loved that car. The woman next to him was Huey's girlfriend, and Huey, from the backseat, was helping adjust her wig.

They had holed up at Steve's house while Bert strategized. Steve gave Huey his bedroom and slept in the projection room. But Huey was going stir-crazy. The only time they left the house was when Steve disguised Huey and took him to see the *Dirty Harry* sequel *Magnum Force*. "He wanted to see some action," Steve recalls. "Other than that we just sat tight."

Eventually, Benny Shapiro showed up with further instructions. Benny was a longtime friend of Bert and Steve's, a well-known figure in the Los Angeles music scene; he had been manager for Miles Davis, worked with Bob Dylan and was a promoter of the Monterey International Pop Festival. Benny was a guy you called when you had a problem: He knew everyone, from the downtown judges to the Hells Angels. Los Angeles had been his playground until he bought a jungle retreat in the village of Yelapa, Mexico and decamped there permanently in the wake of Nixon's presidential election. When Huey needed a safe haven, Benny happened to be in town and offered his place.

"I'm going to miss you," Bert said, tears in his eyes, before Huey got in Steve's car. "Me too, comrade," Huey replied.

Bert never even asked Huey what happened in Oakland, and neither did Steve as they drove to Mexico. Right or wrong, Steve would go to the mat for his friend, godfather to his second child. He figured Huey was being persecuted. After all, J. Edgar Hoover had declared the Black Panthers the greatest threat to the country's internal security in 1968 and had since declared war on the party. "In the politics of the time," Steve recalls, "the FBI and the police were the enemy, plain and simple."

They crossed the border at San Ysidro and reached the Tijuana airport, where a flight to Puerto Vallarta—about 55 miles from Yelapa—awaited. Huey was running on adrenaline, acting wild; Steve worried he'd give them away. "Just take a deep breath," Steve said, "and get on the plane." When Huey and Gwen climbed the stairs and the doors closed behind them, Steve turned back

for the border. "I was flying so high from the danger," Steve recalls. "And probably from the cocaine too."

After the plane took off, Steve snorted some blow. The drive home was exhilarating. At one point he pulled over to a pay phone and called his estranged wife. "Listen," he told her, "I think we can solve this. Let's meet up tomorrow. Bring your boyfriend. We'll all drop acid and figure this out." She was not convinced.

When Steve got home, Bert called. This had just been the preproduction, Bert said. "We've got work to do."

Bert and Steve assumed their phones were tapped. They referred to their venture as the Movie. Benny was the Jew. Bert's protégé Artie Ross was the Babysitter. Huey was the Package, the Leading Man or the Star. And Bert would talk about how "our Movie starts Friday night." All they needed was "transportation" for "the Star" to the "location."

It was Benny who came up with the idea to fly Huey from Mexico to Cuba in a small plane, under the radar. He knew someone who knew a guy who said he could arrange it. The guy's name was Niné; he was a friend of Benny's coke dealer. Niné had revolutionary bona fides, having been in the mountains with Che Guevara. Bert gave Niné money to build a clandestine airstrip and find a willing pilot for a mercenary sortie.

Homespun cloak-and-dagger was new for Bert's Hollywood clique. Before driving to Mexico, Steve had called his bookmaker and placed bets so there would be a record that he was in town. Now Bert made calls from pay phones, bribed a notary to forge Huey's fake documents and kept quiet, not even filling in Jack Nicholson—and Bert kept nothing from Jack. Bert paid for everything in cash. To avoid making a large bank withdrawal, he called one of his former mistresses, Toni Stern, now Carole King's co-lyricist, and asked for a favor. She delivered a bundle of bills in a paper bag—the bursary for the Big Cigar.

"If we ever get caught," Bert joked to Steve, "we'll be the Beverly Hills Seven."

"More like the Over-the-Hill Jewish Gang," Steve said.

Benny funneled Bert's cash to "the Cuban," as he called Niné, who kept promising imminent covert air service to Havana. Niné was also supposed to secure permission from the Castro government for Huey's arrival. Down in Yelapa, Huey thought this was important. He didn't want to show up unannounced; he wanted a proper exile—and soon. Huey didn't want to wait too long in Mexico, where the federal authorities, having put down the 1968 student uprising, were not sympathetic to leftist refugees. At Benny's jungle refuge there were no phones; messages were sent with people going to Puerto Vallarta who would then call California. Huey sent several messages to Bert, impatient about the status of the Movie.

Bert wanted to know what was going on too. Niné was stalling, saying that the pilot he'd hired had disappeared with their down payment. Niné asked for more money. Bert had already supplied him with $50,000 and was getting suspicious. Bert made some calls and realized Niné was hustling everybody around town for money. It became clear there was no airstrip. There probably was no pilot. Maybe this fucking guy had never even met Che. "This Cuban is full of shit," Bert said. "How much has this guy taken me for?"

Bert, Steve and Benny organized a meeting between Benny and Niné at Canter's, a 24-hour deli on Fairfax Avenue. Bert called Oakland and had two Panther foot soldiers sent down as muscle. The meeting was set for 2:30 P.M. The Panthers stood at the counter as Benny ordered matzoh-ball soup and waited for Niné, who walked in, sat down in a booth, made small talk and then pulled out a gun and started shooting.

Miraculously, Benny was uninjured. Niné fled. The Panthers didn't shoot back; they weren't "dressed," meaning armed, as they later told Bert, because they hadn't figured on a shoot-out in Canter's.

Neither had Bert. For the first time, he felt in over his head. "What kind of tsuris did we get into with this guy?" he asked Steve. Niné wasn't some studio executive Bert could bully into submission.

"That's when Bert decided to get a gun himself," Steve recalls. Bert sent his son, Jeffrey, to live with his ex-wife. "He's not safe with me," Bert said. Then he went to Steve's place and called a liquor store on Sunset Boulevard known for making "special deliveries" to the Hills. That night, a delivery boy rang Steve's doorbell holding a bag that included a couple of bottles of cognac—and a pistol.

Bert and Benny were sitting on the edge of Steve's double-king-size bed, fiddling with the weapon. "Like this?" Bert asked—and the gun suddenly went off, blowing a hole in Steve's bedroom wall. Huey might have been prepared to shoot, but Bert was not. He got rid of the gun and holed up in a friend of a friend's house in the Valley.

"Were you followed?" Bert asked Steve when he visited the hideaway. Bert was looking nervously through the blinds. He couldn't even go to the office. His secretary, Linda, was getting threatening calls there. Don't worry, Steve said. This is Hollywood. No one would look for you in the Valley.

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INT. DAN TANA'S RESTAURANT, WEST HOLLYWOOD—NIGHT

Dan Tana's is swinging, as usual. An Italian joint with checkered tablecloths and dim lighting hanging over the leather booths, it is the era's signature Hollywood hangout, where you can line up coke on the bar and get laid in the wine room. Bert has a regular booth. There, a group is huddled over drinks watching ARTIE ROSS, a young upstart in Bert's circle, sketch details on a napkin.

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"So the boat is in Miami," Artie said, "in dry dock." Artie was taking the lead on logistics for take two of the Big Cigar. He looked around the booth. "She'll need some repairs if we're going to do this."

Bert was Artie's mentor. Their families had been close back East. Artie left New York for Berkeley around the same time Bert moved to Beverly Hills. Artie was a raffish hippie-in-training. After college he'd spent a year in Marin County with a carpenter friend,

"Me too!"

building by hand a boat they called the *Maya*—the trimaran Bert wanted to press into service.

Artie was not political. In fact he was scared of Huey, whom he'd seen descend into plenty of paranoid scuffles. But Artie adored Bert. He came to Hollywood looking for an identity and thought he found it in Bert's ego-driven scene.

As Hollywood's elite rubbed elbows in Dan Tana's, Artie thought about seasonal airstreams and currents and how to chart a fugitive's wind-borne course over the Caribbean. He had brought along a lawyer friend to vet any legal questions. She pointed out that the entire enterprise was illegal. "I was worried," she recalls. "These guys made movies for a living. They created fiction." This was nonfiction, and she wondered if they could tell the difference.

"It was real life," she says. "And it was dangerous."

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Bert was still in hiding, quarterbacking the Big Cigar from his safe house in the Valley. Like Huey, he felt trapped. Not only was his underground railroad off the tracks, but there was trouble afoot in Hollywood. BBS was in peril. The company had produced a few flops and Columbia was nearly bankrupt; after a regime change, the studio tried to cancel Bert's deal.

Then Candice left him. Bert's personality was so large, Candice felt she was disappearing. She no longer wanted to play Galatea to Bert's power-hungry Pygmalion. "I finally had to escape from him," she says. "I just couldn't survive it."

Bert was heartbroken. He careened between women and tried to focus on finishing *Hearts and Minds*. Columbia was unhappy about the idea of a Vietnam documentary, but the movie was under budget—some consolation, as Bert always personally guaranteed overages. That was Bert's way, putting his ass on the line—and his house on the block—every time they made a film. He was fearless, an all-in player.

For all Bert's faults, he put his money where his mouth was, in movies and in politics. Even people who took a dim view of Bert's Panther obsession thought there was something to be said for a guy with that much to lose sticking his neck out for a friend. "Bert was fighting the good fight, at great personal jeopardy," Steve says. "How many other Hollywood producers would risk anything the way Bert did?"

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It took Artie several weeks to ready the *Maya*. He traded up from the gasoline putt-putt-putt to a diesel outboard motor. He installed sonar and radar. When the boat was done, he called Bert and said he was ready.

Artie set sail for Mexico to pick up Huey. On the boat was a friend named Little John. It was one of those blue-sky, light-air days in Florida, the kind that make for easy sailing. Heading south from the Fort Lauderdale harbor, Artie left Little John on watch. But Little John wasn't a sailor. And he was stoned. And it started to get dark.

As they passed John Pennekamp Coral Reef State Park, the *Maya* lurched suddenly. They'd hit something. Little John had taken the wrong side of a buoy and run the boat against a giant underwater statue of Jesus—the nine-foot bronze *Christ of the Deep*, a beloved local snorkeling attraction.

Artie made the difficult decision to abandon ship. They swam to shore, where they discovered they were on Key Largo. Still wet, they hitchhiked back to Miami. Artie called Bert and explained about the underwater Jesus snafu. "Looks like Huey will have to wait," he said. Artie never sent a distress call or called the Coast Guard. He didn't want to answer any questions. He let that beautiful boat he built himself sink to the seafloor, near the bronze savior's outstretched arms.

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EXT. A SEASIDE VILLA IN YELAPA—DAY

A cluster of beachside houses sit along the edge of a remote peninsula in tropical Mexico. The roofs are thatched, and hammocks hang on posts. From the open-air rooms you can see 180 degrees of deep blue Pacific. HUEY watches the horizon nervously, eyeing the boats coming in.

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Benny's Yelapa compound was, in the literal sense, the end of the road. And that's precisely what alarmed Huey. Boats were the only way in—or out. He could get trapped down here by the counterrevolutionary *Federales*.

Huey felt vulnerable and imprisoned. Back when he'd served real time, often in solitary, Huey had learned to turn inward with meditation. But the Zen-like Huey was long gone. He kept trying to hire local fishermen to take him to Cuba, even though Yelapa was on the Pacific.

"Huey's going to blow everyone's cover," Bert told Steve. "I need to get down there."

Bert met Huey and Gwen in Mexico City, where he had moved them to an apartment. Bert stayed at the Camino Real, in Zona Rosa, the shopping and nightlife center of the city. Bert visited Abbie Hoffman, who was living there underground in elaborate disguise. Huey didn't want to wind up like that. He was sick of hiding.

"Then give yourself up," Bert told Huey. "The worst that can happen is you'll do time. They won't execute you."

Huey didn't like that answer. But he got the point and stopped complaining. "Let me handle it," Bert said. "You'll be singing 'La Bayamesa' soon enough."

Then came the phone call. It was from Artie's uncle Charlie. "I found a captain crazy enough for you," Charlie said. This guy had his own boat, lived in Colombia and regularly sailed the Caribbean. Charlie didn't ask the captain's business but suspected "he wasn't sightseeing." The captain was Scandinavian and apolitical. This job was for the money, $15,000, and he wanted a guarantee he'd be reimbursed if his boat was confiscated.

Bert agreed and asked the captain's name. Charlie didn't know and didn't want to know. Charlie told Bert he called him what everyone called him: the Pirate.

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EXT. THE PIRATE'S 40-FOOT CLIPPER—DAY

THE PIRATE stands topside, looking the part, a leathery seaman offering a hand

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to HUEY and GWEN as they step aboard. Huey is clearly out of place on the boat. Forty feet doesn't sound so big when you head for the sea. The Pirate unties the lines and starts raising the sails.

•

Huey and Gwen set sail on Thanksgiving eve, 1974. After months of delays, they flew to Cozumel and waited, as instructed, for the Pirate. Bert had gone back to Los Angeles; he and Steve crossed their fingers when they got word that the Pirate's ship was under way.

It was late fall in the Caribbean, and the boat hit serious swells. Huey and Gwen, unaccustomed to boating, got seasick. They slept topside and ate crackers. As the skies cleared, the trip became pleasant. The Pirate sat in the cockpit with his guitar and sang Jamaican songs. They saw schools of flying fish breaking free into the air. Gwen thought the Pirate, whose skin was parched and scaly, looked like a fish who had escaped the depths.

When land appeared on the horizon, the Pirate considered the options for the final leg of Huey and Gwen's voyage. They had planned to head to shore alone in a Zodiac—an inflatable motorized craft—so the Pirate could stay out of Cuban waters. But the Pirate reckoned that Cuba was still 15 miles off, with rough seas in between. Huey had no idea how to pilot a small craft in those waters. It would be even more challenging at night, since they planned to come in under cover of darkness. But he insisted.

"We've come this far," Huey said. "We have no choice." The Pirate joked that he'd wait offshore to collect their bodies.

They inflated the Zodiac. Huey and Gwen boarded uneasily in difficult waves and immediately lost an oar. They had five gallons of gas and the remaining oar if the gas ran out. Gwen brought her suitcase, packed with their clothes, cosmetics and a letter in Spanish explaining their identities and revolutionary solidarity. The Pirate wished them luck as Huey started the little nine-horsepower motor and turned the nose to shore.

The only landmark was a lighthouse, flashing twice every 15 seconds. For hours, the motor whined as Huey tried to keep the boat steady. The waves had grown to five feet, and they nearly capsized. After 11 hours, daylight revealed they were near shore but even nearer to a churning reef. By then Huey had realized they had no life preservers. They were out of gas, paddling with one oar.

The reef raised roaring waves that broke over volcanic rocks. Huey tried to steer, but the water was in control. He was a long way from Oakland and Beverly Hills. When he'd titled his autobiography *Revolutionary Suicide,* this wasn't what he had in mind.

On the shore, onlookers had gathered. The Zodiac overturned a few hundred yards out. Huey and Gwen clung to each other and slowly made it to shore. The two were soaking wet, exhausted and cut by the rocks when they walked ashore and got picked up by the local Committee for the Defense of the Revolution. Despite all the fuss about official introduction to the Castro regime, no one knew who they were. It took Huey several hours to convince them he was a famous revolutionary from California who was here to join Fidel. When Huey pointed out they had been invited, the local gendarme responded, "Well, we didn't shoot you, did we?"

•

Back in Los Angeles, Bert and the rest of the Beverly Hills Seven quietly celebrated Huey's successful escape. He wound up living in exile, cutting sugarcane and repairing trucks for a few years. Bert visited Cuba several times, with Candice Bergen, Francis Ford Coppola, Terrence Malick and others in tow.

Huey read a script by Artie Ross based on the Big Cigar. He liked it, and Bert tried shopping it around town. Warner Bros. was interested. Richard Dreyfuss was attached and added some of his own dialogue. Candice Bergen wanted to play the starlet, the character that was based on herself. So did Julie Christie, a bigger draw, and she was attached instead.

The film was never made. Warner Bros. backed off and Bert was distracted. The times were changing. By late 1974, the writing was on the wall for the New Hollywood era. *Jaws* was just around the corner and with it would come the blockbuster mentality, opening weekend grosses, franchises. Bert had finished *Hearts and Minds,* but Columbia didn't want to release it. The last vestiges of 1960s idealism were giving way to the apathy of the 1970s.

If the revolutionary vision had disappeared, it was partly the fault of the revolutionaries, many of whom lost their way, often in the wilds of sex and drugs. Bert had introduced cocaine to American culture with *Easy Rider,* and he became an addict himself. Like many of the New Hollywood titans, Bert's candle burned bright and fast. He liked to say he was good at tactics but bad at strategy, and he was unprepared for the long game in Hollywood. Some people from that era didn't survive long: Artie died tragically in 1975 while administering an unwise dose of laughing gas to himself straight from the tank. After BBS fell apart, Steve mostly retired. Bert found himself in a kind of exile. The last real production effort under the banner of BBS was the caper they called the Big Cigar.

Bert did manage one last radical act in Hollywood. He bought back *Hearts and Minds* and saved it from oblivion in Columbia's vault. Released in 1974, it won an Academy Award for best documentary. When Bert appeared onstage to accept the Oscar in a white, three-piece tuxedo, he offered "greetings of friendship to all American people" from the North Vietnamese government.

As usual, Bert relished the stir. It will just help the movie, Bert told the papers, and that helps the message. *Hearts and Minds* was a success, just as Bert had hoped. He brought politics to the people and made a few bucks to boot.

When Bert started producing *Hearts and Minds,* he asked the director, Peter Davis, what he thought the film was about. Peter waxed academic about interrogating the American soul on the verge of empire.

"What do you want to see?" Peter asked Bert.

"What I always want to see," Bert replied. "Lines around the block."

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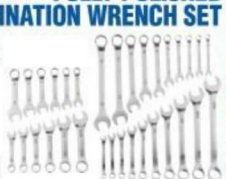

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SPEEDMAN

(continued from page 95)

I've thought about a *Felicity* sequel. People want a reunion. I joke that I'd totally do it if it's years later and my character, Ben, weighs 500 pounds. He's a shut-in, and they're bringing paramedics and pulleys to get him out of bed.

Q.3

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer playing a Navy captain?

SPEEDMAN: I'm the worst. That part of it's tricky for me, the naval-command thing—the military way he stands, the way he orders people around. I grew up in Canada, and when you're Canadian everything comes out as a question. "Um, fire torpedoes?" We have real submariners working as extras, and I always feel they're looking at me like, "That kind of sucked, man."

Q.4

PLAYBOY: As a Canadian, are you especially proud of other Canadians such as Steve Nash and Pamela Anderson?

SPEEDMAN: Well, you can take those one by one. Nash, yes. Pamela Anderson, not so much. Nothing against her, but I'm a huge basketball fan. I love the way Nash plays, with that soccer mentality of his. People talk down his athletic skills, but his skills are just different from those of somebody like Amar'e Stoudemire, who can jump out of the gym. Nash's balance is crazy. He's just as good with the left hand as the right hand. He sees the whole floor, sees the pass before the pass. Steve Nash blows my mind.

Q.5

PLAYBOY: Do you root for your hometown Toronto Raptors?

SPEEDMAN: I root for whoever's playing against Miami. I'm for the underdog. You can admire the Heat and love watching them—talk about skills—and still root against them a hundred percent. LeBron James? Okay, *The Decision* was stupid, but when people rip him because he doesn't take the last-second shot and all that shit, that's silly to me. The guy's an all-time player. He's 27 and he has one ring. How old was Michael Jordan when he won his first, 28?

Q.6

PLAYBOY: A question for the ages: Jordan or Kobe Bryant?

SPEEDMAN: Both are great. One big difference is hand size—Jordan's are *huge*. And he was probably stronger. You're talking about little differences, obviously, but he has an edge in charisma too. He was an authentic on-court character. I would take Jordan.

Q.7

PLAYBOY: You were a nationally ranked high school swimming champion. How much of a head start would you need from Michael Phelps?

SPEEDMAN: A mile. And that was my distance—I was a miler. I was pretty good too, but that guy, with his lung capacity and wingspan, was built in a lab for swimming. Michael Phelps has ankles like a fish. My ankles are boards. I hurt my arm and neck swimming, so I don't swim anymore. Pickup hoops, that's my dream game, but I don't really know how to play. What position? None. I just run around aggressively, get the ball and shoot.

Q.8

PLAYBOY: Are any of your acting colleagues sports nuts like you? You worked with Paul Giamatti, whose dad was once the commissioner of baseball.

SPEEDMAN: People don't expect it, but Paul's a real athlete, very mobile and coordinated. He can do stunts. And he's one of the smartest guys I've ever met—funny, always interesting, the only actor I've worked with who's without ego or pretense. And Channing Tatum was a football player. You might remember me as the douche bag in *The Vow*, with Channing and Rachel McAdams. He's a cool guy, someone you don't mind seeing break through and do great.

Q.9

PLAYBOY: You worked with Ice Cube in *XXX: State of the Union*. Who would win a cage match between Ice Cube, Tatum and Giamatti?

SPEEDMAN: That's an interesting match. [*laughs*] I don't know...Paul's pretty feisty.

Q.10

PLAYBOY: Was making out with Kate Beckinsale in *Underworld: Evolution* a high or low point? Her husband, Len Wiseman, was the director.

SPEEDMAN: Awkward! That was crazy. It was the first and last time I'll kiss a man's wife while he's filming, I hope. But we all got through it. He didn't give me any notes. All he said after the take was "Scott, you're fired." But he hired me back. Screen kisses—they're never really a hot moment, you know? You're trying to be respectful to the actress, but you have to be true to the situation too. Of course there are ground rules. No tongue, that's understood, unless it's specified in the

"Wouldn't you like to know what he's apologizing for!"

script. It would have to be specified for me to bring out the tongue.

Q.11

PLAYBOY: We heard you hate social media. What do you have against Twitter?

SPEEDMAN: I hate stuff that breaks the wall between a movie or a TV show and the people it's made for. You want people to buy in, to believe this fiction we're working so hard to make. So when you have cameras at rehearsals, people blogging and tweeting everything behind the scenes, what happens to the magic? "Hey, everyone, Scott's eating a sandwich." Your personal life becomes your currency. I hate that. So if you see a tweet from me—and they're out there—you know it's fake.

Q.12

PLAYBOY: A magazine once raved about your "out-of-control dimples." Care to comment?

SPEEDMAN: [*Laughs*] That magazine was correct. You can't control these dimples. They are uncontrollable.

Q.13

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had a stalker?

SPEEDMAN: I've had weird experiences here and there, but overall I've been lucky. People get a little crazy sometimes. I had a guy fall off my roof a couple of years ago. He'd been in the house—that was a little creepy—but when it happened I was just sitting around. I heard a crash and ran outside. He knew my name. "Hey, Scott." He had separated his shoulder, and he asked me to pop it back in. I'm like, "Well, no, let's call the professionals."

Q.14

PLAYBOY: *Last Resort* is filmed in Hawaii. That's a far cry from Canada.

SPEEDMAN: It's great, different. I live on this crazy old property in the mountains over Honolulu, in a house from the 1880s. It had a broken-down tennis court that I turned into a little basketball court. I put up a really nice hoop. And I'm not the only one shooting. It's like a rain forest there, and these giant wild boars run around. The boars are big and fierce, and they cause agricultural problems, so every Saturday a pig hunter comes over. He sits up in a tree with a bow and arrow, taking down the wild boars.

Q.15

PLAYBOY: Did you watch submarine movies to prep for *Last Resort*? There's a whole subgenre——

SPEEDMAN: A lot of them! *Crimson Tide,* with Gene Hackman and Denzel Washington, is very effective. It's underrated. *The Hunt for Red October* is pretty good. And now I have to watch *Yellow Submarine.*

Q.16

PLAYBOY: It was only in 2010 that the Navy allowed women on submarines.

SPEEDMAN: That's right. They figured you can't have that sort of fraternization 300 feet down. For one thing there's nowhere to walk out to.

Q.17

PLAYBOY: In *Last Resort* you and your crew are basically at war with the U.S. It's a mutiny: You're ordered to nuke Pakistan, and when you won't, America wants to destroy you. Is there a political message here?

SPEEDMAN: It's a drama. You'd never make a show about a real nuclear submarine, because nothing ever happens. Which is good! The goal is no drama, since drama equals nuclear war. So you need a plot—a crazy captain, a conspiracy—to make it exciting to *not* fire your nuclear weapons. It's not political, but I hope it tracks with real life, you know? Because I hope we can avoid war. That's not a Canadian pacifist thing. It's common sense.

Q.18

PLAYBOY: Is there anybody you think of as a role model for the part?

SPEEDMAN: Pat Tillman, the Cardinals safety who left the NFL to fight in Afghanistan and was killed there. To look at him you'd think he was a straight-up jock, but he was this driven, fascinating guy who would figure out what was right and then do it, no matter what. I'm trying to bring a Pat Tillman quality to my character.

Q.19

PLAYBOY: If *Last Resort* doesn't blow up the world, will you make more movies? With your jawline, dimples, athleticism and great hair, you'd be a natural for *X-Men* or *The Avengers.*

SPEEDMAN: I'd love to do a superhero movie. It's not as though it hasn't come up, but not every superhero script is Christopher Nolan's *Batman.* I've had an ambivalent energy about some of those projects, and that's not the way to get the part. They want you to come in fierce. It's an American energy that doesn't come easy to me. They want you to grab it—take it by the balls and run with it like Captain America!

Q.20

PLAYBOY: Maybe you're more cut out for another part. Captain Canada?

SPEEDMAN: Ha! That's me. But he might not be the best action hero. Captain Canada would be the polite one, so where's the drama? He's the superhero who never fights anybody.

"Before you make any New Year's resolutions that deal with morality or abstinence, may I see you in the coat room?"

Agnes Bruckner will play

ANNA NICOLE SMITH

in the forthcoming TV movie

THE ANNA NICOLE STORY

The Anna Nicole Story, an original Lifetime movie, has gone into production, and after a lengthy search producers have found their Anna: Agnes Bruckner. She will bring our 1993 Playmate of the Year back to life for a biopic that details Anna Nicole's highs and lows. The film co-stars Martin Landau and Virginia Madsen and is directed by Mary Harron (*American Psycho*). The actress best known for her role as Heather on *Private Practice* said, "This role will be a challenge...but one challenge I am looking forward to." Although Agnes has a toothy smile like Anna's, she posted an Instagram photo showing that the curves come from the wardrobe department, which fitted the actress with a replica of Anna Nicole's 36DD bust.

PLAYMATE NEWS

ARTIST
Myfanwy MacLeod
CREATES ORIGAMI FROM THE PAGES OF *PLAYBOY* TO TELL THE STORY OF
DOROTHY STRATTEN.

PLAYMATES
AMANDA CERNY, JESSA HINTON *and* **SHELBY CHESNES** *cover the*
GUITAR WORLD REVIEW GUIDE.

#twit pics

Betty Crocker has nothing on Miss October 2011 Amanda Cerny and her apple pie.

girlTALK

- Miss May 2006 ***Alison Waite*** tied the knot in September. Her Playmate sisters ***Hiromi Oshima, Marketa Janska, Summer Altice*** and ***Stacy Fuson*** were on hand to catch the bouquet.
- Miss December 1966 ***Susan Bernard*** signed copies of her book *Marilyn: Intimate Exposures* at Ralph Lauren in Paris.

"The human body is an art piece, every intricate detail."

MISS DECEMBER 2009
Crystal Harris
has a swimwear line with Veve.

MISS OCTOBER 2012 **PAMELA HORTON**

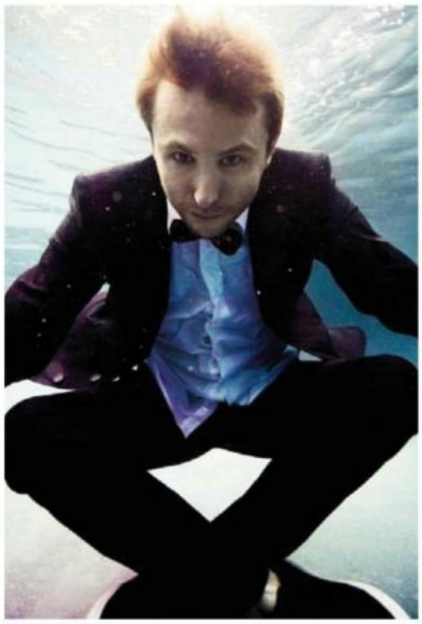
Candace Collins interviews ***Al Pacino*** for Chicago website Watch312.

PLAYMATE*FLASHBACK

Fifteen years ago this month Miss January 1998 ***Heather Kozar*** showed off her 36-24-35 figure in the Centerfold. After receiving the title Playmate of the Year 1999, Heather went from being one of Hef's girls to one of Barker's beauties on *The Price Is Right*. She is married to former Browns quarterback (not Bernie; he's a Kosar) Tim Couch.

NEXT MONTH

HOORAY FOR BOLLYWOOD.



CHRIS HARDWICK: GIVING NERDS A GOOD NAME.

THE LATE-NIGHT COMPETITION HEATS UP.

WHY WE LOVE LINGERIE.

SHERLYN CHOPRA—THANKS TO TWITTER, IT'S NO SECRET THE BOLLYWOOD ACTRESS WILL BE THE FIRST INDIAN WOMAN TO APPEAR ON OUR COVER, BUT THE PHOTOS INSIDE ARE EVEN SEXIER THAN YOU'VE HEARD. MEET A CONFIDENT AND COURAGEOUS WOMAN IN A SIZZLING PICTORIAL.

JIMMY KIMMEL—HE'S NOW GOING HEAD-TO-HEAD WITH JAY LENO AND DAVID LETTERMAN AFTER ABC MOVED HIS SHOW FROM TOMORROW TO TODAY. IN A HILARIOUS *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* THE IRREVERENT HOST SHIFTS FROM DESK TO COUCH TO TELL **BILL ZEHME** WHY HE'S UP FOR THE CHALLENGE.

THE GODDESS PARKA—A SCHOOLTEACHER RENTS A ROOM AND BEFRIENDS THE ELDERLY ALEVTINA, WHO HAS MATCHMAKING IN MIND—TILL DEATH DO SHE PART. IT'S AN EXCLUSIVE WORK FROM **LUDMILLA PETRUSHEVSKAYA,** ONE OF RUSSIA'S GREATEST LIVING WRITERS.

JOURNEY'S END—IAN THORSON AND CHRISTIE MCNALLY MOVED INTO A TINY CAVE ON AN ARIZONA MOUNTAIN TO PURSUE BUDDHIST PERFECTION, NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TOOK. ONLY ONE CAME HOME. AT WHAT POINT DOES CHASING PEACE OF MIND TURN YOUR MIND TO PIECES? **SCOTT CARNEY** INVESTIGATES A TRAGIC TALE OF ENLIGHTENMENT GONE BAD.

NERD ALERT—FOUR MILLION PEOPLE DOWNLOAD THE *NERDIST* PODCAST EACH MONTH. IN *20Q,* **ERIC SPITZNAGEL** QUIZZES ITS CREATOR, COMEDIAN AND FORMER MTV HOST CHRIS HARDWICK, ON BUILDING A MEDIA EMPIRE, BEING RAISED BY A PROFESSIONAL BOWLER AND FINDING BEAUTIFUL NERD WOMEN.

THE MAN BEHIND *THE BANDIT*—IN 1977 A STUNTMAN NAMED HAL NEEDHAM RECRUITED BURT REYNOLDS, SALLY FIELD, JACKIE GLEASON AND A BLACK TRANS AM, MADE *SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT* AND CHANGED THE WAY HOLLYWOOD DID BUSINESS. **STEPHEN REBELLO** LOOKS BACK AT THE FILM AND THE ROOKIE DIRECTOR WHO LAUNCHED THE REDNECK NATION.

ARAB SPRINGBOARDS—CAN A BURNING DESIRE FOR FREEDOM EXTEND TO THE BEDROOM? YOUNG ADULTS IN THE MIDDLE EAST FOUGHT AND DIED FOR REGIME CHANGE, BUT THEIR NEW LEADERS ARE NO FRIENDS OF INDIVIDUAL LIBERTIES. **NICOLAS PELHAM** TRAVELS THROUGH THE TROUBLED REGION LOOKING FOR SIGNS OF SEXUAL REVOLUTION.

PLUS—OUR COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE FADE CUT, A *PLAYBOY* CLASSIC WITH **MALCOLM X,** THE BEST NEW BIKES, A REVEALING LINGERIE PICTORIAL, **MISS MARCH** AND MORE.

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